



PRINCE VON BÜLOW ON NORDERNEY BEACH

PRINCE BÜLOW
The Statesman and the Man

Notes, Memories
and Reflections
of
SIGMUND MÜNZ

Translated by
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WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

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FOREWORD

IN writing these memories of Prince Bülow, I cannot make up my mind whether I am like Balaam who set out to curse and had to bless, or whether, alas, I may not rather be Balaam's converse, a man setting out to bless and finding himself compelled to curse. While appreciating to the full Bülow's delightful personal qualities, I have, in the light of documents published in recent years, and not least those written by the Prince himself, occasionally found myself forced to lower somewhat my estimate of his statesmanship. I say this quite dispassionately. On the other hand the wide scope of these writings has increased my respect for his literary gifts.

It is obvious that any work which did not make truth its chief aim would be in danger of going seriously astray. It is a fact that many contemporary books still show traces of the convulsive influences of the war and in straining after effect frequently fall short of truth. It would appear that only in very rare cases has the phase of calm deliberation and cool judgment been reached, and that the lack of perspective is still evident. And this is the case with both writer and reader. Hence the tremendous, almost morbid vogue of books which treat history in the style of the bookstall novel.

It seems to me important to emphasise the fact that, as I was intending to incorporate them in my published memoirs, I submitted a great part of my record of conversations with Prince Bülow to the man himself. I was anxious not to make myself responsible for any statements of his, either oral or in letters, without first obtaining his approval. This will frequently be apparent in the course of this book.

I admit frankly that there are certain things in this work which, for reasons we can easily understand, he did not wish to have published, at any rate in his lifetime. But his death

has removed many barriers, and I can hardly now be betraying my trust if I include some things that formerly he would not have wished to be broadcast. Naturally I did not submit to him any of the adverse criticism which the book perforce contains. This was a matter of personal courtesy. Still less did he see any of my modest attempts to champion his unusual personality, for one is disinclined to praise a man to his face, though I may say at once that he was one of those who can stand, at any rate in written form, a great deal of praise. He could also stand a good deal of criticism and often enjoyed seeing himself immortalised in caricature. When I visited him at the Villa Malta he showed me several volumes of caricatures which he had collected in the course of the years. He especially appreciated being represented as "Lord Boolow," interpreting this as refutation of the suspicion that he was hostile to England or did not understand her. Perhaps his best caricature is that drawn by the pen of Emil Ludwig in various passages of his book, *Wilhelm II.* These, as well as an article written on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, were read by Bülow himself. Perhaps Emil Ludwig is not himself aware what an accomplished caricaturist he is. Possessing some sense of humour as I do, I intend this as praise, not blame.

None of his successors in the Chancellorship can bear comparison with Prince Otto von Bismarck, who in the nineteenth century united the German tribes and founded the German Empire. His greatness as a statesman was unparalleled in Europe in spite of the occasional shortcomings of his domestic, and the frequent violence of his foreign policy. Of tremendous stature as a statesman, he was as a man brilliant, witty and impelling. After his fall Chancellor succeeded Chancellor in comparatively rapid succession, whereas Bismarck had stood at the helm of State for nearly a generation. It may be said, however, without exaggeration, that of his followers not one made such a success of his role as did Bernhard von Bülow, raised by his Emperor's favour to noble rank as Prussian Minister of State and eventually, as Imperial Chancellor, granted the title of *Fürst*. Furthermore, after Bismarck, Bülow enjoyed the longest life both as man and Chancellor. He directed foreign policy for twelve years and was Imperial Chancellor for nine. Only

his immediate successor, Bethmann-Hollweg, can approach him in respect of long tenure of office. But there can be no doubt that, Bismarck excepted, Bülow was of all the Chancellors the most brilliant speaker in the Reichstag and the most brilliant conversationalist.

From the first day of my personal relations with him, now a generation ago, he cast a certain spell upon me by his cultured and witty talk and by his rare freedom from prejudice and passion. He was in a position to boast that he saw things "from above."

In the ensuing pages we shall also approach him as a statesman, but as a man he was so attractive that this side, too, has a claim to be revealed to posterity. Obviously our talks did not turn upon everyday matters; they were concerned much more with important contemporary events and personalities, and at times threw a searching light upon men and affairs. The magic of his personality was not felt by Germans only; Frenchmen, too, often surrendered to his charm, especially as he spoke a French such as only the most cultured of Frenchmen could match. To write of him to-day may have an added interest because during the last years of his life he was very unapproachable. Celebrated journalists of several nationalities have complained to me that they had found it impossible, in spite of every effort and all their letters of recommendation, to interview this Prince, who was a treasure-house of important secrets. Had he not stood in the forefront of events during the first year of the Great War when he was Ambassador Extraordinary in Rome?

Literature dealing with Prince Bülow has so far multiplied that it now yields first place only to that about Bismarck. But just as these two names can only be mentioned at a certain distance one from the other, so it is also with the books of which they are the subjects. Of course, incomparably less has been written about Bülow than about Bismarck, but the Bülow literature far exceeds that regarding Bismarck's immediate successors, Caprivi and Hohenlohe, or Bülow's successors, Bethmann-Hollweg and the rest. Stresemann alone has in the course of the years figured to any important extent in books.

It is not my ambition to write an exhaustive political study of Bülow. My relations with him, however, would appear

to give me a modest claim to set down my memories of this strangely fascinating man and his *milieu*. Those who knew him intimately are aware that in personal intercourse he impressed less by aggressive personality than by the rare quality of his mind, by the great breadth, choiceness and readiness of his culture, by his gift of stimulating talk, and by his social talent. I can think of few contemporaries who were his equals in this last respect.

But my personal recollections of Prince Bülow leave me in no way dependent upon my impressions of a statesman off his guard. They need to be supplemented by psychological study of a highly complex character who had the gift of appearing completely simple in personal intercourse. This was a perfected art which he practised skilfully as a writer and even more skilfully as a talker. But those who co-operated with him in a difficult period—for instance, his wife, his Emperor, his bosom friend Eulenburg, and his evil genius Baron Holstein—also need to be closely studied by contemporary and future authors who may write of Bülow.

The account of his life with which I open my book is included within the category of personal recollection. From the moment he became Foreign Secretary, he readily gave me access to documents, both German and foreign, which were intended to give an account of his earlier career. He had notes prepared for me by a friend. He did not tell me who the friend was, but I think I have some grounds for assuming that it was that most intimate companion of his youth, Prince Arenberg, member of the Centre party.

And so the account of his career may, as far as the facts are concerned, claim to be authoritative. As he himself once wrote to me, he supplied me with the rough building material, the shaping of which needed, as he kindly put it, my "skilled hand."

After I had come to know him in 1895 as Ambassador in Rome, I realised his intellectual significance and, before he was entrusted shortly afterwards with a term as temporary head of the Foreign Office, marked him down, not only as a future Secretary of State, but also as a future Imperial Chancellor. I wrote to this effect in the *Neue Freie Presse*. In the collected speeches of Prince Bülow published in the *Reclam*

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Universalbibliothek the editor, Wilhelm von Masson, has used a leading article written by me, though as the article was anonymous he could only quote the *Neue Freie Presse* and not the author's name. Otto Hötzsch also has in his full edition of the Chancellor's speeches several times drawn upon my work, and a large section of the German Press reprinted what from time to time I contributed to the *Neue Freie Presse* about my meetings with Bülow. I have personally recorded the various stages of Bülow's career in different books published between 1900 and 1912.

So now I am putting together my impressions of his rich personality, prefacing them with a plain account of the several stages of his career.

VIENNA. *Summer*, 1930.

PRINCE BÜLOW

CHAPTER I

BÜLOW'S ORIGIN

THE name Bülow is familiar to every German. Indeed, the history of the house of Bülow, closely related to the Humboldts, has been linked at every stage with that of the Prussian State. Yet up to the closing years of the last century Bernhard von Bülow had lived too far removed from the life of Berlin for his personality to be intimately known to any considerable circle.

The *von* of Bülow and Lützow indicates a Slav origin.

But though in the course of time the name Bülow became German, it had also acquired a cosmopolitan ring by reason of the celebrity achieved by men of that name in different countries and States. The von Bülows, one of the oldest noble families of Germany, furnished Generals and Ministers to Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Poland and Russia.

The Bülows first settled in Mecklenburg. They were a house with wide ramifications and could trace back their history to the twelfth century. In both Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Mecklenburg-Schwerin they filled the highest official positions. In the eighteenth century they played a part in the history of Denmark. Later they reached Berlin by way of Frankfurt-am-Main, and subsequent generations of the house served the German Empire.

Few, if any, other names crop up so frequently at the Foreign Office in Berlin during the nineteenth century as that of Bülow. The Secretaryship of State which was to be held by Bernhard von Bülow from 1897 to 1900 had been held

from 1873 to 1879 by his father, Bernhard Ernst; and earlier still it was Heinrich Freiherr von Bülow, a great uncle of the later Imperial Chancellor and son-in-law of Wilhelm von Humboldt, who controlled Prussia's foreign policy between 1842 and 1845.

Bernhard's father, Bernhard Ernst, who belonged to the Wedendorf-Camin-Düssiner branch of the Bülow family, was born at Cismar in 1815.

His father, Adolf von Bülow, born in 1787 at Schwerin, had early migrated to Denmark, where he enjoyed the protection of her leading statesman, Count Bernstorff. After marrying the Countess Suzanne, only daughter of Count Karl Baudissin auf Rantzau, Danish Lieutenant-General and Governor of Copenhagen, he held office in the Danish capital, first in the German Chancellery and then as Assessor in the Ministry of Finance, whose chief, Count Schimmelmann, was particularly well disposed towards him. His uncertain health led him to seek a less arduous post, and in 1813 he was transferred to Cismar in East Holstein where, barely twenty-nine years of age, he died in 1816, as Danish Chamberlain and Knight of the Danebrog Order.

The son, Bernhard Ernst, was destined to enjoy a much longer life and a much more distinguished career. After completing his studies in Berlin, Göttingen and Kiel, he entered the Danish Government service in 1839. He held office in Copenhagen, first in the Schleswig-Holstein-Lauenburg Chancellery and then in the Foreign Ministry. Counsellor of Legation in 1842, he became in 1847 *Chargé d'affaires* for the Hanseatic towns and Chamberlain. In 1848 he married in Hamburg Louise Victorine, eldest daughter of the late Consul Johann Wilhelm Rücker auf Perdoel by his marriage with a Jenisch. Shortly afterwards he became Danish representative for Holstein and Lauenburg at the Diet of Frankfurt and at the conferences of Dresden, and when these were ended in 1851, Danish Minister at the Bundestag. In this capacity he came for the first time into contact with Bismarck, whom Prussia had sent to the Diet. Bülow took an immediate liking to Bismarck and remained loyal to him until Bismarck's death.

Few even among the plenipotentiaries of the major Powers inspired so much respect in the penetrating brain of the

member for Prussia as did Bülow. This is revealed in a confidential letter of May 30th, 1853, in which Bismarck gives an account of his Frankfurt colleagues to the Minister, Manteuffel.

He writes: "Herr von Bülow, the representative of Denmark, is one of the best brains of the Assembly, and I regret that the status of the country he represents does not permit him to take a more conspicuous part in current business. The political attitude of Austria is, of course, more in accord with the wishes of the Copenhagen Cabinet than ours; in all non-Danish questions Herr von Bülow observes a neutral reserve; indeed most of the points of contention between Prussia and Austria are of such a nature and date from such a time that Denmark on principle avoids participation in them, and Herr von Bülow's abstentions from voting usually mean that apart from a stereotyped desire to uphold the rights of his sovereign he has received no instructions. The negotiations both in the Diet and in the Augustenburg affair have given me the opportunity to recognise Herr von Bülow as an able and perceptive man of affairs who in both official and private intercourse is distinguished by moderation and courtesy."

Other colleagues are dealt with less gently; for example, Bernhard from Württemberg, whom Bismarck calls "superficial and muddle-headed," or Herr von Trott of the Electorate who "preferred sport to work," or Münch-Bellinghausen of Hesse whose antagonism to Prussia was sharpened by his whole-hearted enthusiasm for the Roman Catholic Church, or Herr von Nostitz of Saxony who placed personal interests above political.

In Poschinger's *Dokumenten der Königlich Preussischen Bundestagsgesandtschaft* we read of Bismarck's conversation on the Danish question in July, 1857, with Prince Gorchakov and Herr von Bülow. Bismarck saw no possibility of Germans and Danes living together within the Danish monarchy unless the whole Constitution and with it the reign of democracy were to collapse. He writes: "Herr von Bülow gave this as his private opinion, and perhaps also that of some of the Danish Ministers, but considered that the Government must be allowed time to mature a programme of that nature and evolve a Conservative Government. . . . The most remarkable

of Prince Gorchakov's utterances was that the key of the position was in the hands of Countess Danner, and '*si on s'assurait d'elle en lui assurant un avenir*' it would be possible to obtain the King's approval of all desirable changes without disturbance or interference and with no need for any change of government."

The bonds which had linked together Bismarck and Bülow, who was his junior by only a few months, were to hold through the years that followed. In his later life Bismarck was to amend, and not seldom to reverse completely, many of his judgments, striking out from the list of his friends many names that had been dear to him, throwing overboard colleagues and companions to lighten the ship of State and sail on without the ballast of lukewarm sentiment. Yet Bernhard Ernst von Bülow remained a welcome collaborator in the struggle for the greatness of Germany, one of the most welcome of all.

There was no lack of opportunity for collaboration. When in 1862 Bülow took his place as Minister of State at the head of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz Government, he took no small part in the work of founding the North German *Bund*, and this task brought him into contact with his old Frankfurt colleague, to whom had now fallen the task of uniting the German tribes. And finally as representative in Berlin of the two Grand Duchies of Mecklenburg from 1868 onwards, he was able in the *Bundesrat* to extend in still richer measure to the statesman he so greatly admired that support which in other days in the *Bundestag* he had been unable to give as unremittingly as he would have wished. In the *Reichstag*, however, which was pressing for the solution of the constitutional question in Mecklenburg, Bülow was in opposition, and not unsuccessfully.

That he was not merely a conscientious official, but also a very able speaker, he proved when in 1873 the Emperor Wilhelm I, on Bismarck's recommendation, appointed him Foreign Secretary for the German Empire with the rank of Prussian State Minister. If in this position he was not brilliant he was at least efficient, and showed a certain degree of diplomatic suppleness.

He had been able to adapt himself to the Iron Chancellor. He shared with him the desire for an agreement with Russia.

He had no consuming ambition and was not greatly in the public eye. Once not only the Press but also the Bar tried to use him to obtain influence in favour of the defendant in the Arnim case. Munckel, Arnim's counsel, in his speech for the defence, aimed many an indirect blow at Bülow, whose official conduct he criticised on his client's behalf as more Danish than Prussian. The newspapers alleged that Bülow had egged on Bismarck against Arnim, a charge which was at any rate not proved. It is true that as a strict Government official he could not approve Arnim's methods, which diverged widely from the beaten track of German Civil Service discipline.

There were people who set him down as a provincial Conservative, as belonging to a bygone age. His corpulent figure suggested joviality and stolidity. In Anton von Werner's Congress picture his portly frame is seen sitting between Salisbury and Odo Russell, who are standing. Austrians who knew him say that he bore a certain resemblance to Dr. Mühlfeld, the Vienna Member of Parliament and brilliant advocate. If it is true that two magnitudes that are equal to a third are equal to one another, Bülow senior's features must have been reminiscent of the great Corsican, who, as is well known, was sometimes jovial but never phlegmatic, for Mühlfeld's likeness to Napoleon I was so marked that he was reputed to be the Emperor's natural son. When Bülow senior died of a stroke in Frankfurt-am-Main on October 20th, 1879, on his way to Italy for a holiday, he left behind him in his eldest son Bernhard, then thirty years of age, a successor who was generally expected to carry on the evolution of the Bülow *genius* as represented in his late father. Phlegmatic in appearance though his father may have been, there was no excuse in comparing him with his son for quoting :

*Zum Teufel ist der Spiritus,
Das Phlegma ist geblieben.*

Rather was the father's *Spiritus* refined in the son to a higher spirituality, and in the young man there was not a trace of *Phlegma*. His sensibilities reacted to every influence of his time, his nerves responded to every vibration around them.

CHAPTER II

BERNHARD VON BÜLOW'S CAREER

FOLLOWING in his father's footsteps, Bernhard von Bülow had at an early age travelled the world. More often in sunshine than in storm, he had put in at many foreign ports before being claimed by the Berlin Foreign Office, with which he was so familiar through his father.

Born on May 3rd, 1849, at Klein-Flottbek, a village in the Pinneberg district of Holstein, five kilometres from Altona, he spent part of his youth at this country seat by the Elbe, which was later reached by the Altona-Blankenese-Wedel branch of the Prussian State Railway, and by reason of its lovely situation became a popular resort for excursionists from Hamburg and Altona.

Then we find him in Frankfurt-am-Main where his father worked from 1851-1862. Bernhard attended first the *Frankfurter Gymnasium*, then when his father was transferred to Mecklenburg-Strelitz, that of Neu-Strelitz. Thence he went to the *Königliches Pädagogium* in Halle an der Saale, and it was in this old Prussian gymnasium that he passed his *Abiturienten* examination in 1867.

His university days were spent in Leipzig and Berlin. Then he studied at the Lausanne Academy.

Soon came the plunge into life. The war with France had begun and he joined the Royal Hussar Regiment, which was garrisoned in Bonn. He rose from the ranks and was given a commission in the course of the campaign.

Obedying his father's wish he exchanged the sword for the gown in 1872. Entering the Department of Justice, he qualified as *Referendar* at Greifswald and then worked in the *Landgericht* and *Regierungspräsidium* at Metz.

In 1874 he entered upon a diplomatic career as attaché to the Germany embassy at the Quirinal. At that time Marchese Visconti-Venosta was Foreign Minister, and under the Minghetti Cabinet Italy had, after turning away a little from France, entered upon friendly relations with Germany. The young attaché was therefore fortunate in finding public opinion well disposed towards Germany.

His life was not that of a diplomat exclusively absorbed in his profession or in amusement; art and literature claimed much of his attention. Rome nourished his spirit, and was a delight to him in the same lofty sense as it had been, for instance, to Wilhelm von Humboldt (father of his great-aunt Gabriele von Bülow) who had once been Ambassador there, and whom Bocckh, the great philologist, had called a "statesman of the rank of Pericles."

And so Bernhard von Bülow, well equipped to appreciate the greatness and past of Rome, began his diplomatic career in that Palazzo Caffarelli in which, after Humboldt, Niebuhr and Josias von Bunsen had represented Prussia. Like these outstanding figures in the history of German culture, Bülow responded to the influences of the town which Lord Byron has called the "City of the Soul."

His chief, Ambassador von Keudell, was deeply interested in art; he was an excellent pianist, and in his time the Muse Polyhymnia had her abode in the Palazzo Caffarelli. The good relations obtaining between the Government in Rome and that in Berlin, and the German Ambassador's interest in music, created an atmosphere congenial to young Bülow. He was quiet and serious. The example set him by his father when he was participating in the great work of developing the young German Empire must have helped him in carrying out a programme of solid work. Moreover, in Rome he had the stimulus of meeting the most distinguished figures of the entire world. Italy herself could muster a number of men who were outstanding in the world of politics. The chief of these was Marco Minghetti, then Minister-President, a noble and moving speaker, and a thinker in close touch with modern economics. On Sunday afternoons Bülow attended the animated *salon* of Donna Laura Minghetti.

The Roman period soon came to an end. The next move

was to Petersburg. There Bernhard von Bülow was Third Secretary of the German Embassy under the venerable Prince Gorchakov, whom he had already met in Frankfurt-am-Main.

He was then transferred to Vienna as Second Secretary. There Count Andrassy as Foreign Minister had prepared the alliance of Austria with Germany.

On the Neva and the Danube Bülow obtained an insight into the Oriental question, or rather into the network of Oriental questions. He was therefore sent in 1877 to a court which was always a focus of interest whenever Turkey was threatened with disaster. During the Russo-Turkish War he was *Chargé d'Affaires* in Athens. He enjoyed the world of Plato and Sophocles with his whole soul. Though those were turbulent times, when the guns could be heard thundering in the distance and the walls of the Ottoman Empire seemed on the point of crashing down, the young German diplomat was able now and again to escape to Colonus, where the nightingale trills its lament amid the verdure of the forest haunted by the spirits of Oedipus and Antigone, and where now the bones of the German Hellenist, Otfried Müller, moulder beneath the blue-tinged olive trees. Or he would dream by the Acropolis.

When the war was over Bülow bade farewell to Pallas Athene. He had been appointed to the secretariat of the Congress of Berlin, where he found his father acting as the right hand of the Imperial Chancellor at that brilliant international assembly. Part of the business in hand was to carve off slices of the Turkish Empire for the benefit of Powers hungry for territory. Once more he met the setting sun of the Neva, Prince Gorchakov, with his attendant planets Schuvalov and Oubril. The gypsy figure of Count Andrassy was there, resplendent in his gold-braided Hönved uniform, and beside him the aged Lord Beaconsfield, crippled with gout and leaning on his stick, in whom still smouldered the ashes of the young Disraeli's poetic fire. So the young German diplomat could gaze up at the greatest stars in the diplomatic firmament and listen to the first violins of the European orchestra. And while Bülow received a lasting impression of the English Jew—alternately with Bismarck first violin in the string quartet to which the dapper Magyar and the noble Muscovite belonged—Lord Beaconsfield on



·NORDERNEY

[Centre in foreground] Prince von Below. [Right] Herr von Below. [Behind] Princess von Bülow.

his side wrote to his Queen in admiration of young Herr von Bülow whom he had met at the table of his father, the Secretary of State. He thought him the "best-looking, best-dressed and best-mannered young gentleman I have ever met." This was a sweeping compliment from the pen of the Prime Minister of that great nation whose genius von Bülow, when he became Chancellor, unfortunately appreciated so little.

The Congress terminated, Bülow was sent in 1878 as Second Secretary to the Paris Embassy, where he was soon promoted to be First Secretary and remained until 1884. Up to then he had not worked anywhere so long as in Paris. He was equipped with conspicuous qualifications for this position. He brought with him that French culture which was part of the heritage of the younger Bülows. Since his student days at Lausanne he had spoken French as fluently as German, and he was deeply versed in French literature both old and modern. Long before this time, the French novel and short story, which was always his favourite reading, had made him free of that light-hearted circle on the Seine into which his calling now took him. It required little effort on his part to feel at home in the intellectual atmosphere of the Paris *salons*.

The Paris years lived in his memory as years rich in cultural development. He was drawn into the intellectual activity of this period. It was the time when the theatre and novel of Paris were engaged on their triumphal march through the world, including Germany, and the French were avenging themselves for the disastrous policy of the Tuileries by producing works of great creative merit in the domain of art. But the great political leaders of the Third Republic had also captivated him, notably Léon Gambetta, whom he came to know personally. He saw this brilliant and fiery statesman at the height of his parliamentary glory, soon to be ended by his sudden death. By nature and upbringing young Bülow was disposed to favour cordial relations between Germans and French in all questions of culture. It could not but offend his sensibilities that Germany and France should remain divided, or that France should cease to exert an equal influence with Germany in the spheres of politics, culture and taste. At that time nothing could have been more opposed to his views than a humiliation of the genius of France, for

whose treasures he had so appreciative a taste. In Paris Bülow made the acquaintance of more than one man whose path was to cross his at a later date. Among these were Count Eulenburg, later his bosom friend, who was with him at the German Embassy, and Counts Muraviev and Goluchovski, later Foreign Ministers and at that time holding appointments in the Russian and Austrian Embassies.

From 1884 to 1888 Bülow was Counsellor of Embassy at Petersburg. Within this period occurred the meeting of the three Emperors at Skierniewice, the East Rumelian revolution, the Serbo-Bulgarian War, the fall of the Battenbergs and the Dulcigno blockade. Thus the Near Eastern question was fully unrolled before Bülow's eyes. Prince Bismarck was still at the helm, and in the last years of the reign of the venerable Wilhelm I more powerful than ever. Yet the first signs of *rapprochement* between France and Russia were already evident. To oblige Russia, Germany kept in the background. She had, however, to keep alert, and German diplomacy watched developments with the keenness of a lynx. Every effort was directed towards cherishing the last sparks of friendliness which still remained alive in the breast of Czar Alexander III, who regarded German greatness with a distrustful and malevolent eye. Bülow also observed much in the *salons* of the Russian capital, with their temperamental women, many of whom had been guests in the *salons* of Western Europe and especially of Paris, before they became leaders of fashion in their own country.

It was during his period of service in Petersburg that Bülow was betrothed to Donna Maria Beccadelli di Bologna, the daughter of an ancient Sicilian house which had migrated from Bologna to Palermo under the Hohenstaufen, and had in the sixteenth century, under the Spanish kings, been created princes of Camporeale. After the death of her first husband, Prince Domenico di Camporeale, Donna Maria's mother had married Marco Minghetti.

Appointed Ambassador in Bucharest in 1888, Bülow remained there until 1893. The Catargiu Cabinet with the Ministers Carp and Lahovari had displayed an obvious friendship towards the Triple Alliance, and this *rapprochement* continued to develop when Bülow and Count Goluchovski were Ambassadors of Germany and Austro-Hungary re-

spectively at the Rumanian Court. These two men, who were later to be the leading Ministers of the two Allied Central European Powers, were thrown together by several years' work in a relatively small capital where there were few distractions and no social variety, and so there sprang up between them a mutual confidence which was to endure during the period of their power at the turn of the century. In Bucharest Bülow was in constant touch with the politicians of the Conservative party, and also with the Junimists and Liberals. His closest personal friend was the Junimist leader, Peter Carp, Minister under Catargiu, in close touch with Central and Western Europe, and especially responsive to German example and German culture.

Bülow also met not infrequently Demeter Sturdza, the Liberal leader, the disciple and successor of Jon Bratianu. Carp and Sturdza, though brothers-in-law, were political opponents. The one a charming intellectual acquainted with the best literature of Germany, the other a blunt realist belonging to the school of German historical research; both, severally and together, gladly availed themselves of the German Ambassador's deep learning. King Carol, too, who on the strength of his long reign and his views as set down in the memoirs of an eyewitness, is accepted as an earnest and versatile ruler, taught Bülow not a little and also learned much from him.

At Bucharest Frau von Bülow, too, found scope for her talents. Qucen Elizabeth, better known perhaps as Carmen Sylva, an authoress whose work has real merit, discovered in the company of the artistically gifted wife of the German Ambassador a fairer and more worthy *milieu* than could be offered by the temperamental women of Wallachian and Moldavian society with their Paris veneer.

CHAPTER III

PRINCE BÜLOW'S LATIN TENDENCIES

PRINCE BÜLOW has been much criticised for the alleged Romanic trend of his mind. The grafting of this Latinism on the Nordic stock began in his earliest youth. His constant glances of longing towards the Romanic countries caused a schism in his soul which was to prove his undoing, and later earned him the not altogether deserved reputation of a Borgia at the beginning of the twentieth century. He was reputed to have poisoned the minds of his intimates, especially Prince Ulenburg and even the Emperor himself.

His marriage with an Italian woman was to prove more than a mere idyllic addition to his life, it became an essential and helpful part of that life. This woman was no mere protector, still less a mere housekeeper, like the consort of the Iron Chancellor, nor was she only a legitimate screen behind which extra-conjugal attachments and minor perversities could be indulged, like Prince Hohenlohe's semi-German amazon from the Sarmatic steppes. Bülow's wife held him with delicate, supple hands, the same hands that also held mastery over the piano keyboard. She became the most vital ally of his ambition, though she preferred to keep in the background and use her influence unobserved. Though a foreigner and the mother of two children by her first husband, whom she had divorced, she quietly but successfully held her own with the philistine and bigoted Empress who occupied a throne upon which had sat for many glorious years a daughter of Weimar, once blessed by Goethe, to be followed for a hundred tragic days by a British princess, haughty, proud, spirited, but soured.

Prince Bülow's life, as a result of over-submission to Latin influence, did not ultimately escape a touch of tragedy,

although by nature and by birth he appeared to be destined for a full life of happiness and success.

As a young man he had felt the spell of Latinism. After a short spell in Rome he had filled a more prolonged appointment in Paris, during which he had been made familiar with French social life, the Gallic spirit, the eloquence of the Palais Bourbon. His term as Secretary in Vienna had brought him under the spell of the Italian Countess Dönhoff, *née* Princess Di Camporeale, whose parents, the Minghettis, he had known when he was attaché in Rome; and this friendship, which led to marriage, was a decisive influence in his life in that it finally completed the hold upon him of the Latin spell, and even left this normally cool man sensitive at times to the influences of Roman Catholic ritual. Donna Maria was not an ardent Catholic—such tendencies were completely foreign both to her mother, Donna Laura Minghetti, and her stepfather, Marco Minghetti, who had brought her up. But a catholicism rather in the æsthetic, artistic, not to say mystic sense, formed part of her “Romanism.” It became no longer possible for Bülow with his marked Latinism to boast, as Goethe, whom he rated so highly and so often quoted, had boasted when for the first time he saw in Rome the dazzling, incense-clouded spectacle of the Roman Catholic ritual: that all that fell from him like rain from a waterproof cape, and could do nothing to shake the Protestant Diogenism in which he had grown up. Bülow, too, had been brought up in a sort of “Protestant Diogenism” by his Mecklenburg father and Hamburg mother, and to the fold of this faith he at last returned when, full of years, he was cremated, and the urn containing his ashes was placed beside that containing his wife’s in the Nienstedten cemetery at Altona.

But many Latin-Romanic stages stood between the “Protestant Diogenism” of his cradle and the plunge into the darkness of that urn, and they were not a succession of minor incidents but rather important turning-points in his life.

His Imperial Chancellorship was one day to succumb to a decisive blow from the Catholic Centre in the German Reichstag, in whose midst sat the most intimate friend of his youth, Prince Arenberg; and his career as a statesman was to die under the political axe with which Victor Emmanuel III,

who had been converted from an apparently sincere loyalty to defection, shattered the alliance with Germany.

A natural consequence of Bülow's marriage with Donna Maria was that from his various diplomatic posts he soon began to keep an eye fixed on Rome. Rome was the goal of his ambition when he was German Counsellor of Legation in Petersburg, and more markedly so when he was Ambassador in Bucharest. In Latin Rumania, he already felt himself to some extent in the ante-room of Rome. There he breathed an atmosphere which, even though it was somewhat polluted by Daco-Wallachian elements, was at any rate half Latin. In this he differed completely from Publius Ovidius Naso, so familiar to him at school, who at neighbouring Tomi on the shore of the Black Sea found nothing but Thracian barbarism. Yet Bülow was not seldom oppressed by moods of Ovidian melancholy which made him yearn to exchange the bank of the Dimbovitza for that of the Tiber.

His appointment as Ambassador to Rome was prepared at the Berlin Court by his close friend Count Eulenburg, and at the Roman Court by his wife, Donna Maria, supported by her mother, who possessed influence as widow of a Knight of the *Annunziata cugina del Re*.

CHAPTER IV

AMBASSADOR IN ROME, 1894-1897

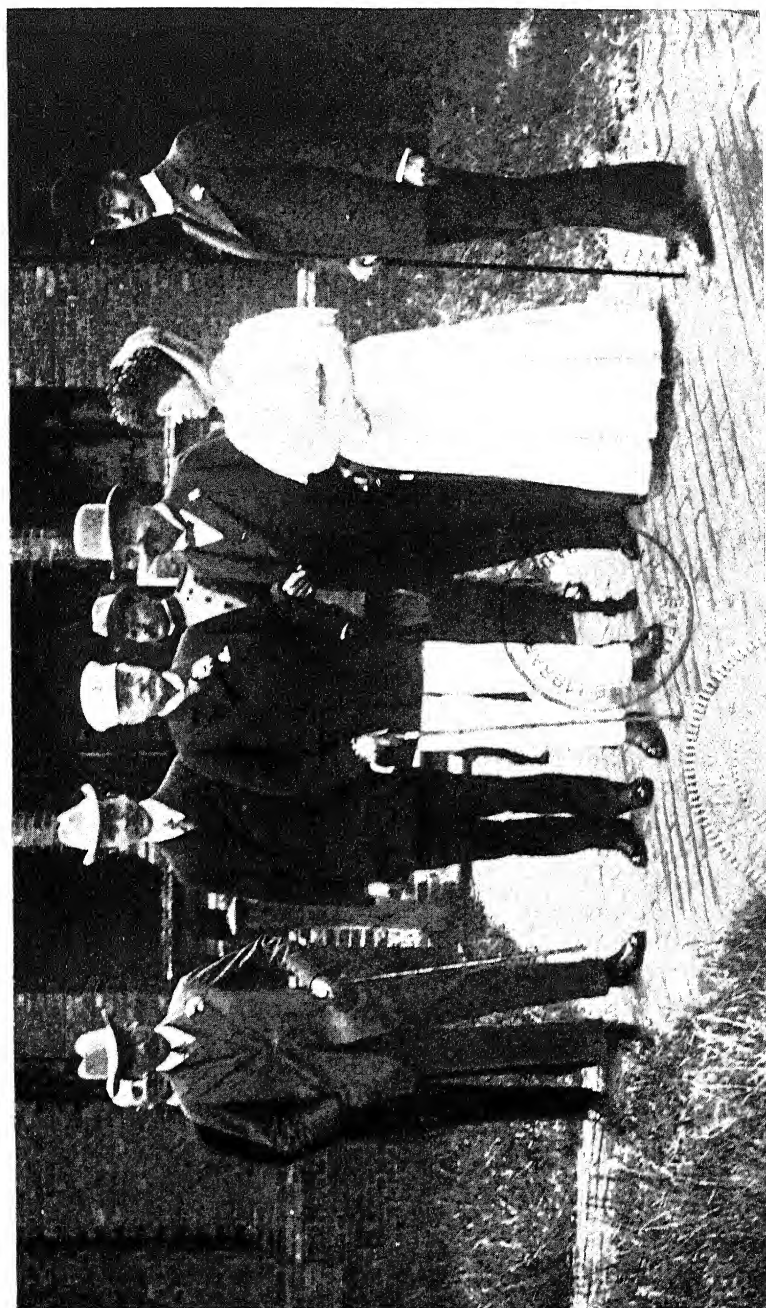
FOR both Bülow and his wife a long-cherished dream came true when in the autumn of 1894 the Emperor appointed him to the Quirinal. He was now in charge of the embassy in which he had made such a promising beginning as attaché, and his wife was in her mother's house, where her stepfather, who had died at the end of 1886, had done such beneficial work as a statesman. The new Ambassador, as I was soon to learn, seemed at first to have no other wish than to remain permanently in this post. But he was only to hold it for three years, during which he was present twice, in 1894 and 1896, at meetings between the German Emperor and King Humbert in Venice.

In Rome everything seemed to combine to make his tenure of office a pleasant one. The Italian alliance with Germany was made, and twice renewed. Those parties in Italy which had at first fought most vigorously against the understanding with Berlin and Vienna, now appeared to have come round to the view that this kingdom, regarded with hostility by the Vatican and coldly by France, would best preserve its territorial and political integrity by alliance with the Central Powers. This policy seemed to have far wider results than those of expediency. Devotion to German scholarship and even—in music—to German art, seemed to have developed from it. This harmony between the German and Italian ideals seemed to be symbolised by the union of the German statesman and his Italian bride, whose household at the Palazzo Caffarelli was the focus of a large social circle.

Frau Maria von Bülow, a native of Naples with estates in Sicily, was one day to be the only foreign hostess who ever presided at the Imperial Chancellor's palace. Princess

Hohenlohe, *née* Princess of Sayer Wittgenstein, was a German though she had Russian blood in her veins. Bülow's wife had indeed some English blood, for her mother, Princess Di Camporeale by her first marriage and then Signora Minghetti, was originally an Acton of Naples, and the Actons, who were there connected with the Bourbons, originated in England. Many bearers of this name held exalted positions in England; for instance, Lord Acton, who was Regius Professor of History in the University of Cambridge and a friend of Gladstone, Döllinger and Lembach; and Lord Acton's son, late British Ambassador in Finland. Princess Bülow's mother, Donna Laura, was a well-known figure in Roman society, not only as wife of one of Italy's foremost statesmen but also for her own individuality of mind and character. At the turn of the century everyone in Rome knew this venerable matron with her spiritual profile and radiant eyes. Gregorovius wrote of her in his Roman journal: "In her youth she was of irresistible beauty, and she is still bewitching." Her *salon* in the Palazzo Mattei on the Piazza Paganica, a lofty room, was during the years which immediately preceded her death in the late summer of 1915, as in the lifetime of her husband who died in December, 1886, the meeting-place of the most distinguished society of Rome as well as of the most interesting foreigners. It looked almost like a church. One looked up at sacred pictures from the great days of Italian art and felt certain that Marco Minghetti, biographer of Raphael of Urbino, had indeed lived here.

What a number of prominent figures from all over Europe had come and gone here, Germans not among the least! There was music here, too. Once a German Ambassador used to delight his listeners by performing German classical music on the piano. That was Robert von Keudell, diplomatic representative of Germany at the Quirinal from 1873 to 1887. Soon after his first appearance in Rome Gregorovius heard him at the Minghettis' and wrote: "For a long time he played the piano, of which he is a master." True, the German historian adds somewhat critically and perhaps unjustly: "His playing struck me as intelligent but lacking in poetry." Not infrequently Donna Laura and Keudell would play duets, as Keudell had once done with Frau Johanna von Bismarck.



NORDERNEY, 1927

(From left to right): (1) Oberst Ulrich von Bülow, the Prince's brother; (2) Herr von Florow; (3) Prince von Bülow; (4) Robert Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; (5) Princess von Bülow; and (6) Herr von Miquel.

One of Donna Laura's close friends was the Empress Frederick, the friendship dating from the time when the latter was a princess. Others who visited her were Richard Wagner and his family, while on her side Frau Minghetti was a faithful patroness of Bayreuth. And if she is to be called a faithful patroness, Princess Bülow must be termed one of Bayreuth's "most faithful" patronesses. In her *Memoirs of an Idealist*, Malwida von Meysenbug tells how she saw the daughter weeping at her mother's side when she learned that Richard Wagner had died suddenly in Venice: "I found her in tears. We shared our grief, which was only relieved by the thought that death had come immediately after the production of *Parsifal*, that work of noblest propitiation and purest peace, a close of earthly existence that could not have been more *transcendental*." This Wagner cult the two ladies shared with the Countess Wolkenstein, a diplomat's wife who had spiritual affinities with Princess Bülow, and Frau von Schleinitz, formerly wife of the Prussian Minister and later of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Paris.

Gregorovius remarks somewhere in his journal that these three women had three saints to whom they looked up in awe: in philosophy Schopenhauer, in music Wagner, in painting Lenbach. In philosophy one might add, at least in respect of Princess Bülow, Nietzsche, and in this she was disciple of her mother's friend Malwida von Meysenbug, who in co-operation with Nietzsche had established a sort of summer school of philosophy at Sorrento.

It was in May, 1896. Newly arrived in Rome, I visited an old acquaintance, the financier Marco Besso who, a man of intellectual interests also, was to become famous through his endowments for the furtherance of knowledge, in memory of his only son, who had died in Peking. In the afternoon I took a drive with him, and while we were passing along the Via Nazionale, we met a hearse. One of the tassels of the pall was held by a tall, stalwart man. Signor Besso pointed to this blond paladin and said: "That's the German Ambassador Herr von Bülow, and the man in the coffin was Herr Hüffer." The latter, sprung from a Westphalian family in Münster, and known in Rome, though he was not of noble rank, as "the tobacco baron," had before the 1870 war made a large fortune in France out of tobacco, and had then settled

in the city on the Tiber, to which he made many munificent benefactions, including a park in the neighbourhood of the Quirinal.

Such then was my first glimpse of the future Imperial Chancellor. When I paid a call upon my old benefactress, the Baroness Malwida von Meysenbug, authoress of that delightful work in several volumes *The Memoirs of an Idealist*, which won her an international reputation, I heard her talk with affection and admiration of her friends the German Ambassador and his wife, and she urged me not to leave Rome without calling at the Palazzo Caffarelli.

The following day I received a letter from the Baroness in which she said that Herr von Bülow would be delighted to receive me. I arrived at the appointed time and at once plunged into an animated conversation. The Ambassador told me that he had read much of my work, notably a series of essays which I had dedicated in the *Kölnische Zeitung* to his father-in-law Marco Minghetti. I was quickly impressed by his wide reading and his sparkling, almost Gallic wit. I liked to think that Herr von Bülow was conscious of the wealth of tradition in which the German Embassy was steeped. The conversation soon turned to the great men whose feet had trodden this Capitoline hill upon which the Embassy stood. We remembered especially the great Germans who had lived there in the past, the Prussian Ambassador Niebuhr, an erudite student of ancient Roman history, and Josias Bunsen, the diplomat, who had also been a devoted Biblical scholar and engaged in research work in connection with the early history of Rome. Then there was Wilhelm von Humboldt, who at the beginning of the century had been diplomatic representative of Prussia at the Vatican, and his daughter, Gabriele von Bülow, with whom Herr von Bülow could claim kinship. And these German memories alternated with all kinds of historical and literary echoes of French political and intellectual life.

An arresting talker, his conversation was couched in the French style. There are not many men in Germany who can talk in this way. He seemed to be well versed in French memoirs and *belles-lettres*. His political methods, however, would appear to have been modelled on the fiery and forceful

nature of Bismarck rather than the light touch of the French school of diplomacy.

I admired his memory, from which apt quotations of all kinds flowed so easily. He was extraordinarily illuminating when he came to speak of Napoleon I and Talleyrand, Humboldt's colleague at the Congress of Vienna, who had shown himself so incomparably more astute than he upon whom the sun of Austerlitz had shone. From this the conversation turned to the present centre of political life in Rome, the Minister-President, Francesco Crispi, and Bülow was enthusiastic in praise of the unshakable will-power of the grand old man from Sicily. The Ambassador then took me on to the terrace of the Palazzo Caffarelli, where I could enjoy, in all the loveliness of that radiant spring day, the marvellous view that stretched before us, framed in an inspiring setting of old Roman marble ruins, fragments, statues and inscriptions.

The Ambassador had appointed an evening when I was to dine with him and make the acquaintance of his wife, whom I had long known by repute.

When I arrived next time I was received by my hostess alone. Her appearance accorded with the portraits painted by two great artists, Lenbach of Munich and Makart of Vienna. These pictures had caught her captivating personality, and her conversation was equally stimulating. She spoke German fluently, with more of the light sparkle of the Vienna accent than of the stiff solemnity of the North German. She told me that, having been forced by indisposition to keep to her bed for several days, she had occupied herself with reading Nietzsche. I observed that this was not perhaps the correct régime for an invalid. A deeper discussion revealed that she had also delved into the works of other German philosophers, notably Schopenhauer.

I now had an opportunity of closely observing my host and hostess together. Just as he was of the blond Teutonic type, she was essentially southern. She might have stepped out of a Raphael canvas. Or ought one not rather from her face to set her down as Greek, and seek her cradle on the sunny shores of the Aegean? Actually she was an Italian from the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which was included in ancient Greece.

The blond and stalwart son of Mecklenburg and the slight

Sicilian woman with the glowing eyes—did not their marriage show that what Victor Hehn expresses in his *Italien* may be near the truth: "If only ten thousand maidens from the Weser and the Elbe could be set on ships and landed in Apulia or Calabria and there become the wives of local men; and at the same time ten thousand Calabrian girls shipped to Bremen, Hamburg and Rostock and married to stout countrymen in Hanover, Holstein and Mecklenburg!"

So had Bülow concluded his own alliance with Italy.

Marie von Bülow was no ordinary, worldly *Principessa*. Long before becoming Bülow's wife she had familiarised herself with German art. Music, especially that of Liszt and Wagner, had laid its spell upon her. Vienna, where she had spent some of the best years of her life and had been feted as a beautiful and brilliant lady, had played no small part in the æsthetic education of this cultured, dazzling figure. I was standing in front of the two portraits by Makart and Lenbach. One glowed with the rich colouring of the Viennese master, the other emphasised the spiritual beauty of the raven-black Sicilian head with the pale face of an Ophelia.

The estates of the Camporeales were in Sicily, and Frau von Bülow was mistress of the marquisate of Altavilla, Palermo. Bernhard von Bülow had visited his wife's property and that of his brother-in-law, Senator Di Camporeale, in Sicily, and the complicated economic situation there gave him a direct insight into problems for the solution of which the leaders of Italy, such men as Crispi and Di Rudini, were vainly striving. He was able to see for himself the destitution of the peasants on the neglected estates of Sicily whose owners for the most part squandered the revenues of their property far away from the island, and to cry: "*Latifundia Italiani perdidere.*"

As I was able to note later in the course of repeated visits, the Palazzo Caffarelli was a rendezvous of the cream of Italian society. And by this I do not mean those smart circles of nobility and courtiers who are to be met in every embassy, but figures in the world of politics, art, literature and learning, side by side with the leaders of society. The family connections of Frau von Bülow made it natural that among the frequenters of Donna Laura Minghetti's *salon* adherents of the old régime, men like Visconti-Venosta,

Ruggero Bonghi, di Rudini, Duke Caltani di Sermoneta, or people who had formerly been in sympathy with this party, should preponderate. Yet the Ambassador made a point of keeping in touch with all political shades and tendencies. Having come to Rome when Francesco Crispi was Minister-President, he engaged in vigorous exchanges of ideas with that dynamic Sicilian, a man of deeds rather than of words—frequently rather the unhappy deed than the happy word. Affairs brought him also into contact with Baron Blanc, Foreign Minister under Crispi, a hot-headed diplomat whose clumsiness must often have forced a smile from the clever German. He also came into close touch with Giuseppe Zarnardelli, that master of polished speech, latter-day Girondin, jurist and legislator. Italian science was regularly represented in the persons of the mathematician Francesco Brioschi, President of the Accademia dei Lincei, and the physicist Blaserna of the University of Rome, a friend of Helmholtz.

These symposia were salted with conversation rich in ideas, the German mind making contact with the Italian. In the spring when Germany poured into Rome its flood of enthusiasts for Italian culture, the pick of these were to be seen at the Embassy. That prince of violinists, Joachim, played there with all his verve and distinction, the young Siegfried Wagner showed himself the promising son of his titanic father. The elder Delbrück, who had sat in the Prussian Royal Council with Prince Bismarck and Bülow's father, renewed memories of the heroic age of German statecraft. Theodor Mommsen, king of the realm of Roman history, frail in body but mighty in intellect, pronounced in a thin voice judgments which brought gods and idols crashing down. Franz Xavier Kraus, the Freiburg theologian and Dante scholar who had written a masterly work on the inspired Florentine, discoursed on the Church and literature and did not spare the demi-gods of the Vatican.

And then came one who was the backbone of the German colony in Rome, the ethereal, one might almost say *l'Angelica* Malwida von Meysenbug, a grey-haired lady of youthful vivacity with a force of character which recognised no obstacles, compact of limitless faith in the possibilities and goodness of human nature. This idealist and philosopher brought many, willing or unwilling, under her spell.

And beside this optimist, with her voice which insinuated itself into the very souls of her hearers, would sit the Italian pessimist, Ruggero Bonghi, lashing with the strident tones of his mordant tongue the comedians and tragedians of public life. He attacked his own nation in paradoxes, pillorying it as the senile eldest child of culture, saying of the Italians and Latin races: "*Siamo vecchi*" (we are old). This Frau Malwida, enthusiastic admirer of both the French and the Italian genius, refused to brook.

Many of the men attached to the Vatican also called. For instance, Cardinal Hohenlohe, who was not, it is true, in too good odour at the Vatican, for as Cardinal he had always been at daggers drawn with the Jesuits, who could not forget that he was on confidential terms with the godless Crispi, the Quirinal and even the house of Savoy. He lived in constant fear of being poisoned by the Jesuits and even expressed this anxiety in Bülow's presence. "In Rome," he used to say, "one can't be too careful, especially if one is a cardinal and of a conciliatory temperament." And so as a rule he only said Mass in his own church of Santa Maria Maggiore. If, however, he had found himself obliged to celebrate in another church he would take his own chalice, which he filled with wine with his own hand and then locked in a case. In the spring of 1896, soon after my first visit to Bülow, the Cardinal had attended a dinner at the house of the Foreign Minister, Baron Blanc, at which Minister-President Crispi had also been present. The Cardinal had seen fit to drink Crispi's health. The intransigents of the Vatican had thundered against him. The Pope had summoned him. And it was said that there had been a violent scene between the Holy Father and His Eminence, who was obliged to disappear from Rome for some time and seek shelter in a quiet spot in Umbria from the machinations of his enemies. There was little of the priest in his character and he was more at home in his native Tivoli than in Rome. There he loved to stroll in the splendid garden of the Villa d'Este with his friend Franz Liszt under the ancient cypresses or among the pines and laurels, grottoes and waterfalls. And there in the old Renaissance palace, placed at his disposal for his lifetime by the Duke of Modena, the Bülows liked to visit him and once took me with them. In defiance of the zealots, the

Cardinal had out of pure kindness of heart offered permanent hospitality, including a studio in the Villa d'Este, to the Jewish sculptor Ezechiel, an American Zionist.

His relations with the German Cardinal and other prelates of high standing at the Vatican enabled the German Ambassador to view as through a peep-hole a realm usually closed to the profane: the "whites," the heretics. In this way Bernhard von Bülow gained some knowledge of men and affairs on the other side of the Angels' Bridge, though professionally he had no concern with the world of tonsures, monks and broad black and red hats, for this was the business of the Prussian Ambassador to the Vatican. But since it so happened that Bernhard von Bülow, the Ambassador to the Quirinal, was possessed of greater political perception than Otto von Bülow, the Prussian Ambassador at the Vatican, that the "white Bülow" overshadowed the "black Bülow," the "profane Bülow" the "devout Bülow," the "young Bülow" the "old Bülow," the former with his wider horizon tended to extend his scope to include the Vatican also.

During his several years in Rome, the Ambassador at the Quirinal had had no opportunity to meet the Pope, Leo XIII, or his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla. Owing to the sharp line of division between the papacy and the kingdom, those who were associated by inclination or profession with the Quirinal were unlikely to come into contact with the Pope or his counsellors. Only the most distinguished foreigners were able, and that after long years in the capital, to move occasionally in both worlds at the same time, Italian and papal, white and black, profane and sacred. The Quirinal and Liberal society were incomparably easier of access to the Blacks than was papal society to the Whites.

Once I met at dinner at the Embassy Signora Minghetti, who knew me as the translator of her late husband's biography of Raphael. Memories were exchanged, particularly of Giovanni Morelli who, a pioneer in art criticism writing under the name Lermoliew, had also contributed towards Minghetti's book. The Actons from Naples were also present, affording an example of mingled English and Italian blood. The Actons, whose name appears as far back as the Bourbon days in the history of the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, had also been prominent during the first decades of the new Kingdom

of Italy, particularly in naval affairs. Among the other guests I recall meeting a Marchese Lucifero from Calabria and Senator Blaserna of the Accademia dei Lincei.

After dinner while I was taking coffee in a corner with my host and Blaserna, mention was made of the recent sudden death of Cardinal Galimberti. The Ambassador seemed reluctant to discuss the topic and turned the conversation to other subjects connected with the Curia, in order to avoid discussion of the suggestion which had been put forward in more than one newspaper, that the Cardinal, who was reported to hold Liberal views, had been poisoned by the Jesuits. Then came a discussion of the morals of the clergy in general.

Bülow held that since the time of Luther there had been no Popes whose transgressions against morality had shocked the world. Luther's accusations against the Holy See had, however, been by no means unfounded; they had indeed in many cases hit their mark and had brought about a certain degree of reform in the Roman Church. Even the Cardinals had for the most part been distinguished in modern times for their blameless lives. Similarly the *abbé* of to-day was more moral than his predecessors—yet it was to be remembered that the loose-living *abbés* of the old days were frequently men of great culture and even genius. He doubted whether such brilliant men were to be found among the *abbés* of to-day as those who in a bygone age made up for moral deficiencies by lambent wit, supple intellect and a standing in the *salon* which these qualities won for them. This transformation in the *abbé* was most apparent in France. There the sober-living servant of the Church completely preponderated over the scanty relics of the elegant and polished haunter of drawing-rooms.

Frau von Bülow, who now joined us, then told a story of a fashionable Roman lady upon whom a Monsignore had been constantly impressing the importance of not losing sight of the eternal in the transient, exhorting her to learn to look death in the face with cheerfulness. Soon Monsignore himself lay dying and was bitterly bewailing his plight. His old friend visited him and asked in astonishment how it was that he who had talked to others so enthusiastically and cheerfully of dying, now regarded death with such

despair. He answered: "But who told you, Signora, that I believed everything I taught others?—Oh, life was very sweet!"

The Ambassador explained that the expression "*Qui mange du Pape en meurt*" was capable of various interpretations and indeed had been interpreted in several ways. It was usually taken to be a threat on the part of the Pope against all enemies of the Church. Thus the Pope might, for instance, feel tempted to direct it against heretical French ministers. On the other hand it might mean that it was inadvisable to have anything to do with the Pope, as if the political enemies of the Curia were to say: "Henceforward we will have no dealings with the Pope as such dealings are fatal." A third reading, accepted largely by the enemies of the Pope, was that it was dangerous to eat with the Pope as the dishes served might be poisoned. This interpretation, the Ambassador said, was actually the original one and went back to Pope Alexander Borgia, who at his banquets had poisoned wine served to persons inconvenient to him.

After leaving the Palazzo Caffarelli with Blaserna we discussed Cardinal Galimberti's death on our way home. The Cardinal was reputed to be a friend of Germany, a free-thinking prince of the Church, and an anti-Jesuit. Immediately after his death the suspicion was raised in a section of the Italian Press that he might have been poisoned by the Jesuits. I said I did not think there could have been any foundation for these suspicions, that a similar rumour had been started in the summer of 1889 after the sudden death at Subiaco in the Sabine mountains of Cardinal Schiaffino, a man of moderate views. . . . Blaserna replied that he was unable to agree with me, and was rather disposed to believe that this method of ridding themselves of opponents was in fact practised by the Jesuits. . . . "But if," I demurred, "there are any grounds for such suspicion, why does not the Italian Government order the immediate exhumation of the bodies in order to establish the truth?" Blaserna said: "That would be a very dangerous step. Imagine if the suspicion proved unfounded. What an outcry there would be from the Curia about outraging the most sacred feelings of the faithful by the blasphemous action of the Italian Government! They would denounce Italy to the whole world."

“Have you noticed,” Blaserna went on, “how anxious our respected host was to prevent the rumour concerning the Cardinal’s death from being mentioned by his guests? Indeed, Bülow is much too cautious in his domestic circle to allow discussion of such ticklish subjects.”

CHAPTER V

BÜLOW AND NIETZSCHE

WHEN the Bülows took up their residence at the Palazzo Caffarelli the tragic end of Nietzsche's relatively normal existence and his personal intercourse in Italy with Frau Malwida belonged to the distant past. Nevertheless the authoress of the *Memoirs of an Idealist* remained an intermediary between Nietzsche's spirit and the Bülows. As I had first met Frau von Bülow engaged in the reading of Nietzsche, so frequently, and especially when Frau Malwida was present, Nietzsche's paradoxical utterances formed the basis of our conversation. Once I ventured the bold remark: "What distinguishes Nietzsche from Prometheus is that Prometheus called down fire from heaven, and Nietzsche fireworks." Frau Malwida, for whom that meteor which had once swooped down in a blaze of light still retained its brilliance, refused to accept this, though she was beginning to be convinced that Nietzsche had not created a system of philosophy, but had merely bound together lighted fireworks to form a great set-piece. Bülow himself, whose saints remained two intellectual leaders from the town on the Main, one of whom he had actually seen as a boy while the other he knew to a large extent by heart—Schopenhauer and Goethe—while recognising the dazzling brilliance of Nietzsche's language was not enthusiastic about him; for one reason because a statesman devoted rather to preservation and progress could feel little sympathy with the firebrand who had called one of his works the "superlative of dynamite." Many of Nietzsche's aphorisms, especially when he touched upon the national or international influence of the statesman, provoked criticism or denial from the brilliant German diplomat. But

when, for example, Nietzsche in defining the four great national families of Europe, says that the English genius coarsens and distorts what it absorbs whereas the French thins, simplifies, logicises and polishes - while the German in its turn mixes, interprets, complicates and moralises, Bülow admiringly approved. And, being already an ardent admirer of Italy's diversity and greatness, he was even more at one with Nietzsche in his view that "the Italian genius has made by far the freest and most subtle use of what it has borrowed from others, and has invested a hundred times more than it has withdrawn."

But Bülow would then have moods when he would laud the German genius as the richest and most generous. He would speak in this strain especially when the fear awoke within him that one of his listeners might suspect his patriotism and accuse him of xenophilia. Once he even illustrated Nietzsche's classification of the nations with the example of the student, saying that the student of each nation has his own particular weakness: "The German student loves Bacchus, the French Venus, the English sport, the Italian politics, while the Russian flirts with dynamite." And he concluded that the Russian was the most dangerous, the Englishman the most harmless, and the German the next. As a politician, however, he thought it of dubious convenience to the real statesman that students, as, for example, the Italian, should meddle with politics instead of devoting their whole attention to learning.

As a warm friend of modern Italy, Bülow soon became popular there. His rapidly acquired familiarity with the world of the Quirinal in all its shades he owed in some degree to his wife. In Bismarck's time there existed an unwritten law, which continued after his downfall, that no German diplomat should marry a daughter of the country to which he was accredited. A diplomat, who is expected to maintain an unbiased attitude towards all parties, must not ally himself with any party for family considerations. Only the Emperor was allowed to claim relationship with the Court of the country in which he had found his bride. To see Bülow enjoying greater professional success from the fact that he was married to an Italian, one might suppose that to break the old rule would facilitate the task of many a

diplomat. Certainly there was no lack of critics who objected that the German Ambassador had bound himself too closely to Italy through his marriage. And this was a special case. Marco Minghetti, the late father-in-law of the Ambassador, had held a unique position among the politicians of Italy, and enjoyed the respect and admiration of all parties. And now the Bülows found themselves in the same social *milieu* in which he had lived at the Palazzo Caffarelli, where hung a portrait of Marco Minghetti from the brush of Lenbach, representing a personality bearing the stamp rather of the cool-headed English statesman than of the fiery Italian.

Bülow was by no means unaffected by these national and moral influences. In the days when under Keudell he had been attached to the German Embassy in Rome, he had come through personal intercourse under the spell of Minghetti's culture, and this had been further strengthened by his marriage with the stepdaughter. It was in this way, too, that he had learned to understand, through its most outstanding personalities, the Italian parliamentary group in which Minghetti was a great speaker and debater. His own Ambassadorship in Rome was to bring him into contact with Crispi. He enjoyed making himself acquainted with the advantages and disadvantages of the parliamentary system, and the gist of his observations was that it was not entirely suited to Germany, although the suffrage in Germany was wider than in Italy.

It was natural that France should exercise incomparably greater influence upon the Italian mind than Germany. And yet there were here and there corners of Italy into which the German light penetrated, occasionally as a harsh glare. This was the case in Naples, where down to the turn of the century the philosophy of Hegel had gained a powerful hold on such men as Vera and Spaventa, and Vera's disciple Maricino. In a modified form the German spirit had manifested itself in the house of Minghetti who, formerly a fellow-Minister of Cavour, had in the sixties as Minister-President turned to the genius of Bismarck, and cultivated friendly relations with German historians like Ranke and Gregorovius. German guests were welcomed at his country house in the vicinity of Bologna, Crown Prince and Princess Friedrich Wilhelm, General Loé, Malwida von Meysenbug, Lenbach and others.

Here, too, in the lifetime of Minghetti, the blond Mecklenburger Bernhard von Bülow had visited.

At some distance from the Porta d'Azeglio in Bologna rises a steep, stony path, known as the "Stations of the Cross." Climbing this and continuing under acacias one reaches a yellow-washed house which everybody knew as the Casa Minghetti, with the little church of Mezzaratta leaning its back against it. Here no sound of the busy modern town was to be heard. At most one would meet a Capucin with his collecting-box, or a peasant driving his ramshackle little cart and cracking his whip. Below stretches the wide plain of Bologna. All around are vine-clad hills, and there hides a straggling red monastery, San Michele in Bosco, once the abode of Olivet monks but now long deserted. The little church of Mezzaratta had also long ceased to be used for worship. When we entered it occasionally years ago we used to see in the soft religious gloom of its frescoed interior a billiard-table. In the corner stood rows of cues, and from the walls there gazed down on these implements of modern amusement oil-paintings of saints and heroes of the old Bologna school. . . . Where once pilgrims offered up their prayers before the altar of the Madonna, that wise worldling Marco Minghetti would seek relief from cares of State at the side of a lovely, brilliant woman. In front of that huge fireplace the house-party would gather when the storm outside was shaking the crests of the trees and the snow lay on the Apennine hills. Blue-bound parliamentary papers filled a bookcase, though another room with a ceiling-painting of "Moses and the Snake" was his actual study. He preferred to think in the medieval atmosphere of this little church, which led straight into the drawing-room, and here he wrote part of the story of his eventful life. This spiritual side of her husband's existence was eagerly shared by Donna Laura. And here Bernhard von Bülow would foregather with all the illustrious men of Italy, especially during the widowhood of Donna Laura, who survived her husband by a generation. He loved to talk with the intimates of the house, the parliamentarians and statesmen, Ruggero Bonghi, Visconti-Venosta, Luigi Luzzatti. And he was not only an accomplished talker but also a most accomplished listener. His perfect manners and universal kindness prevented him from talking more than

listening, and this was in part the secret of his charm. He influenced not only people who are easily susceptible to suggestion, for he did not grip his neighbours and force his will upon them as did Bismarck and Crispi, for instance, or to-day Mussolini; he persuaded rather than convinced. His dazzling erudition and eloquence were apt to leave an atmosphere of cold mist as soon as his mind was no longer there to pierce it. Thus his influence was not always lasting, and the enjoyment passed quickly when the conversation was over.

It often appeared as though this usually cool-headed German, phlegmatic especially in his political calculations, regarded Italy with the feelings of a lover, so that in his company Italians would sometimes forget that he was a foreign representative at the Court of their king. Certainly his tongue had not adapted itself to the country as had his soul. Whereas his Italian wife spoke German fluently, he, the German, had not mastered the Italian language, and used chiefly French. Yet he kept in touch not only with the political trends, but also to some extent with the literature of Italy. Of the earlier authors he had studied with special interest a Florentine classic, not Dante Alighieri, but Niccolò Macchiavelli, and not only the much read *Princeipe*, but also the less known *Discorsi sopra la prima decade di Tito Livio*. This work, in which the Florentine derives his political theories from the history of ancient Rome, contains a chapter on internal State government and another on external success. It is an axiom of the great Macchiavelli that in its inclinations, passions and capabilities human nature remains always the same.

This trend of thought had to some extent left its mark upon the German. He developed gradually a cult of the national idol of Italy, Macchiavelli. For this, moreover, he had been prepared by his admiration for Bismarck, save that in recent times the German Macchiavelli differed from the revised Italian edition of the age of Victor Emmanuel II and Victor Emmanuel III. In Germany, at any rate in Bismarck's day, three wars which were wanted had been engineered with circumspect diplomacy and won by Germany's own military strength, so that the success was commensurate with the objective. It was otherwise in Italy, where battles were

repeatedly lost, but at the council table peace and territorial expansion were won. In the World War things were to turn out even more characteristically for Germany and Italy : for the most part victories on the battlefield for Germany side by side with complete diplomatic failure and final catastrophe ; on the Italian side initial heavy military failure followed by sweeping success due to rescue by foreign troops, and the cool diplomatic calculation of the Italians themselves.

CHAPTER VI

THE SUMMERS ON THE SEMMERING

WHEN I took leave of the Bülow's in Rome they suggested that I might see them again on the Semmering. They had spent five summer seasons on this lofty boundary between Lower Austria and Styria, which rises to more than three thousand feet above sea-level. In the course of this book I shall touch on the political motives which played a part in the selection of this place. Frequently the Bülow's were accompanied by Donna Laura Minghetti and her white-haired and white-bearded *caroliere serrente* Professor Blaserna from Rome. In the summer following the spring which I had spent in Rome, much of it in the Palazzo Caffarelli, I came, on the Semmering, to know the Ambassador as a very vigorous walker, embarking on long tramps which sometimes extended as far as the Liechtensteins' castle of Wartenstein über Glognitz or Mürzzuschlag, or at the least to Maria Schutz or Sonnewendstein. Schloss Wartenstein had the additional charm for the Bülow's of being the lofty summer cyrie of the giant Prince Franz Liechtenstein, formerly Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Petersburg, for whose culture and talk they had the highest praise. They liked to point out that the Prince was a head taller, not merely physically, but also mentally than many of his less gifted peers. Once there was a jesting discussion as to who was the taller, Prince Franz Liechtenstein or Count Lanckoronski, the Polish nobleman living in Vienna, a most ardent art collector who had long been a friend of Malwida von Meysenbug. This had brought him into touch with the Bülow's, and in addition he was the brother-in-law of Prince Lichnowsky, who had been with the Bülow's in the Bucharest days and later on the Semmering.

It was natural that in the course of our early meetings in this lofty Austrian resort we should recall the spring in Rome, and the lady who had introduced me to the Palazzo Caffarelli. I could already look back on an acquaintance with Malwida von Meysenbug extending over a period of ten years. From her I had heard not a little about her friend Nietzsche, and even though I had not exactly been led into an exhaustive study of the philosopher—partly no doubt because a journalist must of necessity, if not by inclination, eschew exhaustive study of any kind—I had certainly dipped into his work a good deal. It was different with Frau von Bülow, who had studied him deeply and who even in the stimulating air of the Semmering could not tear herself away from the paradoxes of the ailing genius. Once when our conversation turned to Frau Malwida's friendship with Nietzsche, Frau von Bülow told us warmly what a great gift for friendship Malwida von Meysenbug had, and how in spite of all her differences with the philosopher, whose desertion of Richard Wagner had caused her no little pain, she had felt the most sincere sympathy with him in his own mental collapse. On another occasion there was discussion of the new ten commandments which Nietzsche, the modern law-giver, had brought down from his Mount Sinai. Bülow's opinion was that they could not in the interests of the State be accepted as a whole, but only with reservations. These ten commandments are :

Thou shalt neither love nor hate nations.

Thou shalt practise no politics.

Thou shalt be neither rich nor a beggar.

Thou shalt shun the famous and the influential.

Thou shalt take thy wife from a nation other than thine own.

Thou shalt have thy children educated by thy friends.

Thou shalt not subject thyself to any church ceremonial.

Thou shalt repent no wrong-doing but do a good deed the more in atonement.

Thou shalt think the truth but speak it only to friends.

Thou shalt leave the world to follow its own course.

With regard to several clauses of this decalogue he was reticent or silent. To the first commandment he gave entire approval, for he felt, and later during his ministry was to feel more strongly, that the Germans were putting obstacles in his way by their attitude of over friendliness or excessive hatred towards certain other nations. What embarrassments were caused to his diplomatic plans by the pan-Germans' over-friendly attitude towards the Boers and exaggerated hatred of the English!

Sometimes he seemed disposed to approve the second commandment too. But when he quoted from *Faust*: "*Ein politisch Lied! Pfui! Ein garstig Lied!*" (A political song! Pah! A nasty song!), he was not to be taken too seriously. After all, politics were an instrument on which he felt he could play in masterly fashion. Yet he would not have minded if others, the younger generation for instance, had neglected this instrument.

The third commandment he appeared to support, especially as he himself was for the most part on the half-way line, and if anything on the side of prosperity. Later, for a period of ten years, roughly up to the outbreak of the war, he enjoyed, thanks to a legacy running into millions from his Hamburg cousin Godeffroy, something very like affluence.

The fourth commandment. . . .

He never shunned the famous and still less the influential. He liked to entertain at his hospitable table men famous in every sphere; he liked to observe outstanding exponents of humanity.

The fifth commandment he had put into practice himself. Yet he was far from ready to accept it as a universal rule. How could he have persuaded the Germans to pass over their own countrywomen in contracting marriage? He knew the Tuscan saying:

*Moglie e buoi
dai paesi tuoi.*

(Choose your wife and oxen in your own country.)

The sixth commandment. . . . His wife had given him no children and he had little need to concern himself with those of her first marriage, as they had been handed over to the care of their father, Count Dönhoff.

The seventh commandment. . . . This he observed personally as the freethinker he was at heart, or at least as a Protestant of broad views like his friend Harnack. But as statesman he did not venture to urge it upon others, not even his wife, who remained a Catholic. Herr von Mühlberg, formerly Under-Secretary of State under Bülow and later Prussian Ambassador at the Vatican, told me that during the time she lived in Berlin, Frau von Bülow attended the Roman Catholic church every Sunday with Prince Arenberg, the friend of Bülow's youth. In Rome in later years Cardinal Ragonesi was her father confessor.

The eighth commandment : "Thou shalt repent no wrongdoing, but do a good deed the more in atonement," he approved as a whole, though he thought the good deed might consist in doing better in the future.

On the other hand, he subscribed to the ninth commandment in its entirety : "Thou shalt think the truth but speak it only to friends." Actually he did not speak it fully even to friends, for he was like that early Pope who would not confide to his shirt what his breast knew. He was distrustful where politics were concerned ; and the men who were later to surround the Imperial Chancellor were of the same stamp. They formed a circle in which probity was prone to be regarded as a mask to conceal cunning and dissimulation. This habit of trusting no one was to give rise to the worst mistakes of German policy. The German Emperor and his advisers were pathetically unanimous in their distrust of England, and in the end they all came to distrust one another. This was to some extent a legacy from Bismarck. Victor Hugo speaks of the Germans "with the blue eyes and iron fist" and "the breath full of music and soul, and the land where in hymns they sing like the lark and scream like the eagle," but the clique which surrounded the Emperor did not distinguish themselves in this direction. It is true there were convulsive incitements to behave as though the fist were of iron despite the blue of the eyes, and as though they did sing like larks and scream like eagles ; but through the aggressive unnaturalness of their behaviour a sort of caricature of the true German nature, instinct with thought and poetry, came to the surface.

It is not wise to empty the baby with the bath-water. The

majority of the men who worked with Bulow are dead. Others still survive him and almost all of these indulge memories of hatred towards him. Many of them forget that he was a man of unusually lofty mind and finished culture, with the gift for finding the right word for any given situation, but less generously endowed with originality. His vast reading submerged him in an excess of impressions which his memory could no longer segregate. Not that his knowledge ever handicapped him in conversation. On the contrary he juggled deftly with ideas and words. But Macchiavelli, whom I heard him quote on rare occasions, and Baldassare Castiglione, authors respectively of *The Prince* and *The Courtier*, had found a place deep in his soul, so that he had to some extent lost his sense of what was simple, direct and likely to inspire confidence in himself and others.

He had an innate talent for extricating himself from any situation with a fine gesture and even finer words. Once we were sitting in the evening on the open terrace, talking of dreams. He told me he often had the embarrassing dream that he was attending a ceremonial occasion and would suddenly discover that he had forgotten to put on his trousers. He would, however, quickly recover from his confusion by reflecting how best to handle the situation: whether to withdraw quickly and unnoticed into some quiet corner and disappear, or whether to act as though he were in no way discomfited and pass his somewhat truncated suit off to the others as a novel and quite appropriate costume.

The tenth commandment: "Thou shalt leave the world to follow its own course," he accepted in every sense: in the sense of the fullest tolerance of religious or philosophical convictions; in the sense of acceptance of the customs of foreign countries and peoples. He went even further. He would set up before young diplomats the example of Alcibiades, who was an intellectual among the Athenians, ate black soup among the Spartans, and among the Persians wore long garments. Let the world follow its own course then, but not oneself; rather adapt oneself to all the customs of one's environment and hurt nobody's feelings, and even endure inconvenience in the interests of a higher cause. Yet one should not chatter glibly of tolerance and freedom while

acting in the reverse sense. Quoting from a student song of his Bonn days: "*Freiheit, die ich meine*" he defined social democracy as the urge to freedom, repeating it later when he was Chancellor in the Reichstag, as freedom for the apostles of free-thought, and terrorism for the rest:

*Und willst du nicht mein Bruder sein,
So schlag' ich dir den Schädel ein.
(If you won't be my brother,
I'll bash in your skull.)*

On my return to Vienna from Rome I had on my own initiative begun, in conversation with newspaper men, to point to Herr von Bülow as one who had impressed me as a hope of German statesmanship. I said openly that I regarded him as the future leader of German foreign policy.

A year later the Emperor appointed him head of the Foreign Office. I then devoted to him in the *Neue Freie Presse* a leading article in which I said that Bülow as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the side of the venerable Chancellor Hohenlohe was tantamount to Foreign Minister *cum jure successionis* to the Chancellorship.

The future Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs on his way back from Rome stopped in the Austrian Alps, as he had done twice before. When I wrote to him from Vienna asking if I might call upon him, he wrote:

HOTEL PANHANS, SEMMERING,
7 July, 1897.

My wife and I will be delighted to see you under the pines of the Austrian mountains, after our last meeting in the citron and orange groves.

... But come as a human being and only as a human being. "*Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein.*"

He was quoting from Goethe's *Faust*. Shortly after my visit I sent Frau von Bülow a monograph I had written on Ferdinand Gregorovius, the writer on German history and Italian art. She acknowledged my letter as follows:

SEMMERING,

20 July, 1897.

Very many thanks for your kindness in sending me your monograph on Gregorovius, which recalls to my mind so many persons dear to me, many of whom have already passed away. Your lovely book will always be a valuable and interesting reminder of my Italian home. Poets and authors will never tire of singing and talking of the Eternal City, and especially the German poets, who love the *bel paese* most, are most deeply permeated by its magic and write most poetically about it.

My old habit of spending a part of the summer on the Semmering in addition to an occasional winter visit developed into a kind of professional journalistic duty during the summers of Prince Bülow's Foreign Secretaryship. Frau Bülow had many old ties with Vienna and Austria. Her doctor, Professor Chrobak, on whose advice she sometimes visited Bad Hall in Upper Austria, lived in Vienna. In Vienna, too, she had spent part of her youth and had met Bülow. Moreover, the new leader of Germany's foreign policy thought it important to study allied Austria-Hungary at first hand. Bülow has been accused in many quarters of unreliability, and after the affair of the *Daily Telegraph* interview was even branded as the "Father of Lies," but on the other hand he must be credited with unflinching loyalty to Austria-Hungary. In his memoranda of the pre-war period deposited in the archives of the Foreign Office, it would be difficult to find one document containing the slightest hint of disloyalty to Austria-Hungary. The alliance with the dual monarchy which Germany had inherited from Bismarck remained to him too a fundamental principle of all foreign policy. Nor did he ever doubt that Austria-Hungary would always loyally keep her faith.

His faith in Italy could have been more easily shaken. The doubts of Italy's loyalty to her alliance expressed in his reports to the Foreign Office by Count Monts, Ambassador in Rome, did not leave Bülow entirely unaffected, although he never reached Monts' firm conviction of Italy's vacillation.

During all the years when I had opportunities of meeting Bülow I never heard a word of doubt from his lips concerning the two-headed eagle of Habsburg. The alliance with Austria-Hungary was an article of his political faith. He did seek in conversation to inform himself upon what was going on in Austria, and when on many occasions I suggested that the State-building under whose roof I had been born was extremely ramshackle, he never agreed.

Nor did Bülow ever speak of the Emperor otherwise than with deep respect, a respect based upon repeated meetings with the aged monarch. And yet Francis Joseph was the least likely of men to appreciate Bülow's type of brilliance. But, knowing the aged Emperor's mentality, Bülow could in discussion with him suppress the effervescence of his intellect, so throwing into relief his other quality: the gift of adaptability, of attention, and of subtle flattery. Again and again Francis Joseph heard from his lips how his young ally the Emperor of Germany respected the experience, the clear-mindedness, the faithful patronage of his paternal friend. Whenever on our walks on the Semmering I gave expression to my grave doubts about the stability of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, I would feel conscious of an invisible scourge swishing above my back, wielded by the light, graceful hand of the German statesman. Even my description of Austria as the land of limitless impossibilities he felt compelled to contradict.

The additional circumstance that the Emperor's friend Eulenburg had his headquarters in neighbouring Vienna was perhaps the most decisive consideration in the selection of the Semmering. Bülow was not sufficiently self-confident to place entire trust in his own ability and professional judgment. He was no Bismarck trampling forward with relentless stride, and had not to deal with a monarch whose quiet reliance offered him secure support. A great part of his mind had to be given to considering the nerves, whims and moods of his Emperor. It was no matter of indifference to him what the Emperor learned about him in conversation or in press-cuttings. Bülow therefore deliberately sought to submit to the judgment of the Kaiser's friend. At Semmering I often met the two men together, one of whom, the chosen friend of the Kaiser, prepared the ground with his master



PRINCE VON BÜLOW WITH HERR VON SCHWARZKOPPEN

for the other, the realist. Often I thought of them as another Tasso and Antonio. Eulenburg soft, rather vague, the poet, Bülow more practically inclined. Naturally enough, to remain on intimate terms with the Kaiser's friend, who stood like a "watch dog" before the threshold of Empire and Emperor," was Bülow's aim during his summers on Austrian soil.

It was therefore not mere chance that Bülow's first summer on the Semmering should coincide with the transfer of Count Eulenburg to Vienna, where he became Ambassador. It was an obvious indication of his desire to cherish the friendship of the Kaiser's friend. And his visits to the neighbourhood of Vienna came to an end only with his appointment as Imperial Chancellor, when his ambitions were realised.

On the Semmering I often witnessed what struck me as the over-sentimental, ecstatic relations that existed between these two. Naturally in personal intercourse there was not that mutual adulation that marked their correspondence. The tongue is less prone than the pen to indulge in superlatives. The pen more readily overleaps the barriers that rise between man and man. Bülow was always a man of great friendliness and with him it was no mere sugary pleasantness. It was different with his brother Ulrich, then Military Attaché at the Vienna Embassy, who also came frequently to the Semmering. He possessed a terrifying technique of flattery which was obviously a not very successful copy of the manner of his much more brilliant and attractive brother. And this technique I encountered in not a few German diplomats of that time who were anxious no doubt to hide, or rather to sugar over, their native Prussian uncouthness. When men like Bülow and Eulenburg, protagonists on the imperial stage, contrived to suborn their contemporaries with exaggerated friendliness, it was no wonder that the example of these twin stars should be followed by younger and smaller men. Even Count Brockdorf-Rantzau who stood out before the world as an upright man in Weimar and Versailles, and later at Moscow, I cannot absolve, from my memories of him as Secretary and Ambassador in Vienna, of an exaggerated politeness. I met him frequently and with pleasure, especially as his somewhat effusive suavity had a tinge of tart sarcasm, not to say self-mockery. He was an industrious worker,

though his compendious reports were mostly composed after midnight over several bottles of his native Moselle, or on occasion the wine of allied Hungary. The man least given to the prevailing fashion of smooth-spokenness was Prince Lichnowsky, at that time Counsellor at the Embassy and not uncommonly *Chargé d'Affaires*. His aristocratic origin belied by his shabby appearance, he had none of the cheerful, artistic bohemianism of his uncle, Monsignore Lichnowsky, dean of the Archbishopric of Olmütz, who in company with Kurt von Schlözer, Odo Russell and Franz Liszt, so enjoyed the women of Rome and the wines of Genzano and Orvieto that no one would have suspected his clerical calling. The nephew himself, who was neither an Adonis nor an Apollo Belvedere, and who with his pear-shaped head could at best be set down as a *beau laid*, enjoyed some success with the ladies, from the time of his appointment in Constantinople—where once Leander wooed Hero. Later he appears to have made some conquests among Prince Bülow's immediate entourage. But it was characteristic of some of the younger German diplomats to have serious ambitions to acquire knowledge and experience of the world, and so Prince Lichnowsky, when Germany began to reach out towards the Far East, undertook a journey to China, returning filled full of impressions which he once read aloud to me from his diary in his room in the Hotel Panhans on the Semmering.

At the beginning of the year 1898, soon after arriving in Berlin, I wrote to Herr von Bülow who a few months before had been definitely appointed State Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He immediately replied as follows :

BERLIN,

8 January, 1898.

DEAR DR. MÜNZ,

I shall be very pleased to see you again. I should have preferred to greet you under the Italian sun rather than in the mists of the north. I am like Mignon and long for the land where the golden oranges glow in the dark foliage.

You are most likely to find me in between six and seven.
With kind regards.

Yours very sincerely,
B. VON BÜLOW.

I had to wait a long time before the Minister received me, and he explained the delay on the grounds of urgent business in connection with China, naval affairs and negotiations with the great German shipping companies.

The chief of the Foreign Office felt a strong urge to transport himself in spirit back to the Palazzo Caffarelli for half an hour's relief from the drabness of affairs, and he called up memories of our mutual friend Malwida von Meysenbug. He told how towards the end of his time in Rome she had found refuge in the Palazzo Caffarelli, after an earthquake which had shaken the apartment she was occupying in the Via Polverira and after the death of the woman who for many years had been her housekeeper. It happened at a time when his wife was away from Rome; and he had spent some time under the same roof as the octogenarian matron. He added with a smile: "*Noni soit qui mal y pense.*" I could not help thinking of a malicious story that was told of Herr von Bülow, who was not the lady-killer that the backbiters suggested, how when caught *in flagranti* by his wife, he had exclaimed with characteristic presence of mind: "*Non c'è il cuore*" (my heart is not in this). The same busy tongues also alleged minor peccadilloes on the part of Donna Maria, one of which had given rise to quite a serious quarrel between Herr von Bülow and one of his subordinates, his superior in social rank.

Such talk was perhaps not altogether in accordance with the facts, and people were very ready to draw wrong conclusions from Frau von Bülow's sensitiveness to all that concerned art and artists. Her highly musical temperament carried her away from that Prussian matter-of-factness to which her fate had first united her. At a very early age she had married the handsome and distinguished but not very entertaining Prussian diplomat, Count Dönhoff. He was followed by the radiant temper, brilliance and wit of Herr von Bülow, steeped in the most attractive ingredients of

Western culture, and Frau von Bülow in her second marriage was able to combine cultured domesticity with the most subtle attractions of an artistic bohemianism, and in doing so knew how to maintain her dignity.

Several German newspapers, particularly the monthly *Nord und Süd* had asked me to write fully about the new Foreign Secretary, knowing that I was in touch with him. I did not wish to do so without obtaining from Bülow himself first-hand information about his family and career. In this connection he wrote to me :

Confidential.

BERLIN.

24th February, 1898.

DEAR DR. MÜNZ,

Many thanks for your kind letter as well as for the renewed expression of your goodwill towards me. I am always pleased to hear from you. I am sending you herewith a few notes. These have been made by a friend and are of course only rough building stones which require fitting and fashioning by your skilled hand.

May I make one request? I should like you to keep the proposed essay as objective as possible and, for all that I deeply appreciate your well-known kindness of feeling towards me, to avoid anything panegyrical. I am particularly anxious that there should be no direct suggestion that I have been mentioned in various quarters as a candidate for the Imperial Chancellorship. In the first place I hope that the wise and experienced Prince Hohenlohe may continue to hold office for a long time to come, and also in spite of everything I yearn like Mignon for the land where the golden oranges glow among the dark leaves.

I hope you are well and in good spirits.

My wife sends her kindest regards, and I am always

Yours very sincerely,

B. v. BÜLOW.

The summer of 1898 brought news to the Semmering of Prince Bismarck's death. It was whispered from mouth to mouth that the great man whose lightest word had once

stirred the whole of Europe had now breathed his last. Who will ever forget that Sunday morning when we learned that the dying century upon which he had set his mighty seal was yet to survive the man who had seemed its very life? Only once in that century now drawing to its close had a parallel event occurred. The news of Napoleon's death had left men stunned and dumb, and Alessandro Manzoni's muse had offered to the departed Emperor one of the most sonorous laments that ever came from poet's lyre. Yet how times had changed! The period between the death of Napoleon I and that of Bismarck was almost filled by the life of the Iron Chancellor. At a time when the electric telegraph was in its infancy, weeks, nay months had passed before the world learned that it had lost that fiery spirit, Bonaparte, who had once flashed like lightning through the world, annihilating space. But what was the state of things at the century's end! On the morning of July 31st, 1898, five continents simultaneously heard the news that the most talked of man of the time had shuffled off this mortal coil. "Prince Bismarck dead"—the newspapers which had echoed and re-echoed his thought, his will, his words, now announced that the man was no more whose actions had, even when they had felt forced to adopt a censorious attitude towards him, been their greatest inspiration.

The drama of the moment was felt by everyone. As they heard of Bismarck's last sigh, men felt themselves taking part in the making of history.

It was an impressive experience for me at this historic moment that I should happen to meet in this Austrian mountain resort two persons, one of whom represented the past with which Bismarck's name was associated, and the other the present and future that Bismarck had bequeathed. How could any man with a sense of history have failed to be impressed at seeing before him Rudolf von Delbrück, one of Bismarck's outstanding collaborators and ministers, side by side with Bernhard von Bülow, whose father had also had Delbrück as a fellow-minister—Bülow who liked best to think of himself as a disciple of Bismarck, and whose first action on his appointment as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had been to make a pilgrimage in company with the Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, to Friedrichsruh. How

could the solemnity of the moment fail to communicate itself to these two men, one of whom had worked as a great man with the greatest of all, while the other seemed to cherish no higher ambition than to be worthy to succeed the man he regarded as supremely great?

The Secretary of State was preparing temporarily to strike his tent on the Semmering at once and make his way to the German capital, that he might be in this solemn hour beside his Emperor and the bier of his Emperor's first great minister, the founder of the Reich. Bülow was intending to leave his women-folk alone on the Semmering until the funeral ceremonies were over.

For my part I was anxious before his departure for Berlin to hear some words from Bülow about the fallen monarch of the Saxon forests. The German classics, with which he lived constantly, at this solemn moment on the wooded heights spoke through the man who already felt himself to be the successor of the dead master. He used expressions which were obviously always present in his mind when he thought of Bismarck: that he had "carved his name deep in the bark of the German oak," that he had been a lion and not, like Moltke, "an eagle circling aloof and silent in the ether." And he saw the "gigantic shadow of this prince who had become a national possession, growing as the life of the German people continued to endure." When the Bismarck-Denkmal was unveiled in Berlin three years later, he used in his speech as Imperial Chancellor similar expressions about the great man who "would move like a pillar of fire before the German people in good and evil days."

And Rudolf von Delbrück! During August, 1898, I often saw him broodingly seek a lonely seat on the green by-paths of the Semmering, somewhere between the *Südbahnhotel*, where he and I were both staying, and the *Meierei*. He obviously wished to be undisturbed in order to steep himself in the memories of Germany's heroic age, and with eyes shut evoke visions of the proclamation of the Emperor in Versailles, and of the German Reichstag where he himself had been among the foremost. An heroic age! His unheroic appearance seemed almost to give it the lie. But have not heroic deeds often been performed by great Germans with no pretensions to heroic looks? We do not think of Kant and

Schiller as men of majestic mien, and Moltke we knew in the flesh: shrivelled, insignificant, unassuming and taciturn. Delbrück had already passed his eightieth birthday but was still fresh and alert. At a casual glance he might almost have been mistaken for Moltke, so reminiscent were his features of those of the planner and controller of battles. His clean-shaven face resembled parchment. His light eyes were sharp and piercing. There was something about him at once searching and quietly observant, something of the scholar. Lenbach had painted him, and this portrait too bore a resemblance to the world-famous portrait of Moltke by the same artist. In manner and features they were of an old Prussian type. Even the stick he always carried looked like an heirloom from the Prussia of long ago. We seem to have seen it in many of the paintings of Menzel. It was the crooked stick of the great Frederick, a replica of which, mounted in silver, belonged to the aged Prussian Minister of State. Nor would it have been hard to imagine Delbrück's goblin-like figure in a scene at *Sans Souci* with Frederick the Great as the centre. Here on the Semmering he was always with his wife, almost a head taller than her husband, whose short stature was further diminished by the stoop of age. He looked thirty years older, and yet brighter than this rather stiff and precise lady, who at that time was given to dipping into Sabatier's *Life of Saint Francis of Assisi*, while her husband, who read without spectacles, buried himself in the newspapers in the open air. These were still full of dates, reminiscences and anecdotes connected with the great man who had just died. He did not feel called upon to judge too severely the matter printed in the Press. He had his own thoughts and memories, which sometimes differed from those of his colleague and chief—and at this time *Thoughts and Memories* had not yet appeared, nor the reminiscences retailed in the last years of Bismarck's life to his visitors. Bismarck's communications to friends and publicists, he frequently found, as he told me at the time, lacking in historical precision, and marked by highly subjective interpretation on the part of the great man, who on occasion did violence even to the truth, and in whom the personal element at times outweighed the actual to such a degree that his story appeared more arresting than the real facts.

During the summer of 1898, which, after returning from the obsequies in honour of Bismarck in Berlin, I spent on the Semmering, the Dreyfus affair occurred. It was a hot summer, and a hot wave of partisanship, sympathy on the one side and hatred on the other, swept over the world. The atmosphere was electrical. Everywhere people were talking of Dreyfus, the unhappy Jewish army captain, and his return from Devil's Island. What were the repercussions of Golgotha nineteen hundred years earlier in comparison with the clamour aroused by the disgrace of Dreyfus? How few of Christ's contemporaries even heard of the crucifixion of the Nazarene, whose story, lyricised and spiritualised, had first to pass down the centuries before it crashed upon the world like a mighty avalanche. And now, thanks to the spread of telegraphy, the whole world awaited, quivering, every fresh stage in the development of the Dreyfus case. On the Semmering nothing else was talked of, and the facts and rumours of Captain Dreyfus's story insinuated themselves into Bülow's circle, much as the Foreign Secretary, a master of opportunism, would have liked to exclude them. Bülow's womenfolk received letters not only from their friend, Malwida von Meysenbug, who was staying in Versailles with the Monods, daughter and son-in-law of Alexander Herzen, but also from Gabriel Monod himself. The latter, convinced of the innocence of the martyr of Devil's Island, had joined the band of distinguished men who were working in France to atone for the crime committed by the military party, and Frau Malwida, her soul full of sympathy, was throwing all her strength into the cause.

When the conversation turned to Dreyfus, Bülow was always anxious to change the subject in order to avoid having to say too much, and it was noticeable how ready he was to assume the attitude he recommended at the time to his colleagues at the Foreign Office. To them he is reputed to have indicated subsequently, as Imperial Chancellor, that they should show the diplomats, when they asked about Tangier and Morocco, "a serious and impassive face. Our attitude should be like that of the Sphinx, which, surrounded by inquisitive tourists, also gives no sign."

He would slip nimbly from the particular case of Dreyfus to the Jewish question in general. Once he expressed his

astonishment that the whole of Judaism in Europe and America should be so solidly behind Dreyfus. He asked whether this was in conformity with the Jewish standpoint. I replied: "You must remember, Excellency, that when an Aryan commits treason or murder anywhere, the crime is regarded as the work of an individual. It is different when a Jew is guilty of treason or murder. Then in the view of the community it is not the individual who is the traitor or murderer, but all the eight million Jews who are now on earth are branded as traitors or murderers. So to-day in the view of the populace—and this populace includes the inhabitants of many a palace—a share of the thirty shillings for which Judas Iscariot sold his Lord and Master falls to each individual Jew. Men are not charitable enough to divert even the slightest ray of the halo that shines from the betrayed and suffering Christ upon his fellow Jews."

The basic cause of the Dreyfus case was the anti-Jewish clericalism of the French General Staff. I once said openly that even in Germany the tide of anti-semitism reached high up into the Ministries, and I accused the German Government of impeding or preventing the admission of Jews into Government offices. In the Foreign Office there were no Jews. I was able to speak in this way because Herr von Bülow seemed to me incapable of any anti-Jewish feeling. He said: "Oh, we have Cahn, the Bavarian Counsellor of Legation, in the Foreign Office. . . ." This I knew, but I was also aware that he was the only Jew in the Foreign Office. Of course I could not pursue the subject further, however firmly I might be convinced of the injustice offered to many talented Jews.

As has been mentioned, Herr von Bülow himself maintained a frigid silence with regard to the Dreyfus case. But as soon as he had withdrawn from the company after dinner and I was left with the ladies, I heard more: that they were convinced of the complete innocence of the Jewish captain accused of treachery and that he had been the victim of a base intrigue. And I heard further that my revered friend, Malwida von Meysenbug, was from Rome—with the connivance of her friends in Paris—using her influence with the German Foreign Minister to induce him to declare to the world, with full knowledge of the case, that Dreyfus had never betrayed any military secret to Germany.

I had myself heard from the lips of the Italian Ambassador in Vienna, Count Nigra, that everything that had reached the French Press concerning the betrayal of military secrets by Captain Dreyfus to the Italian military attaché was mere moonshine, and one day I discussed the point with the German Counsellor of Legation during a walk on the *Hochweg*. The conversation was not *inter pocula* but it was *inter was*, for as we strolled we were both eating a bunch of grapes, certainly from the vineyards of Italy, which we had bought outside the *Hôtel Panhans*.

To my question: "Do you think Dreyfus guilty?" the Prince replied laconically: "He's as guilty as you or I."

I: "But he may have let something out inadvertently."

THE PRINCE: "He hasn't even committed an indiscretion."

I: "Perhaps an indiscretion against Russia?"

THE PRINCE: "No, not against Russia. Dreyfus is completely innocent. He's the scapegoat sent out into the wilderness to expiate the crimes and dirty actions of a whole gang. . . . Dreyfus is no more guilty than you or I."

One September day in 1898 the news reached Semmering that the Empress Elisabeth had been murdered. In the cool of the evening I walked on the terrace of the *Hôtel Panhans* with Bülow and the ladies. The cruel sorrow that had befallen the venerable Emperor was discussed with great sympathy. Bülow remarked that exalted station was no assurance against the blows of fate or against the sorrows that befall mankind. The Emperor Francis Joseph, now hardened against the worst, had had to mourn a brother executed in a distant land, his wife also murdered abroad, and, worst of all, his son who had obviously taken his own life. Frau von Bülow asked me whether I knew anything trustworthy about the death of the Crown Prince. I replied that I could give no such information and I gave this same reply in answer to an enquiry from the Italian Ambassador, Count Nigra. I was unable to say anything further than that an uncle of the Crown Prince's mistress, Herr Hector Baltazzi, had assured me once when I was spending a summer in Kaltenleutgeben that the Crown Prince had first murdered his mistress and then committed suicide. I now think I am right in assuming that the Bülows may have been trying to test me,

in order to find out whether I had any exact information with regard to the nature of the Crown Prince's death. For I was to learn later that Francis Joseph had telegraphed to the Emperor Wilhelm, who had then been only a few months on the throne, that his son had taken his own life. I have since been told of the farewell letter which the Crown Prince had sent to his wife, Princess Stephanie, on the eve of his death. This I read with my own eyes, and it proves that all the talk of the alleged murder of the Crown Prince caught by a forester *in flagranti* with his wife, was nonsense.

Now the whole matter is clear to me. I had not taken Vetsera's uncle very seriously, for he was not a man to be trusted. Would a man write a farewell letter the day before he was going to be murdered? Baron Miti's excellent work on the Crown Prince (*Insel-Verlag, Leipzig*) in any case makes the Rudolf affair reasonably clear.

That even on the Semmering, and especially when he was about to visit Berlin, Bülow was greatly occupied with affairs of State, I once had occasion to observe on a walk across the Styrian boundary. As I was going along in the cool of the approaching autumn, I suddenly heard a man's voice behind me say aloud: "The Balkan States . . ." Wondering who was carrying on this political conversation, I turned and saw Count Bülow walking alone, buried in his thoughts and talking to himself. As soon as he saw me he broke off. He was to go to Berlin the following day and was no doubt preparing the speech he had to make before the Council of Ministers on recent political events, which, as so often that summer, once more centred in the Balkan States. . . . I of course gave no sign of having heard anything and we walked on some way together. Then my companion, who was intending to walk to Mürzzuschlag, a good three-hours' tramp, and there meet the ladies, took leave of me.

One evening I went to the station when the Minister was leaving for Berlin. He asked me whether I had any important work on hand and I replied that I was thinking of a life of Cavour, but was constantly distracted by my journalistic activities. He said very wisely: "You'll have to take care you don't leave too much wool on the hedges." It was a warning to concentrate, and I have often remembered it

since and taken heed. Unfortunately, however, the best will in the world wrecks itself on circumstances.

I remember on a short walk having turned the conversation to the occupation by Germany of Kiaochow. I said it certainly made an excellent outpost in the Far East, but added with a smile that there was another nearer, better and more important coaling-station. And I pointed to the surrounding country—the valleys of Styria. What I was suggesting was the joining of the German parts of Austria with Germany. Of course I was not speaking as a responsible politician or as one who had any claim to such a title. . . . Bülow gave me a reproving, non-committal smile and said nothing. I understood.

As Foreign Secretary he returned each summer for relaxation on the pine-clad heights full of new impressions and new successes. Once he had travelled to Jerusalem with his Emperor, again he had led a diplomatic campaign to Samoa and carried through the peaceful acquisition of the Caroline and Marianne Islands by Germany. The wing of the hotel he occupied was constantly being transformed into a kind of annexe of the Foreign Office in Berlin. Even in the summer Bülow was not idle. He would receive and dispatch couriers, and write notes in the composition of which the diplomat and author collaborated. In the late afternoon, when it was time to go for a walk, the Prussian Minister of State would still be at work in his summer office. His wife and mother-in-law would be compelled to set out without the head of the household. There was a constant succession of important visitors: Professor Blaserna from Rome, the aged Delbrück, Prince Arenberg of the German Centre Party, the German diplomats Count (later Prince) Eulenburg, Count Monts, Prussian Minister in Munich (later Ambassador in Rome), Prince Lichnowsky (later Ambassador in London).

It was a busy summer holiday, and regrets at having left Rome were constantly on the Minister's lips. I wrote to Baroness Meysenbug from the Semmering: "Herr von Bülow seems almost sorry to have exchanged the Palazzo Caffarelli in Rome for the 'Villa' in the *Königsgrätzten Strasse*, Berlin! He may have been worrying about wearing himself out and adding yet another to the number of the Kaiser's fallen favourites, Caprivi, Marschall and others. It is true

he has long enjoyed the confidence of Wilhelm II, who appointed him Ambassador at the Quirinal at a comparatively early age (Bülow was not yet forty-five). But to carry out the commands of an impetuous monarch at a distance, meeting him only once a year, may well be a very different matter from being in constant contact with such a hot-head. The Palazzo Caffarelli actually stands on the Capitol. Might not the recall of the Ambassador to the Berlin Foreign Office and his subsequent appointment as Minister of State easily become equivalent to being thrown from the Tarpeian Rock? The Ambassador's leave-taking of Rome was so hard because he had lived there, not like the majority of the other diplomats who are absorbed in their business and amusements, but as a man of noble tastes filled with the historic greatness of Rome, one who had learned to love the old Gods and all the grandeur that Rome stands for."

On another occasion I wrote: "Bülow does not agree with the special privileges of Prussian Junkerdom although by origin he is actually a Mecklenburg Junker. He also ventures to hold the view that the sole aim of German statecraft should not be to enable the Junker to sell his corn and cattle at the highest possible price. . . . Yet in the party sense he is certainly not a Progressive. He has never committed himself to any party platform but has always remained unfettered. An indulgent and considerate interpretation of other people's actions is one of the principles of his possibly over-suave nature. He therefore numbers friends in every camp and meets men of every tendency. Those who call him a disciple of Bismarck are right in so far that he has developed under the shelter of the great Chancellor's success and was in touch with the latter through the person of his father Bernhard von Bülow, Minister of State. . . . The father, a minister at a time when Germany admittedly led European policy, was never in a position to treat his immediate superior with that independence which his son enjoys with regard to Prince Hohenlohe. The father was for the most part the agent of Bismarck's overwhelming will; not as a lifeless tool but as an appreciative colleague, a man of strong patriotism imbued with the spirit of his time. The son, since the days when he worked in Paris under Prince Hohenlohe's ambassadorship, has been on terms of grateful

friendship with him. Foreign policy he controls almost independently, although the Imperial Chancellor bears the responsibility. The Emperor, who is in constant touch with Bülow, often allows himself to be lectured by his minister, calls upon him—frequently without warning—and listens to him readily.”

CHAPTER VII

IN BERLIN

IN Berlin the Bülow's house was a centre of distinguished and cultured society.

Once I met in what was known as the "Villa," which stood in the park of the *Reichskanzlerhaus*, Frau Mite Kremnitz, *née* von Bardeleben. Her husband had been a doctor in Bucharest and she had been an intimate friend of the Bülows since the days when the Foreign Minister had been Ambassador there. Frau Kremnitz was esteemed by Queen Elisabeth—known by the *nom de plume* Carmen Sylva—for her literary gifts, and had helped to edit the memoirs of King Carol. Conversation between this guest and her host and hostess therefore was an exchange of reminiscences of Rumania. Count Bülow had arrived very late and excused himself on the ground of urgent official business, and during dinner and over coffee a servant was constantly announcing telephone calls: Herr von Tirpitz, Secretary of the Imperial Navy, rang up to ask when he could confer with his colleague, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Countess Kleinmichel, a very celebrated figure in Petersburg and known to the Bülows from their days in Russia, asked when she might call; and so it went on. During my brief visit I was made aware of the multifarious ties of the Bülows. I did not envy them this turmoil of social activity in which their position involved them. Yet in all the rush there was still one place of refuge where the master of the house could settle gratefully for a brief rest. This was the rich library round which he conducted me, pointing out with satisfaction treasures he had collected in many parts of the world.

In the winter of 1899 I wrote to Malwida von Meysenbug from Berlin: "One hears him called a disciple of Bismarck,

yet Count Bülow is entirely different from our mental picture of the giant who passed away last summer. He would be incapable, either in the good sense or in the bad, of being as ruthless as the man from the Saxon forests. He used to mix, and still mixes gladly, with many who reckoned Bismarck among the enemies of the Empire. He enjoyed the company of such men as Bamberger or Mommsen, the lambent Gallic wit of the one, the acid criticisms of the other."

After hearing a Reichstag speech I wrote: "Bülow's parliamentary style has a high degree of literary and artistic finish. His speeches radiate charm and healthiness of mind. He has the gift of listening and reflectively allowing the words of a speaker to sink into his mind. He is fluent in reply, and as he speaks, his mind, unlike that of the glib and perfunctory orator, is still working on what he has heard. His set speeches in the Reichstag, which always attract an appreciative audience, are of course worked out thoroughly beforehand. He realises that a man in his responsible position cannot allow himself the same freedom as a member of the opposition. Being a highly gifted speaker, he often, half in jest and half in earnest, professes to envy the speakers of the opposition the wide scope which their comparative irresponsibility allows them. Whereas Prince Hohenlohe usually reads his statements to the Reichstag, Bülow always speaks without notes. His Reichstag speeches reflect the dispassionate seriousness which is a German characteristic, but at the same time have that lightness of touch which belongs to the Latin peoples. Not for nothing has he lived long in Paris and there been as regular a frequenter of the *Palais Bourbon* as of the brilliant and intellectual *salons*. There is a certain balance and reasonableness in his style."

The Foreign Secretary so established himself as minister and speaker that the aged Imperial Chancellor, Hohenlohe, gradually withdrew into the background. Germany's foothold in China won through the occupation of Kiaochow, inspired by Tirpitz and executed by Heyking, was regarded as Bülow's work. In the summer of 1900 Hohenlohe retired and Bülow became Imperial Chancellor. His eloquence had won over the Reichstag.

I will quote from my diary a note dated Thursday, November 13th, 1900, on the occasion of a visit to Prince



• NORDERNEY

Eulenburg, newly returned from *Schloss Liebenberg*, where he had entertained the Kaiser and his former protégé, Count Bülow. Immediately after his arrival in Vienna he had, knowing my personal connection with Bülow, invited me to the German Embassy to talk to me about the personality of the new Chancellor. Eulenburg spoke with a distinction and tact which almost concealed the fact that he was himself the "king-maker" responsible for his friend's elevation.

"I could not envy Bülow. It is no enviable fate to stand at such a time as this in so exalted a position exposed to the attacks of the parties. Yet I told him when he spoke rather gloomily about his new responsibilities and expressed doubts of the future: 'Keep on as you were, and believe me that with your characteristic flair and courage you will achieve much.'"

Eulenburg then spoke of his long friendship with Bülow, whose appointment as Imperial Chancellor had not come as a surprise to him inasmuch as he had long known that the Kaiser had Bülow in view. He gave no hint that he had himself both in conversation and in writing repeatedly stressed Bülow's name, and had already recommended him strongly for the ambassadorship in Rome and subsequently as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Prince Eulenburg next went into the question whether a statesman could not exert influence through humanity and charm of personality. I gave it as my opinion that, by considering the personal ambitions of individuals and exercising that persuasive charm which Bülow possessed in such a high degree, a minister could indeed do a great deal with the parties and the party-leaders. Eulenburg appreciated the fact that my impressions had the authority of five years' knowledge of Bülow in Rome, on the Semmering, and to some extent also in Berlin. I said that the new Chancellor had an unusual gift for mixing with people of most widely divergent types, and for giving such sympathetic attention to the views of people of the most varied political leanings as to leave many of them with the conviction that they had won him over, whereas in reality Bülow would be merely giving the speaker the opportunity to state his opinions and experience comfortably and confidently, while he himself absorbed as much fresh knowledge as he could. That, I said, was Bülow's

way ; he would learn all that it was important that he should know of the views and intentions of others, while himself withholding information that might in any way prematurely commit him. At that time he seemed to me a master of open-mindedness, and I went on to say : " With his boundless circumspection he is unlikely to allow himself to be drawn into any direct change of opinion, for he has the right to assume that government through parliamentary bodies and public opinion consists more in listening to widely differing views and weighing up the various elements composing parties and chambers than in leadership or control."

I tried to bring out the subtle diplomat in Bülow, and continued : " To-day possibly the smooth, rounded, cheerful, pliant, clever mediator and conciliator is what is required, rather than a ruthless domineering mind of the Bismarck type, who in order to reduce chaos to order had to tear down the old, build anew, and fire an apathetic nation with his own passion." Eulenburg agreed with me and began to talk of Bismarck, whom he had known well. He said : " It is a completely false interpretation of Bismarck's psychology to credit him with great sensibility and even occasional softness of temperament. He never possessed these characteristics, though it cannot be denied that he enjoyed an affectionate domestic life."

Prince Eulenburg then mentioned his last trip north with the Kaiser, which had been an arduous one for him, as he had been the sole representative of the Foreign Office and Civil Cabinet with His Majesty, who was much attached to him. Once more we went deeply into Bülow's case. I represented the new Chancellor as a diplomat who possessed a touch of genius and knew how to make his influence felt without undue assertiveness. I said : " Like a breath of air through a key-hole he insinuates himself almost imperceptibly into the minds of those he is anxious to hear and understand. This is the secret of his recent success as Foreign Secretary. He is able to reduce the complex to a simple formula. Once they allow themselves to be drawn into the net of his art, diplomats, party-leaders, cabinets, and above all my colleagues of the Press are caught without realising that they are caught, or better, feel themselves collaborators rather than captives. He will have the faculty of attracting collaborators, and not

only among parliamentarians, foreign diplomats and newspaper men ; and there will be no discord between the players in an orchestra conducted by such a master." And I concluded : " He will wound no one, will say nothing which will offend even the Social-Democrats, and perhaps in this respect he will compensate for what the Kaiser lacks. . . . That Germany has a Social-Democracy of developed intelligence is indeed an indication of her present cultural level. In the Romanic countries many men remain plunged in anarchy who are in Germany won over to Social-Democracy, and for this reason perhaps Germany stands higher than the Catholic Latin nations."

Prince Eulenburg replied : " One must not judge the Social-Democrats in Germany by their leaders. As far as I came across them in Prussia the masses are devoid of any ideal. They are acquisitive, they want to possess ; they are crude, much cruder for instance than here in Austria, where the people are lighter-hearted and more friendly than in Berlin for instance. Of course there are to-day even in the German Social-Democracy more responsible and thoughtful elements, who hold the firebrands in check. But a far-sighted Government will do everything possible to restrain the masses from resorting to action and insurrection."

It was obvious to me that these words were an echo of recent conversations with the Kaiser during the hunting-party at Liebenberg. Then the Prince in conversation with his friend Bülow had discussed what he took to be the best qualities of a statesman, saying that while in no way seeking to belittle the statesman possessing sensibility, humanity and a light touch, he was obliged to say that personally, belonging as he did to this same class of highly strung natures, he did not think that he had ever been subject to anybody's influence.

This intimate talk, in which I had no less a share than the Ambassador, lasted a full hour, and Prince Eulenburg impressed me as a diplomat who was at least as willing to listen as he was to talk, although he had an unusually ready flow of conversation at his command.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ANDREW WHITE EPISODE

AT the turn of the century, while Count Bülow was in office as Minister, I was quite frequently in Berlin. Count Nigra, Italian Ambassador in Vienna, with whom I was on terms of friendship, and Baroness Berta Suttner, another friend, both of whom had met at the first Hague Conference Mr. Andrew D. White, American Ambassador in Berlin, urged me to make the latter's acquaintance. Nigra had been at the head of the Italian, and White of the American delegation at the Hague, where Berta von Suttner was present as leading pacifist and observer. However, before I delivered my two letters of introduction to the Ambassador, I met him at a dinner at the Bülows, and before I called upon him he invited me to dine.

I found him a venerable, grey-bearded man with a finely shaped, intellectual head, a great scholar and by no means a diplomat pure and simple. He had a long and honourable career behind him. Minister in Petersburg at an early age, he had known Tolstoi in Moscow. In Berlin he preferred the society of men of learning to that of diplomats. He had been a Professor at Cornell University at Ithaca in the state of New York, and there he was to return as President after retiring from the diplomatic service. He had written *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*, in two volumes, of which he presented me with a copy. In his house I was later to meet Mommsen, Harnack and Schmoller, but on my first visit I dined in the intimacy of his domestic circle with his pretty young wife—quite forty years younger than her septuagenarian husband—and little daughter, who is now a distinguished figure in society. Some little time earlier the

Ambassador and his wife had entertained a guest whom they had known when they were in Petersburg. He had complimented Mrs. White on the wonderful way in which she had preserved her youthful appearance, forgetting that on his previous visit a decade earlier he had been entertained by the Ambassador's *first* wife.

White constantly turned the conversation to the time when he had been in Russia, and in this won special sympathy from the Countess Bülow, to whom her years in Russia remained unforgettable. Herself an authority on Tolstoi's work, she enjoyed listening to White's account of his meetings with the great novelist. The American Ambassador was a shrewd, thoughtful, and penetrating talker, and at the same time a man of charming modesty. His great interest in religion and social problems had repeatedly brought him into contact with Tolstoi, and he was in no way disposed to gape in indiscriminating admiration at the philosopher and prophet of Jasnaja Poljana, upon whose lips two continents hung. When White had expressed his surprise that Tolstoi travelled so little, the latter remarked that he did not set great store by travel, and that personally he had spent but little time abroad, a few years in Petersburg and the rest of his existence in Moscow and the interior of Russia. Yet in White's opinion, among the great men he had met in the course of his life there was none who had so great a need as Tolstoi to broaden his outlook by listening to the views of others and observing people who lived their lives under other conditions. Not that he was depreciating Tolstoi. But from his conversations with him, White had formed the opinion that he suffered, in common with other eminent Russians who were far below his level, from that morbid tendency to evolve his ideas within himself without clarifying them by exchanges of thought with others. Tolstoi had regarded himself as infallible, a result of his fanatical mental isolation. He had contrived to reconcile love of men with contempt of the ideas, utterances and aims of almost all other men and with intolerance of those who held different views from his own. White had never heard him speak otherwise than indifferently or contemptuously of even the greatest genius: to him Shakespeare was a scribbler, Beethoven's *Kreuzer Sonata* a perverse work; and in his later years he regarded his own literary work as worthless.

Countess Bülow, chilled by these remarks, still expressed admiration for the artistic achievements of the great Russian.

White had a great admiration for Bülow's great intellectual gifts and particularly for his oratorical powers, but when I was alone with him he could not recall the time when he was at the Hague with Nigra and Baroness Suttner without thinking of Germany's attitude there as open to serious criticism, and the responsibility for this he placed less with Prince Hohenlohe than with Secretary of State von Bülow. He pointed out that Germany had opposed all suggestions of an obligatory court of arbitration, and had imposed difficult conditions, and also that many of her delegates had been unhappily chosen. On the other hand he was full of praise for Count Nigra who had been a stimulating influence and had urged the principle of the court of arbitration. White was devastating in his criticism of the convener of the Hague Conference, Czar Nicholas, whose indolence, inefficiency and dilettantism he said was reflected in the entire lack of preparation which marked the conference. From the outset he and most of the other delegates, as soon as they realised the inadequacy of the Russian representation at the Hague, foresaw the breakdown of the conference, whose real instigator was, in White's view, not the Warsaw pacifist, Johann Block, but the Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobedonoszev. It was an injustice to accuse Germany of being the only opponent of the court of arbitration. It had been regarded with equal disfavour by Admiral Fisher and Prince Münster, the leader of the German delegation, by the former on the ground that the British fleet could always be immediately mobilised, by the latter on the ground that the German army could be ready for war in a few days, so that a court of arbitration could only give the less prepared enemy a chance to gain time.

The personal relations begun between the American and myself in Berlin were maintained in a correspondence which was to continue for more than ten years. From this correspondence I will quote.

One day I received from Mr. White the following tragicomic letter :

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
BERLIN,

November 5th, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. MÜNZ,

A few days since, I chanced to meet Countess von Bülow and her mother, and presently the latter, with an expression of great sorrow, said that she had seen in the newspapers a statement that you had recently died. An expression of sincere regret followed from Countess Bülow; when I interposed with the remark that I hoped and believed that the statement was incorrect, for, if I remembered rightly, it was Mr. Eugène Müntz who had died. At this there was a general expression of the hope that I was right, and I now drop this line to you to discover whether I was possibly wrong. This proceeding, taking as it does the shape of a letter to you, may be looked upon as in the light of an "Irish bull"; but I shall be glad to hear from you that you are still living and at work on your fascinating biographies and historical treatment of recent events.

This has reminded me that I have your book on Franz Deak. It has interested me greatly, and I now return it to you with this. Please accept my hearty thanks for your kindness in allowing me to keep it so long.

I am about leaving Berlin, and, while I rejoice to escape finally from the official harness, there are of course in my mind many regrets at leaving old friends and familiar scenes. I shall probably take refuge in Italy for the winter, and return next spring or summer to the United States.

I hope that I may live long enough to revisit Germany and Austria, and, in the latter case, not to be so hurried that I miss meeting you.

With renewed thanks, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
AND. D. WHITE.

I hastened to reply to the American Ambassador. I expressed admiration of his confidence in sending a letter to the Beyond, especially in the absence of the exact address.

I pointed out that Mr. White had omitted to write on the envelope: "In case of the addressee being dead please forward to the Beyond." I could, however, assure him that I was writing my reply, not from the asphodel fields of Elysium but from the sunny earth, or rather from misty Vienna, and with no skeleton hand, but a living fleshly arm. Further, I had often heard that people given up as dead always lived a long time, and that since I had a great-grandfather on the paternal side who lived to be over a hundred, I would do my best to follow his example, especially as I still had a pile of work on earth to get through which appealed to me far more than the drudgery of day-to-day journalism. I told him that I was writing by the same post direct to Donna Laura—to assure her of my well-being—that there had obviously been confusion with Eugène Müntz, and that the Italian papers had given the Parisian scholar obituary notices in which some part of my own insignificant achievements had been included.

By a curious coincidence, just as I was setting my signature to this letter, an unexpected visitor from Rome was announced, the sculptor Josef Kopf, who was doing me the extreme kindness of bringing me a relief of Malwida Meysenbug, of which he told me he had made a second for Countess Bülow.

The following day I dispatched a second letter as follows:

VIENNA,

The 8th November, 1902.

DEAR AMBASSADOR,

After several readings of your letter it has occurred to me that possibly your unusual question may not have been asked so much from motives of sympathy towards my unworthy self as, trusting in the correctness of our Donna Laura's information, in order to obtain from me some information concerning the Beyond. This would be in keeping with your insatiable thirst for learning, which through a long life has caused you to drink continually from the well of knowledge. Why should I not credit the author of that great work on the history of the warfare of science with theology with a desire to learn at first hand



PRINCE AND PRINCESS VON BÜLOW

what it is like beyond the veil? And as long ago you had to do with Tolstoi in Moscow—about which you gave us such a fascinating account in Countess Bülow's drawing-room—and Tolstoi, who now has come to scorn art and literature and himself, was deeply immersed in the supernatural and subnatural—you may perhaps, in connection with the death of my unworthy self, have cherished hopes of obtaining secret information from one who had descended into the shades. Unfortunately I am not in a position to tell you what you want to know. The best I could do would be to give rein to my imagination, and that assuredly is weaker, much weaker than yours, which has probed so deeply into the realm of the spirit, whereas circumstances—often enough of an extremely material nature—have compelled me to hold aloof as much as possible from the realm of the spirit and keep close to the less lovely world of sensation.

As an American you know the meaning of the word "sensation." Most of your newspapers exploit it even more than ours. Well, I was condemned, and still am, in competition with the milkmen and bakers, to give as much spice as possible to people's breakfasts by means of the newspapers which they usually consume with their coffee and rolls. I know from personal experience that I devour half the newspaper before I have finished my coffee or my rolls. Doubting Thomas that I am, I neglect, I am ashamed to say, to begin the day with a prayer, and the place of the breviary is taken by the newspaper, which puts me into touch with all possible worlds save only the realm of truth and still less that of the Beyond.

The Beyond is, I think, a question of faith, and each of us pictures it according to his own experience and desires. Can you imagine that all the vanities which you see here below—doomed as you are by your high diplomatic station to attend Court fêtes and evening receptions—are entirely absent from the Beyond as pictured by the vain and the snobs? The Beyond would be a poor affair for these people if they could not plaster their breasts with orders as they do here. You, Ambassador, will no doubt picture it as a place where the questions of warfare between theology and science treated in your great work will lie

solved on a clean-swept table. But would you find lasting satisfaction in knowing you would no longer have to tread the path of research as a laborious seeker? Is there any finer creed than Lessing's, that it is incomparably better to seek the truth than to know it?

I can understand your desire to learn through me whether and under what circumstances I have met the wise men of old in the other world, whether there is any prospect of your being able to sit round a table with those who on earth have shone like stars over your head. You would in that case be invited to drink at many different tables. Carousings with Washington and Lincoln! But Moses too and Christ would beckon you to their table, as well as Martin Luther and Galileo, and perhaps also Dante and Milton!

Were I already where Signora Minghetti thought me to be, what should I be able to tell you? That I had run across a certain number of shades whom in life I took great pains to avoid? That I was harassed by the thought that here I might again meet hordes of journalists, not a few of whom have written, praised and censured without any knowledge of the facts?

So I can tell you nothing of Paradise or Gehenna, nor have I as yet tasted of the Leviathan which is served to the righteous in Israel, or of that nectar or ambrosia, the daily nourishment of those who are found worthy of admission to the court of the Gods of Greece. Nor have I been guided by the supreme master, Vergil.

There still lives on this side—where cruelly ignored and no less cruelly ignoring, we pass one another by,

Your obedient servant,
S. MÜNZ.

Some years later he wrote me the following letter :

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
ITHACA,
NEW YORK STATE,
8 June, 1906.

MY DEAR DR. MÜNZ,

On my return to this university after a month's absence visiting various colleges of our Western States,

I have found your kind letter of the 23rd May awaiting me. . . . Needless to say, your generous appreciation of my work has given me great satisfaction. . . .

With regard to my feelings about Russia, I must confess that what I saw during two summers in Finland has filled me with disgust. The frivolous foolhardiness with which Russia dashed into the war with Japan increased my repulsion. We all naturally are watching with great interest the activities of the Petersburg Duma, but unfortunately our hopes that any appreciable good may come of it are continually dwindling. Both sides seem entirely lacking in what Matthew Arnold called "sweet reasonableness," and this lack is in the present circumstances the sin against the Holy Ghost.

I hope that you are getting on with your series of Italian and German biographies. I read all you sent me and they impressed me so much that after leaving my post in Berlin, I took, under your influence, a house in Allassio, where I lived for two years, making occasional journeys to the peninsula and spending a large part of my time in Italian studies. . . .

The only event here that might interest a German is the recent death of Karl Schwiz—a great loss for the United States. Though my political views were on occasion different from his, I must admit that by his contribution to Lincoln's election to the presidency, by his speeches against paper money and inflation, and by his essay on Lincoln and his *Life of Henry Clay*, he did this country greater service than any other statesman has done during the last fifty years. If one adds to this his wonderful career in the United States Senate and as Secretary of State, it becomes clear that he was one of the ablest public men that this country has ever produced. Though I met him comparatively seldom, I had known him well since 1860. A strong bond of sympathy was formed between us which became appreciably stronger as time went on. He was a constant marvel to me. His English, as he used it in his speeches and in his writings, was highly individual and in every respect of the highest order. His English accent was completely flawless and his style captivated all hearers and readers.

PRINCE BÜLOW

I hope that you did him justice in Vienna. He is assuredly a character worth studying. You no doubt have seen the excerpts from his *Memoirs* in *McClure's Magazine*. They are extraordinarily fascinating, but I am afraid that with his habit of putting off a task, he will not have completed the passages dealing with his public work in the Senate of the United States and his conversations with Bismarck; and these would have been of absorbing interest.

With renewed thanks and all good wishes, I remain in all sincerity,

Yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

CHAPTER IX

THE SUMMER OF 1904 IN NORDERNEY

BÜLOW'S speeches in the Reichstag had already grown so greatly both in number and interest that the publishing firm of Wigand issued them in the form of a book. This I dealt with in the *Neue Freie Presse* in a review in which I recalled Bülow's connection with the philosophy of Schopenhauer. He then wrote to me from the North Sea which, since becoming Imperial Chancellor, he visited in preference to the Semmering, in order to be nearer Berlin. The letter reached me in Marienbad :

NORDERNEY.

29 August, 1903.

Thank you very much for your kind letter, as also for your generous review of my speeches. Your reference to my youthful memories of Schopenhauer is correct. I remember very well how in the middle fifties, in Frankfurt, there was talk of an old lunatic who lived near the Main bridge, went for lonely walks accompanied by a poodle, spoke to no one, grew savage if anyone addressed him, and (last but not least) wrote books which nobody read. It was related as a particularly suspicious circumstance that Schopenhauer kept on his writing-table a little Buddha ; this was taken as a proof that he worshipped strange gods. When in the seventies I came to read the work of the great thinker, I often remembered these judgments upon him. To me they were proof that premature judgments are dangerous and that it does not do to allow oneself to be impressed by any *communis opinio*.

I hope you are not at Marienbad because you are ill, but merely to brace yourself up among the pine-woods.

With kind regards in which my wife joins.

Yours very sincerely,
BÜLOW.

The Prince had urged me to pay him a visit at Norderney. I now asked him when would be a convenient time for me to come, and received the following reply :

VILLA FRESENA,
NORDERNEY.

22 July, 1904.

On behalf of the Imperial Chancellor I have the honour to inform you in reply to your kind letter of the 17th inst. that His Excellency, as far as he can see at present, will be here in the second week of August and will be pleased to see you.

Yours faithfully,
P. BELOW.
(Imperial Minister).

I spent a month by the North Sea. Never have I enjoyed the company of the Bülows so much as in the peace of the Villa Fresena. After spending the evening with them I used the following morning to make notes of what had passed :

August, 1904.

The Chancellor lives in a grey house, rather in the Dutch style, with a terrace overlooking the sea—separated from the shore only by an open space which keeps away the crowd. It is one of two country houses owned by Count Wedel that he has rented. In the adjoining villa, which also looks on to the sea, lives the East Frisian landed proprietor, Count Georg Eberhard Wedel, hereditary member of the Prussian *Herrenhaus*, and elder brother of Count Botho Wedel, the diplomat. Passers-by look over the wooden paling at the Chancellor's house, and in many cases not merely by chance.

This is the Chancellor's fifth summer in Norderney. Here too, he is busy, but his time is less taken up with social duties

of an official nature than in the capital. He has chosen this island town because Berlin is easily accessible from here. During the last fortnight he has twice been to the capital—the first time to complete the trade agreement with Russia, which has been prepared largely in Norderney, and the second time to confer with the Emperor on the latter's return from his travels in the north. A saloon railway coach awaited him at Norddeich on the mainland, and this he entered in the evening. He was able to do several hours' work in the train and then he slept through the rest of the journey to Berlin, where he was occupied with business from 5 a.m. until late at night. This included a long interview with the Kaiser, whom he had not seen for several weeks, and meetings with a number of prominent people. That night he again boarded his saloon, and next morning was back in Norderney.

Here he is first visible to the public at midday when, accompanied by his wife and his *Adlatus*, von Below, he goes to the *Restaurant Richter* for lunch. Most people here know this little group: the Chancellor burly and red-complexioned, obviously in good spirits—his wife, her dark hair and delicacy of face and figure contrasting charmingly with her blond, full-blooded Teutonic husband—and Herr von Below, the tallest of the three, an elegant figure of a diplomat who bears himself with an air of restraint and has obviously to live the Chancellor's life rather than his own.

The enormous field of influence assigned to the Chancellor, comprising as it does the whole of Germany's external and internal life, renders it inevitable that he should be oppressed with work even during his summer period of seclusion. Yet about five o'clock he usually takes a long walk with the Countess¹ by the sea.

The Chancellor wears the cap worn by the members of the Yacht Club—white in sunny weather, dark blue in wind and rain, and in wet weather a "havelock" flaps about his shoulders. The Countess usually wears a smart light costume and carries a white sunshade. Behind the pair trots the familiar *Reichshund*, a black poodle. A *factotum* follows, a stout man with a black beard who, however, is apparently more concerned with the security of the Imperial dog than

¹ Bülow was not elevated to the rank of *Fürst* until later.

with that of the Imperial Chancellor. When the ebb occurs in the evening the Bülows are able to venture quite a long way. The *Bühnen*, stone breakwaters, are then dry, and from them the Prince throws the poodle into the sea for a swim, which he has not the time to indulge in himself.

The onlookers from a respectful distance enjoy the spectacle of the Chancellor, usually playing with words and ideas, now innocently disporting himself with his dog.

He returns from his walk about seven and goes to dinner—again at the *Restaurant Richter*—before eight. Herr Richter is a native of Vienna and his wife of Berlin. “Symbolic of our alliance,” the Chancellor remarks with a smile.

In the evening there is usually a guest. Lately it has generally been Dr. von Rottenburg (once Chief of the Imperial Chancellery in Bismarck’s time), a cultured man of great experience and wide reading and an excellent *raconteur*, whose appearance is slightly reminiscent of the great first Chancellor—Mimikryl—under whom he served for a long time—though gentler and more polished. Dinner is served in a small room on the ground-floor which is placed exclusively at the Chancellor’s disposal. In one corner hangs a print of Lenbach’s portrait of Bismarck.

Dinner does not take long, and afterwards we walk through the crowds with which the little island town is filled and past the shops on the way to the *Villa Fresena*. On wet evenings we sit in the drawing-room; if it is reasonably fine on the open terrace. Round the house can be heard the boom of the sea, the whistling of the wind and the seething of the surf, and this elemental music forms the accompaniment to the conversation. For the most part politics are rigidly excluded. The Chancellor broaches a vast number of subjects with illuminating insight, and shows an astounding memory. Facing the surging seas, he will recite in Greek a whole page from Homer’s *Odyssey*.

“How can your Excellency,” one of the company remarks, “manage to salvage that from the mass of tariff questions, commercial treaties, corn duties and veterinary regulations?”

“I have to,” the Chancellor replies, “though indeed I must not mix up veterinary questions with the *Odyssey*. . . . Yet,” he added with a smile, “the two things aren’t so very far apart. *Odysseus* couldn’t go home because he’d killed

Apollo's oxen. . . . And I've got to see that the Austrian negotiators don't kill the East Frisian oxen with tariff restrictions. I can never see enough of them whenever I travel from Berlin to Norderney. . . . They're magnificent fellows those steers feeding between Emden and the North Sea. . . . And if the Austrians try to kill them for me by over-drastring conditions, I'll have to do something drastic about it."

The turmoil of the sea at our feet prompted the Chancellor to remark that Richard Wagner must have been in a similar mood when he wrote the music of the "Flying Dutchman," and one could imagine the Edda emerging from this storm-lashed, mist-haunted sea, whereas the sun-drenched Mediterranean had given birth to the Greek mythology. . . .

I said jestingly that the Chancellor would not be greatly affected by the increase of the duty on barley as, judging from his attitude during and after dinner he had become almost a teetotaller, to which he answered that statistics submitted to him showed that nowadays alcohol killed far more people than the wars of the past had done. And he supported his statement with figures. . . .

The Chancellor snatches many odd half hours for reading. He has brought Bismarck's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* with him to Norderney. So he seeks the help of that powerful spirit. . . .

It seems as though the strong, raw breezes that blow here draw from the Bülow's memories of delightful moments in their pleasantly active life spent with people of mark. The sea wind sporting boisterously in crude Teutonic turbulence with the waters seems to have a stimulating effect upon them. The work of the last few years in Berlin has certainly not failed to leave its mark upon Bülow. Perhaps of more dazzling mental brilliance to-day than ever before, he is no longer so young in appearance as we knew him in the Palazzo Caffarelli or on the Semmering; but the years have failed to diminish the *verve* of the Countess.

In storm and rain they walk beside the sea like any ordinary happily married pair, and no umbrella shelters them. "Your Excellency is very hardened," I observed as I came up armed with an umbrella. "Hardened not only to rain but to politics," he answered.

The urgency of duty demands that the Chancellor should lead an arduous life here under the rule of the "categorical imperative." Once he allowed himself an excursion to Lützburg, near the town of Norden, where, accompanied by his wife and von Below, he lunched with Prince Knyphausen, President of the Prussian Upper House and member of the Reichstag, at the latter's castle. They drove there via Libbe over the *Watt*. The Count and Countess returned in the evening charmed with the beautiful green park and pleased by their meeting with the venerable Prince. Fürst zu Innhausen und Knyphausen is the head of a large family. He has eight daughters, eight sons-in-law, and one son, the heir to the title. Some of the sons-in-law are German army officers and the rest are in the Prussian Civil Service. In Norderney the Prince owns a charming little brick villa, distinctive if somewhat gloomy-looking, a few yards from the *Villa Fresena*. When the Chancellor returned from Lützburg, he found a dispatch case awaiting him with documents from the Berlin ministries and had to ask the Countess and his guests to begin dinner without him. He did not reappear for some considerable time, and then his face betrayed that his mind was still busy with his work.

But as the meal progresses, and in the subsequent evening conversation, he shows the capacity to forget the business which has occupied him during the day.

He has great self-control and can adapt himself to the most varied moods.

Dr. von Rottenburg, Curator of the University of Bonn, in a speech to the professors on the political value of national education, once referred, obviously alluding to the present Chancellor, to the "delicate touch of an artist working in dynamite," and expressed the hope that the leadership of the State organism might not lapse into the clumsy hand of a mere mechanic.

It is true that the Chancellor shows himself an artist in every phase of life.

All he says, even in the most intimate circle, has distinction, style, perfection. Not infrequently the most subtle wit sparks from him. His whole being is permeated with an Attic salt.

Attica was not merely a stage in his diplomatic career which

led him on the eve of the Berlin Congress to the town of Pericles; it was also a spiritual home. He loves more than all Herodotus and Thucydides, and then Tacitus. Once he received a visit here from the English archæologist Charles Waldstein (later Sir Charles Walston), who was full of schemes for starting excavation work at Herculaneum, in the belief that the site of this ancient city would yield far more abundant and important discoveries than Pompeii, which in ancient times was of less significance. . . .

Count Bülow sympathised with the scholar's optimistic expectation that the future might well hold many great discoveries in the field of learning which might vastly enrich our knowledge of ancient history. How splendid, for example, it would be if a kindly fate should place in our hands the lost books of Tacitus. . . .

A long evening would bring many impressions and memories to the surface.

Born in May, 1849, the Chancellor had vivid recollections of the centenary of Schiller's birth. He mentioned the poet in connection with the preparations which were being made in Germany and German Austria to celebrate the centenary of his death (1905). He remembered from the days of his boyhood the enthusiasm with which in November, 1859, the name of Schiller was fêted in all parts of Germany as an emblem of German unity and future progress. Then came the time when Germany emerged from the grey realm of theory and trod the green field of action. In poetry realism gained the upper hand and the stage was captured by a naturalism of perhaps doubtful artistic merit. Schiller, decried as a *moralisierender Fatzke* (moralising fool), seemed to have fallen from his high estate.

"But now," said the Chancellor, "the tide has turned, thank God, in the poet's favour, and Germany will remember, at the centenary of his death, what a deep mark his great art has made upon German feeling and thought. . . ."

The conversation turned to Edward Hanslick, the Vienna musical critic who had recently died, and his opposition to Richard Wagner. The Chancellor said: "I once read of Alexander von Humboldt that in the course of his travels in America he wanted to learn a certain Indian dialect. He then discovered to his dismay that there was not a single individual

left alive who could speak it. One day he was sitting on the bank of a river. The air was pleasantly cool. All kinds of birds were singing in the trees. Suddenly he heard a parrot making strange sounds. It was talking the language which Humboldt had been unable to hear from human lips. It was a very old parrot which had picked up the dialect from the last man to speak it. . . ."

With Hanslick, whose brilliant literary gift Count Bülow incidentally praised highly, he thought we had lost the last man who was directly opposed to Wagner's music. Anyone who wished to hear Richard Wagner disparaged would henceforward have to listen to the parrot who had picked up Hanslick's last words. . . .

Countess Bülow takes an active part in all conversations. She knows some delightful stories and her listeners respond to her gay and vivid personality. She reads a great deal, here by the North Sea more than in Berlin. Adolf Wilbrandt, an old friend of the house who was here some little time ago, recommended a course of reading to her. She seems to know Schopenhauer better than the average person of culture, and her knowledge extends beyond his principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. Her choice of books, however, does not fail to reflect the fact that she is now the wife of the German Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Minister-president.

Countess Bülow told us that she had just been reading about Friedrich Wilhelm's relations with his son, the Crown Prince and later Frederick the Great. The way the father treated his son had horrified her. And she told us something of the sufferings the Crown Prince had had to endure at Küstrin. The Chancellor said he admitted he would not have liked to be the son of Friedrich Wilhelm. On the other hand, however, he was by no means ready to agree that a monarch should be judged solely by his human qualities. It was possible to be a splendid fellow and a bad ruler, and, on the other hand, to be an unpleasant man and an excellent monarch. Friedrich Wilhelm must be given a high place as a ruler from the standpoint of the Prussian State. He had sympathy with the peasant class. And the Chancellor quoted many examples of the King's solicitude for the small man, the farm-labourer and the workman, and of how he did not hesitate to thrash

with his own hand petty court officials and lackeys who showed lack of humanity in their treatment of men of lowly estate. . . . Moreover, he had possessed great qualities. He had been a man of relentless energy. On his death-bed he was watching through the window his soldiers drilling. The doctor told him he had only a few minutes to live and the King replied, pronouncing the words with great difficulty: "I won't d——" Before he had completed the word his soul left his body.

The Chancellor holds the view that history has not done justice to this king's gifts as a ruler and that the son's brilliant qualities have thrown his father into the shade in posterity's judgment.

The Chancellor rarely dogmatizes. He always tries to understand the other man.

Once he protested that the German has never yet learned to treat his political opponent with respect. How common it was for a *Freiheitlicher* deputy to abuse one of Agrarian tendencies as if "Agrarian" were equivalent in German to some sort of moral pervert. And the case was not much better the other way round.

The Chancellor stresses the importance of mixing with men of all views and so keeping in touch with the needs of all circles of the German people. This striving after impersonal objectivity and understanding of all sides appears to have gained strength with him on these shores. Here he works in sight of the surging sea—the sea changes and is renewed day by day—the sea is no lifeless party pool.

We often talk of Vienna, which Countess Bülow knew at a time when all the arts poured their golden radiance upon this town. She has vivid memories of the municipal theatre and Court opera. She used to see in Vienna the great pianists Liszt and Rubinstein. In Liszt she admires not only his supreme art but also his lofty spirit, his courage, his indifference to all questions of monetary gain.

How greatly he surpassed his son-in-law, Richard Wagner, in nobility of mind, universality and mental grasp! The Countess, who had boundless admiration for the great creator of *Parsifal*, and had met him, told us she did not think she had ever in her life known a great man who could be so turbulent and in many things so limited as he. Lenbach had

a very high opinion of him, yet he had told her that he could not endure Wagner's company for long as it gave him a sensation of being suffocated. And she went on to tell how during a visit to Lenbach's studio on the *Luisenstrasse* in Munich, Richard Wagner had asked him for what reason he was so attached to Bismarck. And Lenbach replied: "Oh, because the Prince is in his own sphere as great a genius as you are in yours." When Wagner heard this he rushed out into the blizzard without coat or hat, and Frau Cosima had to run after him with them: it had not been easy to soothe the fuming man, who could not reconcile himself to the idea that the earth might contain his equal, even in a different sphere of activity. And in this connection the Countess told us of a lady pianist—it may have been Menter—who had refused to realise that there could be a genius in any department other than music and had stared in amazement when someone in her presence ventured to call Prince Bismarck, who was certainly no musician, a genius.

I pointed out how much wider Bismarck's grasp had been than Wagner's. The great statesman had shown not only a love but also an understanding of music. I based this judgment upon what I had heard from Robert von Keudell, who had been the present Chancellor's chief during his first diplomatic appointment in Rome and had a deep knowledge of music. From his lips and pen I had in the course of the years learned a great deal about Bismarck as a music-lover, and even a critic. Once when Keudell played a Beethoven sonata before the Iron Chancellor it brought tears to his eyes, leaving him speechless, until finally the words came: "It's like the struggling and sobbing of a whole human life." On another occasion Keudell played him a short, fiery passage of Ludwig Berger, and Bismarck's comment was: "That music makes me think of one of Cromwell's horsemen rushing with flying stirrups into battle and thinking: 'This is death!'" Again, in later years when Bismarck hummed some melody as Keudell played it, or afterwards to himself, Keudell had noticed that "the tone was always perfectly true, and he had a fine sensitiveness for serious music, which often gave him great pleasure."

Keudell, despite his services as a diplomat at Bismarck's side and as Ambassador for many years in Rome, did more

for himself by his musical than by his diplomatic talents. I quoted the contents of a letter he had written me, dated February 14th, 1902: "Had it not been for music I should certainly never have become intimate with Bismarck. Perhaps sometime you will give me an opportunity to play to you either in Berlin or at my house in the country—four hours away—transcriptions of Schubert and Beethoven quartets and orchestral works which no one plays but myself. It would give me great pleasure." Later, the son, as Imperial Minister for the Interior—perhaps as a delicate compliment to his father's musical talents—was sent by the Imperial Government to represent them in Vienna at the Beethoven centenary, on which occasion he twice honoured me with a visit. I at once saw how the father's artistic gifts lived on in the noble and sensitive personality of the son.

In contrasting Richard Wagner with his father-in-law, Countess Bülow mentioned one incident which almost revealed the latter as the child of a nobler, more selfless age. One cold, stormy night when Liszt was the guest of his friend Cardinal Hohenlohe in the *Villa d'Este*, Tivoli, he was out walking and met a scantily clad man of the people—without a moment's hesitation he stripped off his own cloak and gave it to the poor fellow.

One evening we talked of Russia. The Countess had lived in Petersburg for several years. As she had passed the first years of her marriage with Bülow, then Counsellor of Embassy, in that city, she was able, when M. de Witte, President of the Russian Committee of Ministers, recently came to stay at Norderney on the conclusion of the commercial treaty with Germany, to exchange with him all manner of reminiscences of bygone days.

Her artistic temperament had found satisfaction, not only in her meetings with Rubinstein, but also in the many picturesque customs which are practised only in Russia. Recalling those days in Russia, she described how in the company of her husband, the pianist Sophie Menter and Count Vitzthum, she had walked on Easter Eve through the thronged streets of Petersburg—and how at midnight, while all around the naphtha flares blazed up, the long-bearded pope with his golden crown stepped out of Saint Isaac's and cried: "Christ is risen!" Then the people fell on one

another's necks and all took up the cry : " Christ is risen ! " And whoever on this holy night in Russia meets a fellow-being, embraces him and exclaims : " Christ is risen ! " On that night there are no differences between Christian and Christian—the grand-duke embraces the beggar, the grand-duchess the peasant-girl—all are equal, for Christ has risen. . .

But this dream of human equality passes, as soon as the last star has gone out and the last flares in the Petersburg streets are extinguished. . . .

On the Countess's table, which is heavily laden with books, lie the reminiscences of Princess Wolkonski. M. de Witte made her a gift of this book, which is written in Russian but also contains a French translation. The Countess tells of the terrible sufferings of this Russian princess, who courageously followed into exile in Siberia her husband, who was involved in the *Dekabrist* conspiracy of the high nobility, and there, in the full bloom of her young womanhood, remained as a faithful nurse at his side in an almost airless, lightless room.

The Bülows like to remember their friendship with Witte, who on his longer visits usually took his meals with them. In this way the dullness of the purely business side of the treaty negotiations was to some extent relieved, and a personal friendship was established between the two great statesmen. When there had been enough bargaining, on the German side for reduction of the Russian industrial duties, and on the Russian side for reduction of the German agricultural duties, they fell to discussing general topics. In these discussions Bülow, stimulating Witte's loquacity by lavish compliments, contrived to learn more from the Russian than the Russian did from him. At that time Lamsdorff was Foreign Minister and Witte President of the Committee of Ministers. But in the freedom of conversations conducted in the presence of the hostess and the highly distinguished and tactful Herr von Below, Witte let fall many a remark concerning Russian policy, the mentality of the Czar, Czarina, Dowager Czarina, Czarevitch and this or that grand-duke, or concerning the illusions of the Generalissimo Kuropatkin in the war with Japan, the ambition and hopes of Isvolsky, the baneful influence of State Secretary Besobrasov, Admiral Alexeiev and Grand-Duke Alexander Michailovitch. Each evening de Witte became more open and confidential in his comments



HÔTEL STEPHANIE, BADEN-BADEN

on secret affairs : the Imperial pair themselves, the mystical attraction exercised over the Czarina by charlatans like the Holy Seraphin and the French spiritualist Philippe, forerunner of the diabolical Rasputin. Bülow managed the talkative Russian with masterly skill. In spite of all the success of this self-made man, he could not entirely control the bitterness that had entered his soul at being banned from the Court on the grounds of what was regarded as an unequal marriage with a Jewess. The Chancellor learned of the Czarina's influence upon the Czar and that of the Grand-duke of Hesse upon the Czarina, his sister, and was able to advise the Kaiser to keep this petty prince, who was also the brother-in-law of his own brother Heinrich, in a good humour so that through him he might win over the great autocrat on the Neva.

Witte implied that the Czar, a weakling who easily succumbed to feminine influences, had chosen in Count Lamsdorff a Foreign Minister of feminine character. He said that the latter was afflicted with that weakness which was rife in certain Berlin smart circles and guard regiments, and his homosexual tendencies led him in questions of advancement to give his personal likings preference over merit. Otherwise Witte praised him as kind-hearted, prudent, trustworthy and friendly towards Germany. The Chancellor once spoke in high terms, in the presence also of Rottenburg, of Witte's friendliness to Germany, which was, however, obstructed by contrary tendencies at the Imperial Court ; and he told us that one evening Witte had explained subtly how the Czars had been swayed, now by Imperial, now by personal ambition. Alexander III had been the embodiment of the former, whereas in his son, the reigning Czar, personal ambition was paramount.

I ventured to ask whether this same distinction could not be drawn in the case of other thrones—the German throne itself, for example. Had not Wilhelm I been inspired more by imperial than by personal ambition ? And immediately I corrected myself and added : let us rather say *royal* ambition. He had, I argued, like his brother Friedrich Wilhelm IV in 1849, at first refused the Imperial throne when it was offered to him at Versailles in 1871, and later accepted it only under the urgent persuasion of the State princes. And could not

personal ambition be imputed also to the Emperor Wilhelm II? And again I corrected myself and admitted that both types of ambition were present in the Kaiser.

Bülow was non-committal. Not only in the Reichstag but also in the domestic circle, he made a point of not allowing the Kaiser's name to be drawn into debate. He contented himself with pointing out to me by way of gentle reproof that with His Majesty all personal ambition took second place to patriotic interests.

To this principle of excluding the Emperor from discussion even within the family circle, Bülow, as far as my personal experience goes, always remains faithful. Never, even after his downfall, have I heard him utter a word of censure or even criticism with regard to the Kaiser. In the course of my life I have met many "malcontents," many fallen idols who took a very different course. I could quote examples from many nations, beginning in my home, Austria, with discarded Ministers of Francis Joseph I who would abuse their monarch like dismissed servants. Bismarck, too, the man who in Bülow's eyes stood next after God and the Kaiser, had after his dismissal attacked the Kaiser both by the spoken word and in his writings, during his lifetime and after his death. And did not the Kaiser's mother act in the same way? And what are we to say of Zedlitz-Trützschler, concerning whose derogatory reminiscences of the Kaiser one who was intimate with him told me: "Every word of them is true, but it remains questionable whether one who held such a high position and was so near the throne ought to try to damage the ex-Emperor's reputation in the eyes of his contemporaries. . . ."

I once heard Rottenburg ask Bülow what Witte thought of the Czar's policy with regard to the non-Russians and those who were outside the Orthodox Church. The Chancellor replied: "He condemns the policy of intolerance towards Catholics and Jews, Armenians and Finlanders and also intolerance in the treatment of the Press." He said that people had expressed to the Czar their suspicion that Witte was on the side of the Jews and Japanese.

Bülow made note of a good deal of what transpired in his conversation with Witte, and Rottenburg and I were allowed to glance at a report on the matter which the Chancellor had

forwarded to the Kaiser. It was a masterpiece of an "interview" or rather a series of interviews, and as I, a journalist, had had a good deal of experience in this sphere, including interviews with many crowned heads and not least with the German Chancellor himself, I congratulated him, saying that I had never done it so well myself and that it was an everlasting pity that a first-rate journalist had been lost in our respected host. Bülow told us that his journalistic talents had been perceived by *The Times* correspondent in Paris, Blowitz. I remarked at the same time that Blowitz had not only interviewed but occasionally had himself been interviewed, among others, by Prince Hohenlohe, who reported many interviews with Blowitz in his memoirs, which indeed were a compilation of a number of interviews. What made them different from journalistic interviews, however, was that Bülow's predecessor confided all these conversations only to his diaries and his wife, whereas we poor journalists are condemned to sell immediately what we have learned because we are committed body and soul to our tormentors, the newspaper proprietors athirst for sensation and gain. . . . I also said I thought there was nothing in the Hohenlohe memories to compare with Count Bülow's account of his meetings with Witte.

But at Norderney the Chancellor did not work at full pressure. Not being a man of fire and iron, he did not give his last ounce of physical and mental power to his profession. His work therefore lacked that drive that was also absent from his personality. But the completeness and finish of his work and nature testified to his perfect balance and artistry in life. Its polish was very rich.

I had ample opportunity to admire this artist in life who was at the same time an artist in work. His mill never wanted grist. Almost daily he alternated between professional work, reading, social intercourse with many of the best people of his country and his time, walked for hours, and lived moderately and prudently. The bureaucrat will deny him the credit of being a great worker, for the average official does not in the general way understand the idea of artistry in life. But have I not myself often known him, when his position has brought to his table some society gossip, to withdraw opportunely on plea of urgent work? And was

it not work when he devoted himself to reading the newspapers or a book concerning his own profession? And was not this industry reflected in his speeches? Or was the time wasted that he spent drafting some report with the art of a master? With people like Witte, who was at least very knowledgeable, very experienced and skilled in statesmanship, the Bülows liked to talk. On the other hand, in answer to my question how she had spent the day, the Countess once complained that the visit of the Kaiser's sister, Princess Schaumburg-Lippe, had wasted hours of her time. She coined a good *mot* when she said of the tedious Princess: "She can never return a ball."

It is understandable that the Chancellor should be obliged to leave his wife to serve to exalted visitors who were incapable of returning the ball. It was another matter when more intelligent talkers were present. And when it happened to be a married couple Bülow always turned to the more interesting of the two. He made this distinction between that efficient official diplomat Freiherr von Heyking and his wife, the brilliant authoress of *Briefe, die ihn nicht erreichten* (Letters which never reached him). He would gladly for her sake have found Baron Heyking a post she would have preferred to Pekin or Belgrade had it not been for the Kaiser's opposition inspired by the pietism of the Empress, who did not approve of the Heykings' matrimonial antecedents.

The Bülows themselves, whose own marriage also had aspects open to the criticism of the ultra-virtuous, took a different view of such irregularities, especially as the Countess was under the spell of Bayreuth, where the most open marital irregularities had led to Klingsor's magic garden and the supernatural kingdom of Parsifal. The Countess, too, was more tolerant than her husband of a touch of piquancy. She once told me about a visit she had had from an elderly countess who had expressed her surprise at the news that her newly married daughter-in-law was insisting on having her marriage annulled on the grounds of the husband's impotence. "And," my hostess added, "the Countess went on to tell me with a smile that her son had inherited this weakness from his father, whose own marriage was never consummated either."

The talk turned to certain problems that have been dealt

with by Russian authors, notably Tolstoi. The Countess vividly evoked for us the characters in Tolstoi's *Resurrection*: the romantic Prince Nechliadov and Maslova whom he had seduced—regretting that Tolstoi, a man striving for the noblest ideals, should be so easily led astray. Yet all his exaggerations were expiated by his great art, the power of his drawing, the irresistible force of his description; for instance, the Easter atmosphere in *Resurrection*, the grip of his representations of human misery, wickedness and vanity. As she had already said, he exaggerated at times. Yet on the other hand one must remember that many Russian customs may easily strike us as improbable, whereas in reality the misty, the fantastic, the mysterious, are characteristic of the Russian aristocracy from which these characters were drawn.

The Countess has been infected by Tolstoi with that modern tendency, apparent both on the stage and in the novel, to dwell upon misery and misfortune, preferably even that of abnormal characters like Bückliger, in order to rail not only against human society but against Nature herself. Though such taste may be questionable in itself, she thinks this type of art may have the effect of turning the minds of the upper classes towards humanity. In the past, what a large number of those who lived in care-free luxury had no conception of the misery which surrounded them—now they were at least reminded of such conditions in the theatre. It was only to be hoped that in certain plays sympathy would not be overwhelmed by horror.

Countess Bülow was pleased to think that society was being educated in pity and sympathy and expressed her wish that the judges, too, would administer the law more according to the spirit and less according to the letter. How deplorable it was, she thought, that offences against property were not infrequently punished with excessive severity, while transgression of the laws of humanity were more leniently treated.

It may be mentioned in connection with these just and sympathetic remarks by the Countess that the Chancellor one evening spoke of the writings of the Vienna legal authority Anton Menger, in which he urges the idea that among its other objects the law has a social task to fulfil and must show sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. At the same time the Chancellor had some criticisms to make of the socialistic

tendency of Anton Menger's latest work. Dr. von Rottenburg was present and expressed great admiration for Karl Menger the economist, a brother of Anton.

On another occasion Dr. Rottenburg, who is deeply read in philosophy, brought up the subject of his favourite thinker, Democritus, and passed via Lucretius to a discussion of the modern philosophers. Rottenburg told us many curious details about Schopenhauer, the man, and the Chancellor responded with memories of his youthful days in Frankfurt, days when glimpses could be caught of the silhouette of the great pessimist.

Rome, the Curia, the Quirinal, Italy in general, are frequent topics. Both his wife and his past work bind the Chancellor to Rome.

We began to talk of Dr. Theodor Herzl, the Zionist leader who had recently died, and passed on to the Zionist movement, which had established a particularly firm foothold among the Jews of the East. The Chancellor remembered that he had twice seen Herzl, once when he was with the Kaiser in the autumn of 1898 in the Imperial camp not far from Jerusalem, the second time in Berlin. On both occasions Dr. Herzl had called upon him with a view to winning over, on the first occasion the Foreign Secretary, and on the second the Imperial Chancellor, to support the Zionist idea. But Bülow was in no position to back the efforts of Dr. Herzl or to hold out any prospect of support for his enterprise in the future.

While recognising the great literary talent of the late Dr. Herzl, whose impressive figure had remained stamped upon the Chancellor's memory, Bülow had been unable to acquire any taste for Zionism. Count Bülow was well aware of the hardships which the Jews huddled together in Eastern Europe had to endure; indeed in one conversation he tried to trace the causes responsible for the evolution in the East of this Jewish proletariat living in such hopeless conditions. Yet he could not convince himself that a mass emigration of Jews to Palestine would remedy their lot. The poor Jews might so easily be falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. "I don't think I have ever," said the Chancellor, "seen such a barren country as Palestine." This in itself was a serious weakness in the Zionist dream. And further—and of this

Dr. Herzl made no secret though he could find little argument to counter it—there was the consideration that Zionism could induce at the best the destitute, and not the prosperous and educated among the Jews of Europe, to emigrate to Palestine. But beggars are not suitable material for the founding of a state, or even for colonisation. The German Jews especially were by their whole history and the part their ability and tenacity had given them in German economic, intellectual and artistic life, bound too closely to Germany to feel any need to rush into an unpromising and undefined venture in Palestine. The Chancellor said that he was not to be persuaded that the distress of the Eastern Jews should be hushed up, but he was still of the opinion that despite its lack of success so far, they would be more likely to find their remedy in emigration to the Argentine than in the realisation of their ambition, prompted rather by sentiment than practical considerations, to return to the shores of the Dead Sea.

The weather was becoming increasingly autumnal in Norderney. Only rarely could our conversations take place on the open terrace in front of the Chancellor's villa. We now generally spent the evenings in the Countess's boudoir adjoining the Chancellor's study. Outside a storm was usually raging, shaking the house to its foundations.

Now and again, however, we had an evening which allowed us to sit in the open. What wonderful moods of nature we were able to observe! What a night sky was stretched before us! On the distant horizon great landscapes formed in the clouds—tree crests stained deep crimson seemed to blaze across the sea towards us. . . . And again the sky would be deep black. . . . The moon had left the sea for the dunes, . . . Here and there we could see a star, or a light would flicker on the island of Juist. And when the tide was gathering for the flood before the raging wind, it seemed as though nature's mightiest forces had combined in a tumult puny man could not hope to withstand. . . .

On one such evening we were sitting wrapped in overcoats on the terrace of the *Villa Fresena*. The Chancellor pointed to the few stars visible in the sky and remarked that it was a

crushing thought that there were stars many hundreds of times the size of our planet. How petty our work on our globe probably was in comparison with what was being done on those stars. Possibly we were ourselves pygmies beside their inhabitants. . . . Perhaps we had no idea what progress still lay ahead of us after the inventions of recent centuries. . . . Perhaps the inventions of the future would be in the direction of interplanetary communication. If there were intelligent beings on the other stars they could not fail to understand geometrical signs, and the first communication between star and star might be established by this means. . . .

It was a night to quench all triviality in man. The Countess suggested that we should go out and enjoy the overwhelming spectacle of nature in sight of the roaring sea.

We walked for a while along the beach. It was late and I took my leave.

CHAPTER X

EPILOGUE TO THE SUMMER AT NORDERNEY

I NEVER felt so fresh or light-hearted as during those summer days in the little island town on the North Sea. Often, after a particularly stimulating evening in the *Villa Fresena*, when I had put too much into the conversation, I did not sleep as well as I might have done. But one thing I shall always remember ; for a whole month I did not once yawn. The whole atmosphere sparkled like champagne. There was a tang and a sparkle in air and water, and the evening conversations in the *Villa Fresena* completed the feeling of exhilaration.

The enthusiasm with which all gave themselves up to the sport of sailing was in keeping with the presence of the Chancellor responsible for Germany's new bid for sea-power. Even I weakened, and day by day trusted myself to the water, in the morning as a swimmer, and as a yachtsman in the middle of the day.

The intoxicating effect of it all communicated itself to my humble pen so that I became the chronicler not only of table and after-dinner talk, but also of nature's moods, and when I took leave of the Bülowes for this year, I left with them the following thoughts on Norderney's influence upon me :

NORDERNEY MOODS

August, 1904.

In the evening sea-birds had flown in great numbers over the little island town, a sign that the coming day would be stormy. And indeed morning broke in tremendous tumult. Rain and wind lashed the wanderer on the shore. Anyone anxious to know what it feels like to be beaten across the face

with a riding whip should walk through Norderney on such a day. And such days recur constantly.

A sort of mad ride of the wind-gods from the sea away over the beach to the dunes. Even the dunes, sand flats rather than sand hills, offer no refuge from the storm demon. In time one grows fond of him. The frank attack of the North Sea storm intent on making the strong yet stronger will be preferred by many to the insidious languor of the Latin sirocco, that effeminate, soft, poison-laden fellow who lulls the strongest into vacant somnolence or reeling stupor.

This North Sea storm contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the visitors. Everything the storm god despises as puny, he blows away. He disports himself in the boldest way with the women's clothes. At times he might almost have been driving before him a horde of love gods, curiously and relentlessly pursuing everything feminine. The East Frisian fisherwomen—a hardy Low-German type—are ready; they avoid petticoats, and trudge along the beach in blue smocks and red trousers. The love gods keep away from the red trousers. Red trousers!—"Garibaldians at the wrong end," was the apt comment of a friend from Rome, who is training amid the North Sea storms to face the African desert wind which so often sweeps the city of the seven hills.

Next day.

This is splendid sailing weather. A flotilla of twelve boats is alongside the jetty. These Germans have developed into sailors, regular Vikings. Even the South German now readily entrusts himself to the sea as if to mark the fact that the first talk of a German fleet was at St. Paul's Church at Frankfort-on-Main. Away we went, fifteen of us, North Germans and South Germans, men and women, out into the wind-swept open sea. One elderly South German woman even became excessively intimate with the sea—how horrified she was when the blunt Frisian boatman, with equal familiarity, addressed her as "Auntie!"

These East Frisians have wit. Recently an old man with a long white beard was one of the party. The boatman called out to him, "*Seegreis!*" (old man of the sea). "*Seebund*" (seal), came the quick reply. The boatman wore a long drooping moustache.

Later.

Sailing is now the pastime of only a dwindling minority of the visitors to Norderney. And perhaps the bathers too are only a minority. Most are content to inhale the salt air. To renounce bathing is indeed to renounce a supreme pleasure. Those who make their way to the shore in the early morning do so as though they were performing some devotional rite. The visitors at Norderney are not, in general, early risers. There is no trace here of that mass devotion that is practised in Karlsbad or Marienbad, where thousands make their way to the springs in the grey dawn. Here only a few individuals resort to the beach in the early morning. But what rewards are reaped by eye, ear, and lung! The steely heaven rises from the hard grey sea, its cloud formations changing every moment. First there is a dim mingling of sky and sea, then gradually the clouds take definite shape—cloud yachts, nay whole flotillas scud across the firmament and then dissolve, and the surge roars its mighty chorus and calls upon the stalwarts to venture in. But only a few answer the call. At first the waves tempt the bather with their inviting hills and dales—then they tower up in turbulent breakers. They indulge in teasing tricks, now suddenly falling to harmless surf, now rushing like a liquid mountain upon the bather, throwing him down or dashing over his head.

The sea is different from the battle-field. In it the back and not the chest receives the arrows. And often the back braces itself for the onslaught of a mighty wave only to counter soft caressing ripples.

The next day.

The fishermen transformed into bathing attendants in red trousers are busy with the vans and bathers. Rough East Frisian types, taciturn and monosyllabic, their broad faces with beard and shaven upper lip remind one of the Boers. These sturdy Protestants prefer hard work to the indignity of begging; their proud yeoman bearing indicates a defiant assurance which is lacking in the inhabitants of southern resorts which live on strangers.... Here one never meets a beggar.

When talking among themselves, the people speak their native Low German. With strangers they talk a German

which is very close to Dutch-English, or American-German. A passing visitor would be unlikely to understand these bronzed fishermen. One could learn more about their self-absorbed natures in winter, perhaps in snow and ice, around the Christmas tree over egg-beer, grog, *Krapfen* and *Kniappelkuchen*. Legends from the misty north have gathered round them. Heinrich Heine, the court poet of the North Sea, listened to them and has woven them into golden fairy tales.

The following day.

There are plenty of visitors here who year after year have spent weeks in the place without taking any interest in the natives. Yet the natives are well worth closer study. How delightfully clean are their houses which they run very much in the Dutch fashion! How clean they scrub the kitchen and rooms! The atmosphere of the kitchen especially is patriarchal. The gleaming brass and copper and Delft pottery in many of these houses is a sight to gladden the eyes. In the living-rooms there are cleverly carved chests and tables, prettily painted Frisian and Dutch clocks, while estimable mottoes expressive of religious devotion and stubborn endurance hang over the doors.

How homely it is at *Miller Fleetjer's* by the *Franzosen-schanze*. The mill—an old windmill—is itself a collector's piece; the only mill on the whole island. It works six days a week and rests on the seventh. And so it goes on summer and winter, for in winter time, when the strangers have departed, the wind still continues its task just as it does now when the place is swarming with them. The mill looks like a giant bell fallen from some high tower. The straw with which it is covered has long since begun to moulder and looks like brown velvet. The sails can be seen revolving from afar. Is Fleetjer's mill real? It seems familiar from so many Dutch masterpieces. And Frau Fleetjer, the miller's wife, looks herself as though she had stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. This good woman, with her plump rosy face and old-fashioned German cap, loves to show off her household possessions. All she needs to perfect the picture is to sit down at the spinning-wheel and sing the songs once taught her by her mother.

Several people had come to see God's mill at work; and

they all climbed over the flour sacks and up the wooden ladder to the place where they could see the milled barley. Young Fleetjer was in high spirits, for business was good. His mill, which had no competitors on the island, was a gold-mine. He was eager to explain how the wind produces flour from corn, and all listened: the clean, curious woman from the Spreewald, who had obviously once been nurse to the youngest of her present charges, three young harum-scarums from Berlin; but the most attentive listener was little Fritz Friedrichsen from Wismar.

Fritz Friedrichsen, seven years old, is everybody's darling. The young imp could not be called pretty. His rather stolid, too rubicund face is a mass of freckles. But his eyes are eloquent and appealing under the broad forehead over which his fair curly hair tumbles. Fritz Friedrichsen is the son of an English mother and a German father and was born in Zanzibar, where his father is a doctor. If you ask him: "What does your father do?" he answers: "He makes people well." From early morning till late at night, Fritz plays about in the streets near the old German wineshop, making friends with all passers-by, asking them if they have seen the "sand-man" and what he said to them. The "sand-man" is a sort of protective spirit and friend of the children, who emerges at intervals from the sea bringing all kinds of good things for his favourites.

Some days later.

The beach at Norderney is an El Dorado for the children. It would not be easy to find another health resort with as many children as there are here. Some may hold that the Viennese women are more beautiful than those of Berlin, the Austrian women brighter in character and dress than the women of North Germany—but the North German children seen here are splendid specimens. They are tending to become more like the English children we have met in books. Fair, blue-eyed, slim, supple, self-reliant, sometimes provocative, the boys and girls from Berlin, the Hanseatic towns and the Rhineland, seem to cry with Goethe's Erl-King as they tumble in the sand: "Lovely games I have played with thee!" They dig, build houses and castles, pitch tents, attack and defend fortresses, play at Hereros and Germans, Japanese

and Russians, plant standards, fly kites, bury one another in the sand and dig one another out again, paddle in the sea, splash one another with the salt water or throw sand, plague their elders, bully fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts. They even go sailing, and when the sea gets a little rough, the fledglings hide their heads under the wings of their elders, who fondle and kiss them, point out how near the land is, and assure them they will soon be ashore again.

Men and women too become children on the sands. That is the great charm of association with children—it makes one young. And when one does feel conscious of one's own age among them it is no shattering realisation of decline but a stimulating faith that the golden bowl is being handed on into younger and stronger hands. . . .

The same evening.

The sea foams at our feet. This mysterious singing and murmuring might be an unconscious philosophising upon the destiny of man. One marvels that the visitors from all corners of Germany settled here by the sea should still find heart to continue their vain behaviour and speech in sight of this overwhelming element. The sea is too big to laugh at our petty ambitions. The ocean is composed of myriads of glistening drops, and life of millions of petty trifles. In life, too, a great flood washes the edge of an existence made up of the desire to pursue, please, have and impress. . . . And this life in a seaside resort brings out the most daring costumes. To certain strident people the adornment of the body seems much more important than that of the soul. What amazing objects some of the women wear on their heads! One has a white gondola, another a gaily coloured sailing-boat, a third an armoured battleship, a fourth a flight of sea-gulls, a fifth a kitchen garden—and all these objects go by the name "hat."

The murmuring sea subdues all this motley. The sea awakens deeply religious moods. These fishermen and sailors who are not merely content to spend a jolly summer here, but have to face the sea with all its terrors and dangers in winter too, have a certain dourness of character. Their Protestantism gives a Puritan, Quaker touch even to their outward appearance. They are much tougher than, for

instance, the Adriatic or Tyrrhenian fishermen, who talk familiarly to the Madonna when they kneel before her statue lit by a dim oil lamp. One reason for the gloom of these northern fishermen may well be that there are no longer any fish here. The fish have left Norderney for other parts of the North Sea. And so, when the summer visitors have left, the fishermen of the island must go and seek their livelihood elsewhere, or devote themselves to other hard labour at home.

Sunday.

A look of inward stress is graven in the weather-beaten faces of these people ; they are hardened by bitter memories. Years ago there was still a Norderney fishing fleet. But a December storm played havoc with them. Three trawlers capsized on the way home and eight men were drowned.

Such occurrences guide men's footsteps to the church which stands in the old cemetery in the middle of the town.

There is an old saying : "*Frisia non cantat.*" Friesland does not sing. No songs have come from Frisian soil. But in the church the people gather and join with moving fervour in the uplifting old hymns of Zinzendorf, Gerhardt and Spitta. Who would belittle Protestantism as an influence in Germany's national life ? On an island like Norderney it is doubly strong. There we see men whose outward life has been denied all joy and colour. They have been driven into themselves. Accustomed to roar at one another in a deep bass in order to be heard above the roar of wind and waves, in church too they sing in heavy unison. They seem anxious to emphasise every reference to wind and wave. The preacher, too, is constantly quoting from the pulpit Biblical references to the waters and the storm. The Old Testament is full of such passages : the spirit of God which broods over the waters ; the sea so great and wide ; God who stilled the roaring of the sea ; the sands of the sea ; the wild waves ; all this is to be found in the Old Testament. And the New Testament tells of the doubter who was like the waves of the sea, of the wind that bloweth where it listeth. And all these texts referring to nature and the calling of the Norderney islanders are read in the course of a long year by the preacher, who wanders in spirit from the North Sea to Lake Genesareth, from this German Ocean on which at the beginning

of the twentieth century a new life links the Germans with the great outer world, to the Dead Sea and Jordan on whose banks walked the prophets of the Lord.

The preacher speaks kindly and tolerantly to his flock in the sanctified atmosphere of this little brick church. He prays also for all visitors to this hospitable shore, and not only those of his own faith.

Sunday evening.

It is not far from the church to the shore . . . and in the evening this shore may well become a place of worship. Before nightfall life withdraws from here to the town. Gaily dressed men and women pour through the clean-swept streets, past the brilliant shop windows, to the restaurants, the theatre, concerts and social gatherings. . . .

The beach grows more and more deserted. The clouds pile themselves into mountains over the horizon, mountains with their edges flooded with light and their feet in the sea-foam . . . the sea sings its eternal song. The moon has risen and plays hide-and-seek with the clouds. Man's activities are hushed one by one, and over the heaving waters broods the impenetrable mystery of human existence.

It is as though the words: "So far shalt thou come and no further," had been addressed not to the sea but to man. The figure of Job rises gigantic from the sea and cries: "Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?" . . . And all the time the moon sports with the clouds.

What are life and history but a reflection, now delightful, now melancholy, of this stimulating and at the same time exhausting game of moon and clouds?

CHAPTER XI

AUTUMN IN BADEN-BADEN (1905)

IN the autumn of 1905 I made my way to Baden-Baden, drawn not only by the presence of Prince Bülow, but also by confidential news I had received from Count Nigra in Vienna of the arrival of the Italian Minister Tittoni. In those circumstances one might expect all kinds of noteworthy political developments in those stirring times when Germany's somewhat impetuous Moroccan policy was in the limelight. I was soon to realise that my expectations of Baden-Baden were to be surpassed by the reality, for the town on the Oos was the summer resort of a number of statesmen whom I was to meet. These included Baron Staal, former Russian Ambassador in London, Herr von Bötticher, former Vice-President of the Prussian State Ministry under Bismarck, but, above all, the Imperial Chancellor, whose guest I was frequently to be. He was installed at the *Stephanie*, the leading hotel in the town, where he occupied a suite with his household and staff. His wife and his mother-in-law, Donna Laura Minghetti, and the latter's faithful courier, Professor Blaserna, were with him. As at Norderney the previous year, Herr von Below was in attendance. Baden-Baden was not, like Norderney, far removed from the main routes of Europe. It was more accessible than the little island town on the North Sea. Norderney could still offer a certain measure of privacy; at least it was not an international meeting-place, but exclusively Germany. One hardly ever met anyone but Germans apart from an occasional visitor to the Chancellor.

In Baden-Baden it was otherwise. Situated on the frontiers of France and Switzerland, this lovely resort was the Mecca of many foreigners.

Here therefore Prince Bülow was more accessible and consequently much more occupied. In Norderney he was on the fringe of Germany, here he was in the centre of Europe. This time I enjoyed less of his company than I had by the North Sea, if only because in Norderney I was always invited to dinner and used to spend the evenings with him, whereas in Baden-Baden I used to lunch with him, and the party broke up more quickly. I found him much more preoccupied and less buoyant than a year earlier. Politics were responsible for this. The German sky was heavy with lowering clouds of anxiety and the Chancellor only relaxed in the evenings in an intimate circle over bridge, a game of which I have never known anything. Once when I was invited to join the party, I did not scruple to express my aversion to card games on the grounds that human life is too short to admit of wasting hours in this way, hours running in the course of a lifetime into days, weeks, months, years. It seemed to me that this game of bridge, which among the middle classes of Vienna had become a sort of epidemic, deprived even cultured people of the desire to read and talk, both of which arts were completely dying out even in the best houses. In Bülow's house my statement could not be taken amiss by anyone, for the Prince and Princess were extremely widely read and both were gifted and stimulating talkers. But, apart from the intrusion of bridge, conversation was further handicapped by the fact that in the dining-room at Baden-Baden, though we were divided by a screen of palms from the rest of the room, we could talk less freely than at *Richter's* restaurant in Norderney, where a private room was always reserved for the Chancellor. My attention was drawn to this one evening when I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Frida Mond, mother of the first Lord Melchett, whose acquaintance I had made at Malwida von Meysenbug's house in Rome, and who also belonged to the Bülow circle. A small group of us sat near the screen which divided the Bülows from the other guests in the hotel, and were unwilling eavesdroppers of the animated conversation that was going on at the Chancellor's table close by. I pointed out to Mrs. Mond that there was nothing to stop any enterprising reporter from booking this table, where he could overhear the conversation on the other side of the screen. One had heard of pushful

American reporters disguised as waiters sneaking into gatherings of monarchs, or at any rate of ministers, and so managing to supply their papers with piquant, confidential information. This was said to have happened during Kiel week.

Bülow took his card-playing only in homœopathic doses, and for the rest never had an idle moment. I say this deliberately, aware that it contradicts many rumours current about him. After his downfall every kind of unfounded accusation was levelled against him. It was said that he had never worked seriously, and this was widely believed. I had plenty of opportunity to watch the State Secretary during those summers on the Semmering, and the Imperial Chancellor during two summers in Norderney. There is not a word of truth in this grave charge. It was a frequent occurrence for him to be late for meals or to disappear almost before they were over. It is true that whenever I went into his study with him I noticed that his writing-desk was bare. He did not spend time over trifles, for he knew the value of the old Roman motto : *minima non curat praetor*. He would glance quickly through what required his personal attention, and leave the rest to his subordinates. These he kept very busy, reserving for himself only the most important and interesting work, particularly that which lay on the borderline between statesmanship and authorship. And I say this without being able to defend him in the sinister affair of the *Daily Telegraph* interview.

He was a born journalist. In his young days in Paris, so he told us at Baden-Baden, Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, had tried to win him over to journalism, his experienced eye having detected that this was Bülow's vocation. Bülow, however, quickly realised how much more ordered and attractive the life of a diplomat could be than that of a journalist; and a decisive consideration for him was the fact that his father and great-uncle were in a position to give him a start in a career, in which they had already won their spurs. Nor was he prepared to sacrifice social intercourse, and Blowitz had pointed out to him that this a journalist must be ready to do. For in those days journalism did not enjoy the same standing as it does to-day, when those who wish to get on pay court to the newspaper men to

ensure deserved or undeserved publicity. In any case his association with the Press had taught Bülow to use journalism in masterly fashion, an accomplishment which was to contribute not a little towards launching him upon his brilliant career. Not all the journalists whom he favoured showed themselves grateful. I remember his often talking to me in high praise of August Stein, the Berlin correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and, moreover, at the time when he was just about to take up the appointment of Foreign Secretary. If Scheide-mann's statement in his memoirs, that Stein treated him to a ridiculous description of Bülow's vain posing, is true, Bülow treated Stein more honourably than Stein treated him.

It was characteristic of him that he never in conversation offended against good form, but always kept silence when gossip, however spicy, was being repeated; also that he never told an obscene story and disliked listening to one. He always preserved his dignity, always controlled himself both as speaker and listener.

How absurd it is to say that he did not work hard or willingly! Even his social grace was the result of vast culture and reading, a high pitch of artistic perfection that could not have been reached without much effort.

In spite of his preoccupation with the Moroccan problem in Baden-Baden even there his unique humour would often flash out. He had by far the keenest sense of humour of any of Bismarck's successors. Perhaps his greatest crime was, after his resignation, to recommend as his successor so completely humourless a man as Bethmann-Hollweg, with his stiff, respectable, donnish and official nature, and it was not illogical that the latter should be followed in the chancellorship by a spiritual scientist. Bismarck's humour had survived happily in Bülow, whereas Bethmann-Hollweg's (touching which Herr von Freiberg, German naval attaché in Vienna, remarked to me: "His name ought to be spelt *Betemann*") was succeeded by the pietism of a Michaelis. Bülow's delicate humour was an expression of the pre-eminence he established in the Reichstag as speaker and debater. A statesman without humour is always incomplete. It is no accident that Cavour and Bismarck, who are accepted as the greatest European statesmen of the nineteenth century, were generously gifted with humour. The best description of

Cavour is his own: "The rosy-cheeked Italian with the smile of a child." Bülow's humour was betrayed in those dimples in his cheeks with which the caricaturists have made such play. In Baden-Baden he could still appreciate a joke, despite the need to maintain his dignity which the recently bestowed title of Prince imposed upon him. He loved to "pull the leg" of his intimate friends, but he never hurt their feelings.

CHAPTER XII

THE LOCKROY EPISODE

THERE was a distinguished Frenchman in Baden-Baden who could never overpraise Bülow's mental and conversational brilliance.

The name of this French politician and minister, Edouard Lockroy, is linked with my memories of the autumn of 1905 in Baden-Baden. He himself gives an account of his visit, in the chapter entitled "Monsieur de Bülow" of his memoirs *Au hasard de la vie, notes et souvenirs*, published by Grasset, Paris, shortly before his death.

He begins by saying: "In Baden-Baden I had a strange adventure. A journalist of the *Neue Freie Presse* visited me and asked me for an interview, in the course of which he told me that Chancellor Prince Bülow, who was living in the hotel nearby, remembered having facilitated my admission to the German arsenal when he was secretary to Hohenlohe, who had mentioned me to him. . . . This was a hint that I should leave a card. I did so and immediately afterwards went on to Triberg in the Black Forest, an hour and a half's journey from Baden-Baden. The following day I received in Triberg an invitation to dine with the Chancellor the following Saturday. Curiosity induced me to accept."

And now what were the real circumstances? It was I who met Monsieur Lockroy, whom I had known very slightly, quite by accident in the street at Baden-Baden on Tuesday, September 19th, 1905. He was with his wife, whose first husband had been Charles, son of Victor Hugo. He invited me to visit him that evening in the *Englischer Hof*. In the course of conversation I mentioned that Chancellor Prince Bülow had also been staying at Baden-Baden for some time at the *Hôtel Stephanie*, not far from the *Englischer Hof*. I did not,

however, say "in the hotel near by." Lockroy thought he would like to meet the Imperial Chancellor. I replied that this should not be difficult, for Bülow was very accessible to interesting people from all countries. I advised him to leave his card and added that I would personally suggest to the Prince that he should receive him—I said the most likely thing would be an invitation to dinner.

I find from my notebook of the year 1905 that I had not seen the Imperial Chancellor since lunching with him on Thursday, September 14th.

At that date I did not know that Lockroy was in the neighbourhood—actually he did not arrive until later—so that I could not have spoken of him. Nor had I ever heard that Bülow had at any time facilitated his admission to the German arsenals. I cannot therefore have said that Bülow remembered having been in any way of service to him "as secretary to Hohenlohe." "As secretary to Hohenlohe"—this expression is Lockroy's own invention. Bülow was State Secretary for Foreign Affairs when Hohenlohe was Imperial Chancellor, and Lockroy in his desire for an interview may have referred to the State Secretary's having once done him a service by enabling him to visit the German arsenals.

Lockroy had told me that he intended going away the following day, but said that, if I were successful in obtaining him an interview and would telegraph to him in Triberg, he would gladly return to Baden-Baden. On the morning of September 20th I informed Bülow that Lockroy was very anxious to call upon the Chancellor. Soon afterwards I received the following note:

BADEN-BADEN,

20th Sept.

I have given your message, and the Imperial Chancellor requests that you inform Monsieur Lockroy that the Prince would be glad to see him at dinner at a quarter to eight on the first day convenient to M. Lockroy. He therefore only needs to announce his visit, either direct to me or through you. In great haste and with kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

BELOW.

I immediately telegraphed the contents of this letter to Lockroy and he wired back that afternoon :

Monsieur Lockroy prie monsieur le docteur Münz de remercier Monsieur le Prince de Bülow de son aimable invitation, à laquelle il aura l'honneur de se rendre samedi.

I of course immediately communicated this reply to the Prince.

On Friday, September 22nd, the Frenchman telegraphed to me from Triberg :

Serai demain vers trois heures hôtel d'Angleterre et serai bien aise de vous voir. Compliments Lockroy.

Now what do we read in Lockroy's memoirs ? "Curiosity induced me to accept (the invitation to dinner)." That sounds as though the Imperial Chancellor had forced himself upon him or had craftily used me to approach the mighty Lockroy.

I will pass over the question whether Lockroy's account does more credit to his veracity or to his memory. Or ought one perhaps to impute this lapse from the truth to an excess of vanity ?

The case, however, becomes farcical when Lockroy goes on to say :

"The situation was all the more delicate inasmuch as this was the year 1905—we were having difficulties with Germany over Morocco, and recently there had been thoughts of war. After accepting the invitation I felt some regret, or at any rate, uneasiness. What was going to be said to me ? Was there any intention of telling me something ?"

Let us give the facts. Lockroy accepted the invitation readily, very readily, and felt, as I noted when he met me on Saturday at three o'clock, not regret but rather satisfaction at the prospect of meeting the Chancellor.

He goes on to write : "After mature reflection, I decided upon firm restraint, and if necessary silence."

What nonsense ! He talks as though he had been worried lest his meeting with Bülow might plunge the Continent into something like the same state of suspense and un-



ADOLF VON BÜLOW

easiness as had been caused by the report, never confirmed to this day, of Gambetta's visit to Bismarck. But times had changed, and Lockroy was not a Gambetta. His presence in Baden-Baden attracted almost as little notice as that of Freycinet at the same time at Berchtesgaden, and Freycinet was a more important figure than Lockroy.

But I am convinced that, far from having any intention of maintaining silence on political matters during his interview with Bülow, he had hoped to draw the Chancellor, for he was anxious to hear what Bülow had to say on the subject of Morocco. On his return to Paris the statesmen of France would no doubt have listened eagerly to what the Chancellor had told him *inter pocula*.

Lockroy continues: "I had a wonderful reception. The Princess is the daughter of an Italian prince and stepdaughter of Minghetti. Her mother, Madame Minghetti, was also present—an elderly but still wonderfully beautiful woman, erect, well-built, bright, and full of intelligence and wit. It was she I think who, because of my connections with Italy, had been anxious to see me and urged Bülow to invite me. . . .

"I wanted to avoid any discussion of the negotiations that were going on in Paris, and the Prince also avoided the subject, so that we talked of everything except the subject that was occupying both our minds."

What was the real state of affairs? I was not present at the dinner myself and was not invited by the Bülows until the following day, Sunday.

But immediately after the meal, late in the evening, I saw Lockroy and he confided to me with some disappointment that he had been waiting in vain for an opportunity to hear something from the Chancellor about the Moroccan crisis. But the Chancellor had discussed French literature, the French Revolution, Voltaire and Taine, had dwelt particularly on the great influence French literature had exercised upon German literature and the French Revolution on Germany's political development, and how great a debt Germany owed to France.

I could see from what Lockroy told me that the Chancellor had not failed to cast over the Frenchman the spell of his wit, cleverness, Gallic temperament and conversational

gifts, a spell which at that time, the zenith of his life and career, was so potent.

Moreover, Bülow was shrewd enough to make himself pleasant to the Radical Lockroy, who was always on the extreme left of the Chamber—and often also of the truth—by his remarks, especially his adverse judgment on that denouncer of the French Revolution and all that went with it, Hippolyte Taine. He also flattered the Frenchman by expressing his regret—from firm conviction—that there should persist between Germany and France misunderstandings which were impeding a *rapprochement* of the two great homes of culture on the Continent, two countries standing in the vanguard of civilisation.

The following day, as I have mentioned, I lunched with Bülow in the *Hôtel Stephanie*. There I met, in addition to my host and hostess and Ambassador von Below, Donna Laura Minghetti, Senator Blaserna, later President of the *Accademia dei Lincei*, Wolff-Metternich, Ambassador in London, Count Pückler, Minister in Luxembourg (later Minister in Stockholm), and the famous pianist, Sophie Menter. Most of those present were old acquaintances of mine. The most interesting guest was certainly the Ambassador in London, for in Anglo-German relations tension seemed to have reached breaking-point, and Count Wolff-Metternich had no good news from England, where there was great bitterness in Government circles, over Germany's Moroccan policy.

. . . I now heard that Lockroy had shown himself a pleasant and stimulating guest the evening before. I was confirmed in my idea that he had heard more from the Chancellor about literature than about politics, and in my turn I was able to report that the Frenchman was on the whole satisfied with the hours he had spent in such attractive company, even though, in view of the Chancellor's silence on the subject of Morocco and current politics in general, his evening had not quite come up to his expectations.

Ten years later, under the immediate impression left by reading the memoirs which had just been published, I ventured to draw Prince Bülow's attention to inaccuracies contained in this book, and as I intended some day to refute them, I sent

him the manuscript of my own statement. The ex-Chancellor wrote me the following letter :

ELBPARKVILLA,
KLEIN FLOTTBEK,
HOLSTEIN.
August 2nd, 1916.

DEAR HERR MÜNZ,

Many thanks for your kind communication. My memory entirely confirms what you say in refuting Lockroy's absurd statements. It never occurred to me to ask him for a visit ; it was you who told me of his keen desire to call upon me. I acceded to your wish by having him invited. My mother-in-law, Donna Laura Minghetti, who was visiting us, had no idea that he was in Baden-Baden and was not informed that Lockroy was being invited. I cannot remember having obtained for Lockroy permission to visit our arsenals. I imagine that this permission was as usual obtained from the German naval authorities through the German Embassy in Paris. I did not discuss politics with Lockroy, at any rate not current politics, but talked of the literary relations between Germany and France. Further I certainly did not say that Germany had become France's debtor, but merely that the two nations had each given and received something in this mutual exchange. I leave it to you to formulate your views of this matter more definitely and emphatically. One of the main subjects of our conversations was the contrast between the lyrical manner in which Lamartine treated the French Revolution and the critical method of Taine. . . .

I hope you are in good health. When our paths converge again, I shall be delighted to see you.

Lockroy appreciated Germany's greatness and the advantages a *rapprochement* would bring his country.

That he would hardly have been as frank and open as he suggests in his memoirs, had the Chancellor discussed politics, is shown by the conversation I had with him on the evening of September 19th, when I made the following note :

BADEN-BADEN

September 20th, 1905.

Baden-Baden is no longer the gambling hell that Edmond About describes in his novel *Trente et Quarante*. In his time the lovely Oos valley swarmed with French people. Everyone with any claim to be regarded as a member of Paris society was to be seen in the Lichtenthaler Allee, the *Via Triumphalis* of fashionable Europe in both winter and summer. The question: "What is the capital of Europe?" could have but one reply: "In winter Paris, in summer Baden-Baden."

Almost these very words were written by Eugène Guinot in the days of Napolcon III.

Yet there is still a good deal of life left in this beautiful town, which has remained international, and even after the downfall of the Second Empire has continued to be the Mecca of many distinguished French people. French is heard everywhere in the streets, and often enough the purest Parisian. One of the interesting visitors to Baden-Baden, if only in passing, is Edouard Lockroy.

His past reaches far back into the last century. As a young man he was an ardent champion of Italian unity, and joined the Thousand who set out under the strategic command of Garibaldi and the political leadership of Crispi, to conquer Sicily. Outwardly he somewhat resembles the famous Sicilian whose fate it was to be hated by the French as an alleged enemy. It is true that Lockroy's face is less strongly moulded. He is very lean and his snow white hair and moustache testify to the burden of anxiety this man of sixty-six has had to support during his lifetime.

He began as an artist. Then he was secretary to Ernest Renan, in which capacity he visited the Holy Land under the guidance of this cultured and observant scholar and stylist. Then he became a journalist. The definition of a newspaperman as one who has mistaken his vocation is not exclusively German. Other nations also regard journalists as wasters. And so Lockroy too, painter, follower of Garibaldi and traveller in Palestine, found himself one day launched upon the troubled and dangerous waters of journalism. He proved thereby the universally accepted truth that only a man

who has seen everything and learnt everything is good enough to be a journalist. In France newspaper work is not a *cul de sac* with no issue to other pleasanter, more comfortable, more lucrative, more respected and occasionally also more independent occupations, but is, for the highly gifted who have some knowledge of the world, a position which possibly may lead to the *Palais* and quite likely to a seat in the ministry. Lockroy was repeatedly a member of the Government, and, as in his earlier life, showed himself equal to any situation.

After being in turn Minister of Education and Minister of Commerce, and repeatedly Minister of the Marine and President of the Budget Commission, he is now Vice-President of the French Chamber as well as a member of important Parliamentary commissions. They are transient honours, but he enjoyed one permanent honour which France perhaps places above all the others, that of being connected by marriage with France's poet *par excellence*, Victor Hugo.

I am now renewing in Baden-Baden an acquaintance made five years ago. He still has that clear distinct voice precisely enunciating every syllable.

He invited me to dine with him at the *Englischer Hof* and after dinner, between ten and midnight, we discussed politics.

The Imperial Chancellor had just received a visit from Herr von Radowitz, the German Ambassador in Madrid. Could the two statesmen have confined their conversation to the splendid woods of the Black Forest or the glowing eyes of the Andalusian women, among whom Herr von Radowitz had been living for the last fifteen years, or to the *corides de toros* and *toreadors*? Was it possible that there had been no mention of Morocco?

Monsieur Lockroy also touched on the subject of Morocco. He expressed himself approximately as follows: "France desires Peace. True she is no longer the France of a generation ago. To-day, were she attacked, she would be able to defend her frontiers in very different fashion from that of 1870. But to plunge into a war for the sake of Morocco has never entered her mind. I think the Morocco question will be amicably settled. Germany does not deny us the right to safeguard our commerce in Morocco as far as our Algerian frontier is concerned, nor perhaps does she deny us a prior claim. Germany does not refuse to admit that our political

and economic interests there are of a special nature. I admit that Delcassé has been guilty of crude mistakes as Minister for Foreign Affairs. After five years' control he so far abused his position as to omit to keep the Council of Ministers informed concerning his plans—Combes, the Minister-President, was given hardly any information, and Rouvier, Minister of Finance, even less. The latter, since becoming Minister for Foreign Affairs, has wrought changes. He shows much good will, and he told me that he can give the German Ambassador, Prince Radolin, credit for having carried out the mission entrusted to him by the Chancellor in a spirit of amity. There was a moment when feeling in France ran high, the moment when the German Emperor suddenly made his dramatic appearance in Tangier. The effect of this was staggering and perplexing. But since then we have been convinced that neither the Kaiser nor the Chancellor had any ambition in Morocco other than to serve German trade and German industry."

Lockroy then went on to say that the Kaiser was regarded in France as a statesman of wide views and that the Chancellor's speeches were listened to with bated breath and great appreciation, his wit and humour exercising a great attraction. Moreover, his statesmanlike personality had filled the French with respect.

Some years ago Lockroy had inspected thoroughly and admired the organisation of the German Navy. He liked to travel in Germany in the summer. Without venturing on prophecy, he did not think it at all impossible that Prince Bismarck's vision of the distant future, a day when France and Germany would stand side by side as allies, should be realised. When Félix Faure was President he had almost arranged a meeting with the Emperor William, so that it seemed possible that one day the German Emperor and the President of the French Republic would come together.

He had observed tremendous patriotism all over Germany. The whole nation seemed ready to support the German Emperor in his far-reaching plans and enterprises, particularly the naval plans.

The Navy, however, was a question of money, he thought. "Should the plans already drafted by the Reichstag for the increase of the fleet be accomplished," he continued, "France

could not hesitate to expand her fleet, for there would be danger of the French fleet being overmatched by that of Germany." The German fleet he regarded as a miracle of modern equipment and all-round efficiency, in many respects superior even to the English. "Of course," he added, "the German fleet is still young and England has the first fleet in the world. Dockyards like Portsmouth and Woolwich are tremendously impressive."

In the year 1900 Lockroy had visited the three most important naval bases in Germany: Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Danzig, as well as the Schichau wharfs at Elbing. He had admired the masterly fashion in which the expedition to China had been organised. He praised the officers of the German Navy as smart and efficient, and the other ratings too. He had been considerably gratified to find that Germany had adopted many innovations he had himself introduced into the French Navy when he was minister. Indeed, he found that she had borrowed many features from other countries, so that the organisation of the German Navy was now second to none and was in many ways a model to the rest of the world.

Lockroy was also keeping touch with the German military organisation in all its branches, and in addition was studying Germany as a state organism and as a storehouse of information. Let us see what he himself says: "In the year 1870 my father fell as a volunteer in the battalion I myself commanded, shot in the leg at my side. Since then I had seen no Germans. Moreover, it was hard for me to accept a German prosperity arising out of our defeat." Nevertheless, he travelled in Germany, remembering that France's defeats in 1870 were due in great degree to ignorance, which had caused her to underrate Germany.

This versatile man studied Germany from many angles. The superficial journalist, who of necessity cannot always be exact, betrays himself in the book on Germany, *Du Weser à la Vistule. Lettres sur la marine allemande*. He visits Berlin and writes: "The door of German Protestantism does not keep the Jews from exercising a dominant influence on all kinds of business, including politics. All the Jews in Berlin are baptised and have been for a long time. Yet they form a society apart, and marry only among themselves. No one thinks of harming or persecuting them on account of their

business success. However strong religious hatred may be it is engulfed in the great stream of patriotism." Is it possible that Monsieur Lockroy really found no unbaptised Jews while he was in Berlin in the autumn of 1900? When I was in Berlin some years later there were still tens of thousands of them. I would set a question mark also, though a less emphatic one than in the case of the optimistic remark about the Berlin Jews, to the following observation: "When Germany had overthrown France and enriched herself with our produce, she sought to justify her victory with the plea that she deserved the role of leader. In her people a national spirit was gradually developing. I refer to the fact that certain ideas were becoming common to all parties, all classes of society and all citizens. The leading idea was: Germany must become the greatest of the nations in everything, the greatest nation in all spheres, military, maritime, scientific and industrial. This idea to-day haunts every brain, that of the Socialist as much as that of the reactionary Agrarian, the footman's as well as the Chancellor's. One comes across it in historical treatises and in folk-songs, in the prospectuses of business firms and in the balance-sheets presented by directors to their shareholders. The idea sways the whole feeling of the nation and in itself explains the wonderful invigoration."

There is ardent conviction behind this. But is it, I asked him that evening, quite accurate? Was the German Socialist also national to the point of Chauvinism? Were the German Boards of Directors all quite so whole-heartedly pan-German? Were the Germans all really as impatient as the pan-Germans to become immediately the greatest nation in the military, maritime, scientific and industrial spheres? Sensible Germans were more patient than Lockroy supposed. They indulged no fancies that they would be to-morrow first in all things and dictators of the world. Leading circles of Germany in no way belittled the three giant nations: Russia, England and America, nor did they underrate the greatness of France.

Germany's hopes certainly rested on the sea. But Lockroy did not appear to have discovered in Germany any ambition to spread beyond her old continental boundaries. On this head he differed from those of his fellow-countrymen who, like Dechanel and many of his colleagues of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had falsely represented the annexation of Austria



PHILIP, PRINCE OF EULENBURG-HERTEFELD
(1847-1921)
Ambassador in Vienna, 1894-1902.

as the highest ambition of German statesmen. Lockroy writes : "The great majority of the population of Germany are zealous Protestants. And for this reason they shun all thought of Germany's possible absorption of the German provinces of Austria. These are Catholic and to unite them with the Reich would reverse the party situation in the Reichstag. What would then become of Prussia's dominant position?" . . . Lockroy was astounded at the growth of towns in Germany. . . . He finds in Germany a great deal that is lacking in France. Why does he tend to seek for romantic explanations? Why does he take so much trouble to discover an alleged revival of medievalism in Germany?

I ventured to suggest to him that all this progress could be traced back to a definite urge. In France centralisation was tightening, in Germany a welcome, historically logical decentralisation was coming about. Paris, I told him, was the belly and heart of France—Germany on the other hand fortunately had other great centres besides Berlin.

"Are there," I asked him, "people in France who think that the English and French fleets may be called upon to destroy the German fleet?"

"Certainly, there are many," he replied, "who indulge such wild fancies. But on the other hand there is no lack of dreamers who prattle about the destruction of the English fleet by the combined fleets of Germany and France. Neither side need be taken very seriously."

"And the Nationalists?"

"They are," he said, "only to be regarded as a parliamentary group with certain objectives connected with France's domestic policy—a group composed of Royalists, Imperialists, Clericals and ambitious people who want to snatch the helm."

"What do you think," I asked, "about the cordial relations between France and England sponsored by King Edward? Is this intimacy directed against Germany?"

Lockroy replied : "Civil relations with England are of the greatest value to us. I will go back to the time when I was Minister of the Marine under Dupuy. It was the time of the Fashoda trouble. Relations between England and France had become so strained that there was imminent possibility of war. For six months, from August, 1898, to February,

1899, the position was ominous. As Minister I had to take the fullest measures to set our coast defence in order. We had to be prepared for an attack at any moment by the British fleet. Work went on day and night so that we might be prepared for any emergency. Anyone who went through that time in a leading position, as I did, must appreciate the value of a good understanding between England and France."

"Is there," I asked him, "a written agreement between the two countries which might pave the way to an alliance?"

Lockroy: "None at all. I repeat: the best of relations, but no talk of an alliance. No such alliance would ever be concluded. King Edward has obvious sympathies with France, dating from the time when as Prince of Wales he felt so much at home in Paris society . . . but there is no thought of an alliance in England either. Delcassé has gone too far in his concessions to England. He should not have given up Egypt completely. Gambetta envisaged a joint suppression of the Arabi Pasha revolt by France and England, but he fell, and his plan of a Franco-English partnership in Egypt was given up and Egypt was left entirely to England. . . ."

"France's high opinion of English friendship just now is certainly due to Russia's defeat in the war with Japan?"

Lockroy: "I admit that Russia has lost much prestige and that for that reason England has risen in our esteem."

"And how does France stand with regard to Italy?"

Lockroy: "I don't think Italy has any intention of trying to break the existing triple alliance. It is true that France and Italy are now on very good terms. Both sides suffered far too much, economically and later politically, from the breaking off of the Commercial Treaty, and to their mutual advantage both countries turned to the path of friendly economic and political relations."

Lockroy then went on to explain how anxious President Loubet had been to strengthen France's relations with foreign States by receiving and visiting their rulers. The visit to Madrid was a case in point. It was important for France's economic prosperity that she should stand well with her neighbour Spain, but there could be no question of an alliance.

Before Lockroy was to dine with the Imperial Chancellor

I had sent the latter through von Below an account of my conversation with the Frenchman. Prince Bülow thought Lockroy's remarks very interesting and important and asked me for a detailed report of them. He was pleased to hear Delcassé, whom he regarded as his greatest opponent and the most dangerous enemy of Germany, so severely judged by Lockroy. Though he was firmly convinced that Delcassé had had no real intention of invading Morocco and had merely used this as an excuse to bring about a breach with Germany and a war, he refrained from expressing himself in this sense to Lockroy. He was, however, all the more anxious to leave to me the duty of impressing upon him that Delcassé had tried to conspire, not only with *The Times* and the *National Review*, but with King Edward himself, against Germany, though in the latter case without the success he had hoped for.

On another occasion the domestic affairs of France were the subject of a conversation I had with Lockroy. I asked him, as one of the chief parliamentary props of the Rouvier Cabinet, whether he regarded the task of separating Church and State as necessary.

Was Clericalism, I said, which had flared up so strongly in France a few years before as to leave indelible marks even on the army, to be suddenly quenched?

Lockroy: "It has been wrongly assumed abroad that France was Clerical. This I deny. And now the idea of the separation of Church and State has swept the whole country with it. When Combes, the free-thinker, was still Minister-President, he said to Rouvier: 'A proposal to separate Church and State appears to me to have no chance of passing through the Chamber.' But when Rouvier took over the reins he had to bring such a proposal before Parliament. There was a three months' discussion, and it was obvious that the further it progressed the more enthusiastic Parliament became for separation, and the proposal carried the day. No subsequent Government will be able to go back on this victory."

"But there are many people in France who think differently?"

Lockroy: "France is for the most part Catholic, but certainly not Clerical. Once the separation of Church and

State is carried through, the next step may be the establishment of a certain diplomatic relation with the Holy See, and this in the interest of the religious section of the French people, the French missions in the East, and all the other institutions connected with the French protectorate over Christians in the East. . . . Prussia is for the most part a Protestant State and has a Minister at the Curia, Russia is Orthodox and has a diplomatic agent there, America is chiefly Protestant and there is an apostolic delegate in Washington. . . . So why should not Catholic France, if it must be so, find a way of establishing secular diplomatic relations with the Curia after the separation is complete? ”

Lockroy praised President Loubet for having fulfilled the hopes placed in him and shown himself worthy of the premier position in the State.

We talked also of Austria and Vienna, where I had met him five years before. He had then visited the naval port of Pola and remembered gratefully the friendly reception the naval authorities had accorded him. Of the Austro-Hungarian Navy he said : “ It is small, but there is a proverb : the best perfumes are in the smallest bottles. The Austro-Hungarian Navy is, I say frankly, the best administered in the whole of Europe. It achieves comparatively great things with small means. . . . ”

The World War has perhaps thrown these notes of mine from the year 1905 into relief. Much has happened differently from what Lockroy foresaw. The Western Powers and the Muscovite East have since combined against Central Europe. But Lockroy was no war-monger even though he did desire a large navy for France.

France's return to the Curia had meanwhile been effected on grounds of expediency, though there then followed a further break between the two.

As Lockroy was personally an interesting man, his memoirs written shortly before his death are very readable.

Certainly I hope my correction of certain—shall we say mistakes?—perhaps lapses of memory—will not have kept anyone from reading his book *Au Hasard de la Vie*. Actually, the reading of this work has filled me with a high respect for the literary gifts of Renan's secretary and Victor Hugo's

friend and relative. He has an excellent style, less reminiscent of the prophetic sublimity of a Hugo than of the charmingly light touch of Ernest Renan.

His memoirs are, however, a mixture of truth and fiction, and it would go hard with the author if anyone were to read the book for evidence of his love of truth. In this instance it was quite an accident that I should be in a position to quote from my records, which confirm my impression that Lockroy's memories of Bülow did not accord with the truth.

Nor can I sufficiently insist that I was not moved by any merely pedagogic wish to correct this excellent author. The thought which prompted me was that even a Frenchman like Lockroy was not brave enough to tell his fellow-countrymen that he had been anxious to approach a German statesman, even one of such Gallic mind as Bülow.

It almost seems as though the moment Lockroy came to speak before his French audience of his meeting with Bülow, he did not wish to appear to be "greeted by him *Unter Den Linden*," as Victor Hugo said of Moltke.

What Lockroy tells us in his book with regard to an episode concerning Victor Hugo and Moltke, I cannot, unfortunately, correct with the same documentary authority as in the case of the Lockroy-Bülow episode. But without having been there or taken any part in the incident, I am ready to take any oath that here, too, there is more fiction than truth.

Lockroy's story runs as follows: Victor Hugo had been very fond of travel in his youth, but in his old age grew reluctant to change his abode. Once, however, my wife and I persuaded him to come to Ragaz. Marshal von Moltke was staying at the hotel at the same time as ourselves. He would have liked, above all things, to make the acquaintance of Victor Hugo. One evening he sent one of his adjutants to ask me to communicate his wish to the poet. I excused myself, saying that I had no title to act as Moltke's envoy, and that Victor Hugo did not need me to act as his chamberlain. The adjutant assured me that Moltke possessed all Victor Hugo's works, had an unbounded admiration for the poet, and was anxious to express this admiration in person. The adjutant's mission having failed, the Marshal through the agency of the hotel manager asked Victor Hugo for a few minutes' conversation.

Hugo reflected a moment, then replied quietly and gently :
 " *Non, Monsieur, jamais.*"

How much of this story is true? I am prepared to believe that Moltke and Victor Hugo may have been in Ragaz at the same time. As Hugo died in May, 1885, this visit to Switzerland of the French poet and the Marshal who had conquered France must have taken place between 1872 and 1884. In view of Moltke's versatility and lack of prejudice, it may also be assumed that he was an admirer of Hugo. But the statement that "*un de ses aides de camp*" had waited upon Lockroy cannot but arouse distrust. It was not one of Moltke's habits to visit a health resort accompanied by more than one adjutant. That Moltke, himself a great writer, should have been anxious to converse with the greatest writer of France, also sounds not improbable and could only do honour to his memory. But could Lockroy really have given the adjutant such a wildly equivocal answer as : "*Que je n'avais aucun titre pour être le porte-parole de Monsieur de Moltke et que Monsieur Victor Hugo n'avait pas besoin de moi pour chambellan*"? And after such churlishness, could the adjutant, as Lockroy would have us believe, persist in his request, basing his importunity on the statement that Moltke was intimately acquainted with Hugo's works? And would Moltke, after receiving this refusal, have gone on to appeal to the poet through the manager of the hotel? And would Moltke in order to have his request accepted have sent word to the great Frenchman in the manner of a junior reporter that he would like to speak to him "just for a few minutes"? And what about Victor Hugo's curt and decisive answer : "*Non, Monsieur, jamais !*"

It only remained for Lockroy to tell us that Moltke had wanted to ask Victor Hugo for his autograph or a signed photograph. What circle of readers is the Frenchman addressing when he presumes to represent the famous German as a supplicant of favours who, in spite of his importunity, was denied an audience of His Majesty the All Highest of French literature.

I am firmly convinced that if Moltke had really sent the adjutant to Lockroy, the latter would have treated him with the same courtesy as he treated myself, for instance, in Baden-Baden or in Vienna. But this is another instance of the cowardice of this distinguished man, who is trying to per-

suade the French public that Lockroy, in the name of France, set his heel on the neck of the victor of 1870 as on a conquered foe and that the idol of the French dismissed him with the words: "*Non, Monsieur, jamais!*"

Revenge is sweet, even if one mingles it with the poison of printer's ink on patient paper.

But perhaps, after all, it may not be quite impossible to give the lie to the chapter on Victor Hugo and Moltke with the help of witnesses, as I believe I have done in the case of the Lockroy-Bülow incident.

In the first place it would be interesting to establish whether Moltke and Hugo were ever actually at Ragaz at the same time. This could be done on the spot.

And who was the adjutant who accompanied Moltke to Ragaz? Is he still alive?

And the hotel manager may still be living. Let him come forward.

The heirs and relatives of the great German Marshal will be in a position to state whether Moltke's library did actually contain Hugo's complete works, which I do not consider at all improbable, and whether anything is known about the Marshal's having tried so persistently and vainly to obtain an interview with Victor Hugo.

But even if Victor Hugo had refused such an interview, this would not in any way detract from the reputation of a man like Moltke.

CHAPTER XIII

TITTONI'S MEETING WITH BÜLOW

I MADE the following notes on the Italian Premier's meeting with the Imperial Chancellor :

BADEN-BADEN,

29th Sept., 1905.

Yesterday evening Tittoni arrived at the *Hôtel Stephanie* with Secretary Prince Torlonia. Last year Giolitti visited the Chancellor at Homburg. He has since fallen, and Tittoni, Minister also in Forti's Cabinet, remains. Ministers are falling in Italy, but this is not expected to have any effect on Italy's supposed intimate relations with Germany. Tittoni's arrival was preceded three weeks before by a visit from the German Ambassador at the Quirinal, Count Monts, who certainly has no very high opinion of the solidity of the Triple Alliance, since he raises serious doubts concerning Italy's loyalty as an ally and also about the Italian Army.

The atmosphere to-day should put Tittoni at his ease, for apart from Princess Bülow, who is an Italian, he is also meeting her mother and Senator Blaserna. The Chancellor's brother, Minister in Bern, is also here, and there are some Russian grand dukes living in the *Hôtel Stephanie*. The Japanese Ambassador in Berlin has recently called on the Chancellor to inform him of the official conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Ambassadors Radowitz, Count Wolf-Metternich, and Baron Marschall have also been here.

Tittoni's visit had been in preparation for some months. It appears that Blaserna, for many years a friend of Prince

Bülow, and at the same time *persona grata* with the present Italian Government, had had a hand in it. As an old and trusted friend of Italy to which both policy and temperament bound him closely, Bülow welcomed the suggested visit. Apart from the Morocco question, then alleged to be showing promise of leading to a *rapprochement* between France and Germany, the question of a second Hague Conference and the situation arising from the Anglo-Japanese Alliance were ripe for discussion between the Imperial Chancellor and the Italian Premier.

The first conversation took place at noon. After lunch the party drove in three cars to the New Castle and to the ruins of the old. The first car was occupied by Bülow and Tittoni. In the New Castle the Grand-Duchess's private garden, to which Princess Bülow had a key, was viewed. The next morning Tittoni went for a three hours' drive through the Black Forest. He is an ardent motorist, a shade more ardent than in politics, which he pursues with cold calculation. In both cases he takes precautions against possible mishap.

Bülow was very reserved with regard to his repeated conversations with Tittoni. I had, however, a conversation with the Premier himself. It was suggested by the Chancellor and arranged by Blaserna. I learned that Tittoni's main anxiety was to draw the Chancellor's attention to the dangers which the Italian Government might find themselves faced with if at any time Germany, Italy's ally, and England, Italy's friend, attacked one another, so that it was in the highest interest of world peace in general and of the Triple Alliance in particular that good relations should exist between these two great naval powers. Tittoni felt it necessary to emphasise this point, since the previous summer tension between England and Germany had shown itself in, among other things, King Edward having avoided meeting the Kaiser on his accustomed visit to Marienbad. Moreover, the climax of the Morocco affair between Germany and France did not please Tittoni, even though the situation seemed to have improved since Delcassé's fall and Rouvier's assumption of power. It seemed to the Italian Premier a mistake for Germany to regard Delcassé's dismissal too much in the light of a victory over a fallen enemy. It would have been better had she contented herself with silent satisfaction.

In his conversations with Tittoni, Bülow defended his naval policy as one which would serve to protect German commerce in distant seas and strengthen the defence of the German coast. With regard to the Morocco policy he used the phrase which he included later in a despatch to the Ambassador in London, Count Wolff-Metternich: "*Cet animal (allemand) est très méchant—quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*"

Tittoni for his part expressed the fear that if Germany contributed towards forcing France out of Morocco, France might recoup herself by means of Tripoli, which had long been the goal of Italy's ambition. Thus the Italian statesman left Baden-Baden with the idea in the back of his mind that if it came to a Morocco conference he was not prepared to back the German delegates through thick and thin.

I noted further :

BADEN-BADEN,

30th Sept.

Tittoni professed to be satisfied with his meeting with Bülow, and apparently also with the political result. They seemed to be on the best of terms. The Morocco Conference he trusted would pass off smoothly. He hoped the second Hague Conference would be held and would regulate the question of maritime law, and settle disputes with regard to the powers of neutrals, to which the Russo-Japanese war had given rise. In Tittoni's opinion the Anglo-Japanese Alliance excluded any possibility of an Asiatic war during the next ten years. Japan, England and America, he thought, the latter as a latent ally in Asia, formed so powerful a combination that they would be able to maintain peace in Asia.

He considered relations between Austria-Hungary and Italy to be good, and that the two Governments would successfully resist any attempt of irresponsible journalism to upset them.

He did not think that there was any cause for anxiety regarding possible European complications. The Triple Alliance would remain an additional instrument of peace. As Crispi once exclaimed emphatically after visiting Bismarck at Friedrichsruh: "We have performed a

service to peace through our talks in the Saxon forest," so Tittoni might have said: "We have performed a service to peace by our meeting in the Black Forest." And now that there were no European collisions in prospect, the field of possible colonial friction might be appreciably narrowed. In this direction too the principle of arbitration might be further developed.

International politics, therefore, is no longer a storm-tossed sea, but one whose surface has been smoothed with oil.

Blessed is he that hath faith!

A further note:

Tittoni spoke to Blaserna to-day in high praise of Bülow. He said he admired the Prince's frank, free, far-sighted manner of handling questions. Were they both in earnest? Bülow promised Tittoni that he would visit him in Desio, a splendid property with a stately park belonging to Tittoni's wife, whose maiden name was Antona Traversi. The Chancellor's brother, who is Minister in Bern, travelled with the Italian in his pullman to the Swiss capital. . . . Here they are expecting Dr. Rosen, who has been appointed German Minister in Tangier and knows the Levant well. Morocco is still to the fore.

It was a coincidence of strange piquancy that, according to the great published report of the German Foreign Office, while Tittoni was visiting Bülow, the latter received a letter from the Kaiser dated September 27th, giving his Chancellor a detailed report of his conversations with his guest Witte, the Russian Premier. The latter could not say enough about the intrigues of the two sister grand-duchesses and of their father, the Prince of Montenegro, against Germany. The Kaiser wrote:

"Witte possesses stacks of letters which the old scoundrel has written to Alexander III and Nicholas II, all bursting with slanders of Germany and egging his correspondents on in the most shameless way to make war on us. It made me roar with laughter to think that this old robber-chief who

is now in Berlin received the Order of the Black Eagle, told me he had finished with Russia, and placed his son in my army. 'The blackguard!'

It was comic that when this letter, with all its complimentary remarks about the King of the Black Mountain, father-in-law of the King of Italy, was delivered, the latter's cousin, Donna Laura Minghetti, widow of a knight of the *Annunziata* *cugina del Rè*, should have been staying under the Chancellor's roof, while a prospective *Cugino del Rè* in the person of Tommaso Tittoni was also visiting him. This incident must have tickled Prince Bülow greatly and brought out the famous dimples of his caricatures. But it is quite possible for a person of worth to spring from the loins of a "robber chief," and such a person Queen Elena of Italy undoubtedly was. Thanks to the warnings of the German Ambassador in Rome, Count Monts, the Chancellor had abandoned the hope that Italy would honour her alliance with Germany if it came to war. But he was still anxious that this slippery partner should not be driven into the French camp, and for this reason he gave the Kaiser some hints for a reply to Victor Emanuel's letter which might soothe his sensitive feelings: "The important thing is that Your Majesty should say a few complimentary things about Her Majesty Queen Elena. . . . That is the spot where King Victor Emmanuel, like King Philip in Schiller's *Don Carlos*, is vulnerable. The general world-situation is so tense that we must use every endeavour to give as little offence as possible. We must not drive Italy completely into the French camp for it will make a terrific difference whether Italy at the crucial moment backs France with her army or remains neutral."

So this was the situation behind the scenes of the Triple Alliance as early as the year 1905. In the eyes of the world Italy and Germany were firm allies.

Under the colonnades of Baden-Baden there was a jovial shopkeeper, Louis Katzau, who sold all kinds of luxury articles and persuaded his more distinguished customers to write in his album. This album contains evidence that Germany and Italy were once closely united. The Italian Prime Minister and the Imperial Chancellor once appeared under the colonnades in pouring rain, accompanied by

Princess Bülow and Donna Laura Minghetti, and all paid a visit to Katzau's shop.

When Katzau asked the Chancellor to write his name in his album, the Prince told him to call next day at the *Hôtel Stephanie*, and there he inscribed a few words in his usual beautiful handwriting. This ought perhaps to have satisfied Katzau. But he went on to ask for the signature of Signor Tittoni. What was to be done? The Italian statesman was already across the Gotthard in the land of orange groves, at that moment arriving at his villa at Desio in Lombardy.

Well, there were three possible ways of obtaining Tittoni's signature: Katzau might in person make an expedition to very distant Desio, though as the Baden-Baden season was very far from being at an end, this was hardly to be thought of; or Tittoni might hurry back to pay a duty call upon Katzau. But how could the Italian Minister return without at the same time paying his respects to the Imperial Chancellor and so causing a great sensation throughout Europe?

A third possibility remained open: the album might be sent to Desio through the post. But this was difficult because its owner refused to allow it out of his possession for a moment at any price. The situation seemed to offer no solution. Then Prince Bülow, the agile diplomat, had a brilliant idea. He took up the pen again and wrote: "for Signor Tittoni, who was with me at Herr Katzau's, I sign as his ally—Baden-Baden, 30 Sept., 1905."

Thus is recorded in black and white in Katzau's visitors' book how unshaken in those days the alliance between Germany and Italy still remained. . . . Ten years later it was to be a thing of the past. And to-day we think of those days of Baden-Baden as a period dead and buried. An autograph album mirrors the great days of the past. . . . Katzau died at a good old age in 1928.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MOROCCO PROBLEM

MOROCCO was the great burden that weighed upon the Imperial Chancellor during the autumn of 1905. It was an after effect of the German policy pursued throughout the previous year. Again and again during my stay at Baden-Baden, Prince Bülow emphasised in my presence, and also in that of Monsieur Tardieu of *le Temps* (later President of the Council) whom Dr. Rosen had brought with him from Paris, and of a reporter of *le Petit Journal*, that Germany was insisting on equal rights in Morocco solely for the sake of the open door and her economic interests.

But Bülow never once publicly mentioned the name of the German piping manufacturers, Mannesmann Brothers. In reality it was chiefly they who during the ten years in which Germany's policy connected with Morocco was so unfortunate, were bringing pressure to bear upon the German Foreign Office. A chain of disastrous mistakes caused by headstrong impetuosity was committed, from the Kaiser's landing at Tangier in 1905 in the days of Bülow's Chancellorship which was inspired and poisoned by Holstein's secret control, down to the despatch of the German gunboat *Panther* to Agadir in 1911 in the time of Bethmann and Kiderlen-Wächter.

Just as at the end of the last century it was the Kaiser's ambition, encouraged by Count Waldersee and Bülow, that Manchu, Peking, Kiauchow and Tsungliyamen should be spoken of in Germany as dependencies of the Hohenzollerns, Berlin, and the German Foreign Office; so in the new century the sultanate of Fez and Marakesh and the Maghzen, washed by two great seas, no less obsessed the Imperial

imagination, excited by the Chancellor and his hidden counsellor Holstein.

Though I am anticipating, I will mention here a meeting in the summer of 1910 at Marienbad with Kiderlen-Wächter, which shows to what a serious extent the German policy in the alleged service of German industry endangered world peace. Kiderlen-Wächter, recently reappointed German State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whose guest I had been in Bucharest some months before, was visiting Count Aehrenthal in Marienbad, and we had arranged that one morning I should call for him at the lovely *Villa Luginsland* which had been placed at his disposal for his short stay, and take him to the *Kreuzbrunnen*. According to arrangement I arrived shortly before eight o'clock. I found Herr von Kiderlen, still in his pyjamas, very depressed. When I asked what was the matter, he replied angrily: "These Mannesmanns can't leave me alone even here. Their representative was here in the early hours trying to get me to push their interests in Morocco."

I tried to soothe the Minister by quoting with reference to his attire Ludwig Fulda's verses:

Herr und König, tu dich nicht erboßen,
Ein König bleibst du auch in Unterhosen.¹

This joke put him into a better mood, and we walked cheerfully to the *Brunnen* and were snapped together by the photographers, once in the company also of the Serbian Minister, Milovanovich.

In connection with Morocco I heard in the Chancellor's entourage high praise of Dr. Rosen and Herr von Kühlmann and was told how the latter had distinguished himself as *Chargé d'Affaires* during the Kaiser's landing and the critical moments which had preceded and followed it. Von Kühlmann had gone beyond his position to give the Chancellor advice, with the result that the Chancellor, in consideration of his knowledge of the local situation, had allowed him a certain independence of action. The over-eagerness with which Germany countered what the *Wilhelmstrasse* inter-

¹ "Lord and King, don't get angry. You're still a King even in your under-pants."

puted as French presumption aiming at the treatment of Morocco as a second Tunis, the result of England's silent toleration, Italy's indifference, and America's insufficiently active sympathy, had its source in the fear lest acquiescence should ruin Germany's prestige in the Mohammedan world. There was danger to the Levantine aureole that had shone from the German Imperial crown since its bearer's day in Damascus following the footsteps of the Apostle (St. Paul) and Caliph (Omar) while swearing fealty and offering protection to the Crescent in the great Mosque. The assurance with which the *Chargé d'Affaires* in Tangier gave advice even to the German consul in Fez, Vassel, had made a great impression. And Dr. Rosen was remembered with great respect when he was summoned from Baden-Baden to Paris to stand at the side of the inadequately equipped Ambassador Prince Radolin at a difficult moment, when Rouvier's appointment to the Quai d'Orsay and the benevolent influence of Prince Albert of Monaco offered a possibility of exploiting a favourable attitude towards the Morocco conference suggested by Germany.

CHAPTER XV

DIPLOMATS

DIPLOMATS were constantly arriving and departing during the Chancellor's stay in Baden-Baden. There was the big, broad-shouldered, burly Baron Marschall, Ambassador in Constantinople, virtually viceroy of the Ottoman Empire, just as at that time Germany's representative in Vienna was more viceroy than ambassador. Then there was the Madrid Ambassador, von Radowitz, Marschall's predecessor in Constantinople, who, as the son of his brilliant and romantic father, counsellor of the romantic Friedrich Wilhelm IV, was a well-known figure in the Bülow circle. His father had been a friend of Marco Minghetti, who mentions him often and with affection in his memoirs.

And there was Count Tattenbach, Minister in Lisbon and an expert on Morocco, selected together with Radowitz as German delegate for the Morocco conference. But one of the most important pieces on the diplomatic chess-board appeared in the person of Count Wolff-Metternich, Ambassador in London. At a luncheon given by the Imperial Chancellor I sat opposite to this lean man. Though certainly not hard of hearing, he had a habit of raising his open hand behind his ear. I certainly made no attempt to interrogate the Ambassador regarding his negotiations with Balfour and Lansdowne—next to Monts he was the most stubborn member of the Kaiser's team and for that reason distasteful to his master. But possibly he acted in this way because he was conscious of facing a journalist, cautiously placing his hand to his ear in order to hear what he wanted to hear and removing it so as not to hear what he did not wish to.

Count Monts also put in an appearance, as high-handed,

self-confident and independent as his own reports when Ambassador in Rome. The Chancellor, obsessed by Morocco, was demanding of him that he should insist on Italy's complete solidarity with Germany and the Triple Alliance in the Morocco affair, and at least help Germany, in the matter of the open door in Morocco, to a retreat which would look, if not like a victory over France, at least not like a defeat. But Monts, convinced as he was that Italy at England's side had already renounced all influence in Morocco in return for recognition of the Tripoli bargain, with complete independence had represented the situation as it really was, making no effort to pander to the feelings of either Kaiser or Chancellor: an Italian Foreign Minister more favourably disposed towards England than towards Germany, before long to be seconded by a delegate to the Conference whose sympathies were more with France than Germany. This was the Tittoni-Visconti-Venosta combination in face of which the Chancellor's instructions given to Count Monts in the Kaiser's name concerning what he was to say to the Consulta were of little avail.

The least in rank was Count Karl Pückler, Minister in Luxembourg. In him I greeted an old acquaintance from the time when he was Counsellor of Embassy in Vienna. We had memories in common of Malwida von Meysenbug and connections with Alberta von Puttkamer, who was living in Baden-Baden. This somewhat retiring man was not only an excellent pianist, but also a clear-sighted diplomat. No one was a greater friend of England than he. He condemned the campaign against England that was being conducted in certain German newspapers. He regarded the sweeping demands of the pan-Germans as a danger. From time to time he wrote anonymous articles opposing this challenging tendency of German policy against England. These he used to send to me and they had my complete approval. A year before, on my way through to Norderney, I was his guest at Schloss Oberweistritz near Schweidnitz in Silesia, and there we had discussed the dangers of a policy of irritation against England. Friendly as he was towards England, he had on the other hand little patience with Catholicism. His strong Protestant outlook was an inheritance from his father, with whom his neighbour, Count Moltke, used to foregather for a

game of whist. During my visit, which lasted several days, I heard many charming things about this great man, who was so simple and distinguished in his private life and who now lies buried beside his wife in Kreisau near by. Men like Wolff-Metternich and Pückler feared for the inheritance of Moltke and Bismarck should the anti-English game continue. Bülow was certainly bitten by the idea of brushing aside all diplomatic obstacles and building for the Kaiser and Imperial Germany a great fleet which should make her supreme at sea as on land. The Ambassador, who placed trust in Lord Lansdowne's loyalty, had made use of the swing of the party pendulum and changed government in England to become on terms of intimacy with Haldane, the close friend of Germany. But, in his capacity of moderator, he was almost defenceless against the Imperial turbulence, which expressed itself in violent marginal notes to the London Ambassador's reports and in despatches to the Imperial Chancellor in which the English policy towards Germany was described as "a bandit's conspiracy for murder in a forest." All the secret shafts from the Kaiser's quiver were aimed at the breast of the Ambassador in London, whom he would have preferred to recall temporarily if not permanently. His chief reproach against him was that he had allowed Count Benckendorff, his Russian colleague in London, to injure Germany in order to further Anglo-Russian understanding. True, Bülow did what he could to counteract the Kaiser's violence, and supported the London Ambassador, but the Chancellor's courage did not go beyond personal goodwill. He did not effect any serious change in the policy towards England, such as the Ambassador would gladly have seen. The Chancellor's chief anxiety was that nothing should interfere with the continued growth of the fleet, and that a firm stand should be made with regard to Morocco to avoid humiliation from France and exposure in the eyes of the Mohammedan world.

Prince Wilhelm von Baden also paid a visit and was praised to me as a man of deep political understanding. Who could have thought at that time that the Imperial Chancellor was entertaining in the person of this prince the last of his successors to the Chancellorship during the monarchy, and the man whom Wilhelm II was to stigmatise as the grave-digger of Imperial Germany?

When one has lived long, life takes on the appearance of a Via Appia along which is strung a succession of tombstones. Life is short and even the wisest living cannot help a man evade the clutch of death. I once heard Prince Bülow say that diplomats can easily eat themselves into the beyond by over-dining. Though he himself was so moderate, yet he too, who seemed likely to live long past eighty, is no longer among the living, and only a few of those who daily saw this powerful figure pass by still see the light of day. All are dead: Donna Laura, the Princess, Blaserna, Herr von Below—a charming and distinguished character who died comparatively young after being affectionately tended during his terrible illness by the Bülows at the Villa Malta. Dead too are the valiant Marschall, Radowitz, Tattenbach and Prince Wilhelm von Baden. Dead too is the Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenberg, who used to come over occasionally from neighbouring Strassburg.

Dead too is Hermann Sielcken (he died in 1917), the self-made Hamburger, who had become a "coffee king" in New York and at this time was spending the evening of his life on his splendid estate Mariahalden. I was often amazed at the size and splendour of the fruit that came to the Bülows' table, and was told that they were presents from the prolific fruit and orchid houses of Mariahalden, which I visited at the Princess' suggestion under the guidance of the owner. I particularly admired a hen-house several stories high. Noah's Ark was certainly fitted with less luxury.

As far as I have been able to keep touch with the survivors of those Baden-Baden days, they include Count Monts, Count Wolff-Metternich, and Count Pückler. All these enjoy the gloomy satisfaction of knowing that in those critical times they were wise enough to want to back the English horse.

Bülow too, had he remained true to himself instead of allowing himself to be led astray by the Kaiser's unfortunate hot-headedness and the megalomaniac calculations of Admiral Tirpitz, would have done the right thing.

Bülow's political diagnosis was at times so sure, that it is the greater pity that his skill as a healer was not of the same order. How accurately he had set his finger on the root of the evil, when in the autumn of 1905 he wrote to Metternich in London: "If Russia goes with England, that necessarily

means danger to us and would lead within a measurable space of time to a great war If Germany is defeated it means the triumph of revolution. It is quite clear that if democracy or social democracy gains the upper hand in Germany, the monarchy in Russia would be lost beyond hope of rescue. . . .”

CHAPTER XVI

THE HAGUE PEACE CONFERENCE IN THE LIGHT OF BADEN-BADEN

BÜLOW'S heart was not in the first Hague Conference. He was not able to project his sympathies into a new period in which the sword would no longer decide the destinies of mankind. To him pacificism was synonymous with Utopia. The war with Japan into which Russia had stumbled clumsily and unprepared, seemed to make a mockery of the Imperial convener of the Hague Peace Conference, whose dilettantism the Imperial Chancellor, led by his State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, von Bülow, had only outwardly countenanced. This was made obvious by the choice of the German delegates, who set the Russian enterprise somewhat on the same plane as the millennium of the Apocalypse. The Emperor Wilhelm had himself made merry at a meeting with King Edward over the pacifist endeavours of their relative the Czar, and this time the British King was inclined to side with the nephew who was present against the absent one, contrary to his habit, which was to show more sympathy with the Russian Czar than with the German Emperor.

When I pointed out to the Imperial Chancellor that according to what I had heard, chance had willed that the President of the Hague Conference, the Russian Baron Staal, and Dr. Eyschen, representative of Luxemburg, were both staying in Baden-Baden, he said with a smile: "You ought to call on these people, especially as you're the spiritual brother of our immortal friend Frau Malwida and so believe in the kingdom of Jesaias where the leopard and the lamb graze together, and eagle and dove fly in company."

Bülow and Staal did not see one another, as the latter was

now old, sick and retired. But the Chancellor had some friendly words for the former Russian Ambassador in London, who, though he had been active in bringing about an understanding between Russia and England, had not given this understanding an anti-German bias, as had been the endeavour of his anti-German successor, Ambassador Count Benckendorff, half German though he was. Both on the Thames and the Neva the latter had stirred up rancour against Germany.

The opportunity to meet Staal was not long in coming. The Saxon Consul-General in Stuttgart, Herr Pfäum, invited me, together with the German medical professor von Noorden, to spend an evening with a Dr. Schliep, formerly personal physician to the Empress Augusta. Here he introduced me to the Russian diplomat, who after being Minister in Stuttgart became later Ambassador in London and President of the first Hague Conference. When I waited upon him at the appointed hour in his hotel it was like talking with one from the grave. There lay the aged invalid on a couch, dreaming with half-closed eyes of past and future, seldom of the present. Indeed he no longer lived in the present but in days gone by. It was remarkable, however, that his outlook was sunny rather than gloomy, and he regarded the efforts being made in the cause of peace as thoroughly promising, despite the failure of the first Hague Conference and despite the Russo-Japanese War which had followed close on its heels.

Peace in Europe seemed assured for a long time. The clouds overhanging Anglo-German relations could not darken Staal's outlook. There had, he said, been much more critical moments between England and Russia. From the Afghan question down to the North Sea incident off Hull during the Russo-Japanese War, there had been no lack of threatening portents, yet good will had preserved concord between Russia and England. In his opinion there was no serious opposition between Germany and England that could develop into a cause of war. The Press in England might indeed be influencing public opinion unfavourably, but it could not give rise to decisive action which might endanger the peace of the world. Nor had he any anxiety lest the Anglo-French entente should develop into a united threat to Germany. This entente he regarded as in the main

a personal triumph for King Edward and the French Ambassador in London, Paul Cambon, formerly his beloved colleague, whom he described appreciatively as one of the most vigorous and successful diplomats a great power had ever possessed.

"World Peace," the grey-haired Russian continued, "will be maintained even though many clouds such as the Morocco affair darken the horizon. The terrors of the Russo-Japanese War will prevent any state from assuming the responsibility for another in the immediate future. Of course there are a few embittered granddukes who cannot understand why Russia has concluded peace at Portsmouth without having achieved a single success. These exalted gentlemen know the horrors of war only from a distance, and the Czar himself is compelled to refute them. . . . It looks as though there will soon be another Hague Conference now that the first has left many questions open and the war has brought up fresh problems."

These were approximately the words of the half-blind diplomat. But not every blind man is a seer like Teiresias who prophesied truly, though the dying can often sense the future. In the present case, however, the wish was father to the thought. There was to be a second Hague Conference, but it was not to bring about the permanent peace so ardently desired.

Luxembourg's leading statesman, Dr. Eyschen, Minister of the tiny buffer state whose destiny it was to hold the balance between Germany, France and Belgium, invited me to dinner at his hotel. We were to dine alone. Having been a delegate at the first Hague Conference, he was well fitted to judge the situation on the eve of the second conference, especially as he seemed to be marked down again to represent his country.

The Czar, he said, had convened the first Hague Conference without having examined at all closely the tasks it was to fulfil. The President of the Conference, Baron Staal, who was in the town, had also been groping in the dark, not knowing what he wanted or was in a position to achieve.

Counsellor Martens, the Russian expert on international law, had, of course, done his work for him. *Discite moniti*, it might be said. Many of the states had sat down at the con-



M. von Meysenbug

MALWIDA VON MEYSENBURG

ference table very unwillingly. There was no lack of mistrust. Prince Münster, leader of the German delegation and Ambassador in Paris, had complained *inter pocula* that Russia, while emitting all this hot air about peace, was making threatening moves on her frontier against Germany. Germany's military representative, General von Schwarzkopf (who later lost his life in a fire in China), was no less intractable. Further, the choice of Professor von Stengel, whom Germany had sent with Professor Zorn as juristic expert to help Prince Münster, was obviously an unhappy one.

Stengel had shortly before delivered a public lecture in Germany which had appeared in printed form meanwhile, describing war as the source of mankind's highest moral good. This made his appointment appear an ironical comment on the Czar's dreams of peace.

One day the Peace Conference received from an aged French colonel the gift of a cask of old Muscatel, with a letter to the effect that the gentlemen of the Peace Conference should fortify themselves for their sacred mission with this precious liquid. He added, however, that it was a pity he had no more of the noble wine; otherwise he would have preferred to send a large barrel with the request that Mr. Chamberlain, the instigator of the Boer War, and Baron Stengel, the theoretical panegyrist of war, might be drowned in it. The colonel's remarks were, of course, not read in open session and his Muscatel was forwarded to a hospital at the Hague. This piquant incident shows clearly enough how unhappy was the choice of Stengel as delegate. In this connection Dr. Eyschen remarked: "It would seem to be indicated that the new conference should be carefully prepared. At present men's minds are not sufficiently settled. The Japanese and Russians in particular are still too full of the resentment following the recent war, and might easily break out into quarrelling and mutual abuse."

Dr. Eyschen declared the formulation of a code of law governing naval warfare to be the chief task of the next conference. That for land warfare he regarded as already fairly complete. The regulation of questions of law in land warfare had been advanced to such an extent by the first Hague Conference that its effect had been seen already in the Russo-Japanese War. The laws governing land warfare had,

moreover, been brilliantly prepared at the Brussels Conference and all the dossiers had been collected by the Belgian, Beernaert, who had appeared at the Hague Peace Conference as one of the men best equipped for the task. But as early as the third day a voice had been raised to ask whether this was not, after all, a *peace* conference for which the states had assembled. If so, it was difficult to understand why it should deal exclusively with the laws of war. It might perhaps be more important to open a discussion on the rights and duties of neutral states.

On this point the decision remained with the second conference. Further, the position of neutral states, with regard to supplies, must be finally and clearly defined. When the first conference had considered whether railway rolling stock lent to a belligerent state for internal use in peace time could be requisitioned by the belligerent, the German general had immediately protested against the broaching of this question. In every war, he declared, it must be left to the generals to decide, from the military standpoint, whether or not they should proceed to claim goods sent from neutral states to a belligerent party. All that was agreed was that if a requisition were made the neutral goods should be returned to their neutral source as quickly as possible. The next conference would also have to legalise the continuance of neutral traffic unhindered into the territory of the belligerents to prevent a war from completely dislocating trade and traffic.

The Red Cross which had been assured for land warfare must be extended to war at sea. In future, special ships required by the Red Cross and flying the Red Cross flag should be able to move unhampered between belligerent countries. Lockroy, when Minister of Marine, had a plan for commandeering French private yachts in case of war and placing them at the disposal of the Red Cross.

Eyschen regarded it as important that this problem should be settled at an early date.

He considered further that as the first conference agreed that balloons over an enemy camp should not be allowed to drop explosives, similar prohibition should be extended to certain frontiers with regard to the use of mines. He was very eager that the effect of drifting mines should be investigated, so that merchant shipping belonging to neutral states might

not be endangered, and carelessness and responsibility might be brought home to the offender.

The Great War was to play havoc with these good intentions and show how vain is any attempt to apply the laws of humanity or common sense to war, which is necessarily cruel and insane.

When I told Prince Bülow of my meeting with these two men from the Hague, he expressed something like sympathy, not only with the moribund President of the ill-fated first peace conference, but also with the man from Luxembourg, who was cherishing such fine dreams for the second. Bülow seemed disinclined to embark on new paths. *Si vis pacem, para bellum*—this was in those days the beginning and end of all statesmanship. And so the clash of the united madhouses of Central Europe with those of the West was being prepared. On both sides ministers would have regarded themselves as unfaithful to their duty had they tried to be anything more than asylum warders putting their sick-minded nations into strait-jackets bristling with weapons, in order to drown them, not in Muscatel but in human blood.

When the tension with England appeared to have reached its height, King Edward VII, whom the Germans chose to regard as the enemy planning to encircle them, was the subject of much discussion. Since he had succeeded to the throne the King no longer came to Baden-Baden. In recent years he had formed a preference for Homburg. Yet as Prince of Wales he had left behind him pleasant memories. Before long I was able to see for myself how friendly the former prince was in his relations with the country and its inhabitants. As I have said, it was the custom, especially in bad weather, to promenade under the colonnades of the Kurpark. In those brilliant days—brilliant for Germany, for the health resort on the Oos and for the shopkeepers under the colonnades—goods both sumptuous and costly were here offered for sale. The quaint figure of old Katzau, a fidgety little Hungarian Jew, watched many people pass by who were weaving history at the loom of Time. No, they did not pass him by, but for many years entered his shop, which was next to that of the great Frankfurt jeweller, Koch. There one could buy the products of the Vienna luxury industry, or any of the lovely things that are produced in England and France. Who

would have ventured to question old Katzau's taste? Even the most distinguished visitors could not resist him and often wrote their names in his album, which was an historical record. Once when I was glancing through it in the company of the ladies of the Bülow household, we soon came upon the name of no less a personage than the second son of the Prince of Wales, later King George of England.

Young Prince George had studied under Ihne, the archæologist and historian, at Heidelberg University, and had come over with his tutor for a few hours. Of course he visited the colonnades, and how could he have evaded the toils of Katzau? He was surprised to find the portrait of his father the Prince of Wales, who had graciously presented it with a dedication to his honoured benefactor, Louis Katzau. The latter enjoyed Prince George's illusion that he had not been recognised. In reality old Katzau had at once known who he was, but acted as though nothing had happened and went on calmly smoking his pipe.

At last the Prince overcame his shyness and said to the owner of the shop: "You have a portrait of the Prince of Wales out there?" Don Luigi replied: "Yes, why do you ask?" The Prince stammered diffidently: "He's my father." And then he shook hands with Katzau, and said: "My father wishes to be remembered to you. But he warned me against buying anything. He said he had found your prices too severe."

Nevertheless the Prince bought one or two things, and was about to leave, but Katzau would not let him go until he had written his name in the book together with the words: "I find Louis Katzau a very honest man; at least I hope so."

At the Prince's request Professor Ihne also wrote in the book:

"Ende gut, alles gut—also quasi Aussöhnung" (All's well that ends well—so a *quasi* reconciliation) a hint that the Prince had made it up with "dear Don Luigi." So there was peace between England and Germany.

A year later the Prince of Wales came for the famous international race-meeting to Iffenheim near Baden-Baden. Of course he immediately visited his "dear friend" under the colonnades. He stopped in front of Katzau's shop with the words: "My son was in your shop last year?" Katzau

replied : " Yes, he did me that honour." Then the Prince said : " I'd like to see what he wrote in your book." Katzau fetched it and showed him. The Prince laughed heartily and said : " I'll write something underneath." And sitting down at the shop-keeper's desk His Royal Highness wrote under his son's signature : " I have my doubts about the accuracy of this statement. Albert Edward, 29 Aug. 94." Pleased with this remark, he showed it to his suite.

Afterwards he visited Katzau's shop every day, and contrary to expectations bought " royally." And before leaving the town he invited his " honoured benefactor " to shoot pheasants at Sandringham. The latter, deeply moved, would have preferred to answer : " Many thanks, Royal Highness, but when I see a gun I feel like running away."

The Prince of Wales would listen to no excuses but wrote a note telling him to report to Sir Francis Knollys, at Marlborough House on December 1st. Katzau respectfully accepted the invitation with the remark that he would bring with him for His Royal Highness some " golden pheasants " and some other beautiful things. No less generous than his host, he was anxious to show his gratitude with a present of " golden pheasants," which were actually made of silver or porcelain.

And Don Luigi did go to London, taking with him his neighbour the jeweller from the colonnades. Richly laden, the two gentlemen arrived in the city on the Thames with the laudable intention of doing good business. The Prince of Wales saw that his guests were treated with every attention. At nine o'clock in the morning a page presented himself to enquire on behalf of His Royal Highness how Mr. Katzau had slept.

The worthy Don Luigi did not do much shooting as he seemed to have a horror of guns, but this only made him a more regular guest at the table of Sir Francis Knollys. He remained three days at Sandringham and altogether made quite a good thing out of it. On leaving he asked one favour : that His Royal Highness should authorise him to use the title of *Purveyor to the Prince of Wales*. This the Prince, deeply touched by the devotion of his distinguished guest, immediately granted.

The English Court was not the only one to win the favour

of Katzau. Many others among the mighty were patrons of the shop under the colonnades. Most of the entries in the album emphasise the "dear" Katzau. On the other hand Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar writes: "Baden-Baden without the ever-youthful and obliging Herr Katzau would be unthinkable." And the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, supports his illustrious fellow patron with the words, "I am of the same opinion, though Herr Katzau might be cheaper." The Kaiser's economical mind seems to have been favourably impressed by Katzau's personality and equally critical of his prices, for he writes: "Am of precisely the same opinion as my brother. *Wilhelm II, Imperator et Rex.*"

In those days when a crowned head like the German Emperor said anything, he was not long in finding support. Thus we find: "Agree entirely with the view of His Majesty the Emperor, *Karl Alexander, Grossherzog von Sachsen-Weimar.*"

Evidence that the Muse of poetry in Weimar had not died with Goethe and Schiller is provided by the good-humoured cry of pain of Prince Wilhelm von Saxe-Weimar: "Stranger, pause and linger awhile at Katzau's—you will be kindly served and with a bewitching smile he will most obligingly conjure your money from your pocket."

And the Prince who was later King of the Black Mountains seems to have been condemned to pay more for Katzau's handbags, vases and bibelots than for the notorious rifles which two successive Czars, Alexander III and Nicholas II, delivered to him gratis.

Prince Nikita of Montenegro wrote: "*Monsieur Katzau est terrible. Néanmoins je lui confère une médaille.*"

A little dig, but a Montenegrin order in compensation. On another page of the album we find: "Those delightful days in Baden adorned by the acquaintance of Herr Katzau and his wares. *Wilhelm, Kronprinz, und Cecilie.*"

When I cited Katzau's policy of friendliness to England with his profitable business deals and successful hunting in England's royal preserves as an example to be followed, the Chancellor was greatly amused and said it was a matter for consideration whether this man, who had successfully overcome the handicap of the "made in Germany" label, should not be sent as ambassador to the Court of St. James, especially

as he was already, in a sense, accredited there, and would almost certainly be approved.

Thus the political clouds which had gathered over the Black Forest were occasionally relieved by summer lightning. Other things also diverted attention from the anxious present to a brighter past in which the ladies more than the Chancellor himself were being forced to seek refuge. They were accustomed, sometimes alone and sometimes with the Prince, to call upon the Grand-Duchess Luise von Baden, daughter of the Emperor William I, and daily they walked past the busts of the former Imperial pair executed by Kopf in Rome. They asked me to tell them something about this artist. I was unable to find out definitely whether the block of marble used by Kopf had been, as the artist himself believed, sent to the Emperor Augustus from the marble quarries of Paros before the birth of Christ. One day we halted before the tree-stump, now protected by an iron railing, near which an attempt had been made on the old Emperor's life in 1869. I made the following note :

Who could dissociate Baden-Baden from the figures of William I and the Empress Augusta? The latter would not have minded missing Berlin, but would never have missed her Baden. She always came in the spring and autumn and the Emperor usually paid two visits, always at least one. This practice they kept up from 1851 until their death, *i.e.* for some forty years. When I spent an evening with the hospitable Dr. Schliep, who has a splendid villa with a monumental approach and set within a belt of lovely trees, I heard much of the heroic days of Germany's recent past. Dr. Schliep was for nearly twenty years personal physician to the late Empress and was at her bedside in Berlin during the last hours of her life. How all the souvenirs of her with which we were surrounded in Dr. Schliep's villa dissipated the legends concerning the Clericalism and intrigue of this daughter of Weimar upon whose head the aged Goethe had laid his hands ! Rather must she have been a woman of noble and delicate mind attracted by all that is fine, lovely and human.

We were only divided by the street from the *Hotel Messmer* opposite, the gentle sunny garden of which harbours memories of great days. Here Wilhelm I and Augusta held

Court year after year, if such an expression may be used to describe the simple existence this pair led. It was a complete contrast to the pomp of their grandson Wilhelm II. Since then pomp has to some extent invaded this quaint house, but in the time of Wilhelm and Augusta the atmosphere was one of patriarchal simplicity. The Emperor occupied a small sunny bedroom looking on to the courtyard. An old pine stood and still stands there to-day. The storm continually shook this tree, which seemed ripe for the axe, and its branches beat against the windows, but the Emperor refused to have it felled. In a small adjoining room his old body-servant Engel slept. The Emperor's study, a four-windowed room overlooking a mass of roofs and Meister Josef Kopf's workshop, which still exists to-day, looks warm and homely with its wide fireplace where in spring and autumn the logs crackled merrily. Meals were taken in a room which to-day is used by the aged Princess Trubetzkoi. The room in which the Empress slept is so small that there is hardly room to move. In the still smaller adjoining room slept her first lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Neyndorff.

The Imperial pair insisted on the owner's retaining the name *Maison Messmer* and also that he should not add to or renovate the house. Old Messmer even had to renounce the luxury of a porter at risk of driving out the Emperor and Empress. Not until after the Empress's death at an advanced age soon after that of the Emperor, was the *Maison* transformed into a large hotel with every modern convenience. The present owner, who was christened Wilhelmina Augusta, was a god-daughter of the old Empress. It is natural that the *Maison Messmer*, the spring and autumn residence of the German Emperor and his Consort, should have become a rendezvous for all the greatest of the earth. The whole of "Gotha" seems to have stayed here. I was turning over the pages of an old guest-book of the house, which the owner guards more anxiously than does the jeweller of the Kurpark Colonnades his jewels which are worth millions. In meticulous copper-plate I found the signature *Wilhelm I Emperor Rex*—and the Empress entered her name in the autumn of 1875 with the words: "In memory of our twenty-five years' connection with Baden."

Thrones which have since collapsed at once rise again before the mind's-eye. The Bourbons of the Two Sicilies sometimes came under this roof. In the year 1873 a married pair entered their names as Francesco and Maria. Few realise that these were the Franz and Maria who lost their crowns thirteen years before at the siege of Gaeta. . . . And there are other Bourbons in the book; for instance, the Counts of Trani and Bari.

The album might be a record of the old particularism. What reigning Royal house of Germany is not represented? Weimar was a frequent visitor seeking to rediscover Weimar in the person of Augusta. The Empress's drawing-room was filled with the spirit of old Weimar. Men of science, literature and art gathered here to take tea. Usually someone read aloud in French, while the ladies, especially the Empress, knitted stockings. Here in the *Maison Messmer* the first bonds were formed between the Russian Princess Luise and the Grand-duke Friedrich von Baden, who both had remained faithful to Baden-Baden, where they resided in the New, though now actually old, Castle from the autumn until shortly before Christmas.

The old Emperor collected his old generals here. Vigorous, if rather pretentious, military handwriting catches the eye. Field-Marshal Count Moltke wrote a firm, simple hand characteristic of the man himself. That of General Field-Marshal von Manteuffel was different. And the febrile hand of old Count Wrangel is there too. We heard a story about him in Baden-Baden. Wrangel once received four invitations for the same day. "*Wir werden auf allen vieren gehen*," the old general, whose grammar was as weak as his spelling, told his adjutant.

The old Russian Imperial Chancellor Gorchakov also wrote in the book in September, 1872, in a characterless feminine hand. There are many anecdotes about him here in Baden-Baden. He was an expert, not only in statesmanship, but also in risky stories. This house in which he lived for years and finally died could have repeated many spicy anecdotes of his amours. His somewhat mysterious death is shrouded in deep darkness. He died an old man of eighty-five in the *Villa des Roses*, which did not belong to him but to a lady friend, once well known as a flower-girl at a Berlin

club, and to whom the Russian statesman had given his aged heart. *Villa des Roses*—the name was an allusion to her old profession. The Medici retained pills in their coat of arms to remind them that they came of an ancient House of Apothecaries, so why should not Lina Braun introduce roses into her escutcheon? It was only by very little that the Berlin *bouquetière* missed becoming Princess Gorchakov.

In such frivolities did the old Russian Chancellor indulge in Baden-Baden, while the paladins of the empire filed in dignified restraint past His Imperial Majesty.

One name in this guest-book has a tragic story: "Arnim," Imperial German Ambassador in Paris. . . . Other names we were familiar with, from having seen them for decades in the columns of the Press: Lehdorf, Lindequist and Radziwill or the Imperial Physician, Langenbeck, Schliep, Lauer and Leuthold. . . . And into the drabness of the Prussian Court, which was not so drab after all, burst such radiant stars as Franz Liszt or Christine Nilson. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria also stayed here from time to time. As ever, she preferred to be alone on her walks to the old castle and the Ebersteinburg. She immersed herself in the poetic mysteries of the locality, which have so inspired Uhland's muse. We find the Emperor's name twice, and once the child-like writing of Marie Valerie, Archduchess of Austria. The Empress always stayed in the charming single-storied Villa Wilhelma in the middle of the Messmer gardens from which the view stretched to the ruins of the old castle.

I, too, lived under this roof when I was in Baden-Baden, and in the evening I was able to drowse through the playing, not exactly of harps and flutes, but of cards, for the house was chiefly occupied by distinguished Russians of both sexes, Baden-Baden having always been a favourite resort of distinguished Russian society. And so bridge went on far into the night. Lovely women played their hands with fierce concentration in the *salon* which adjoined my room. It seemed a pity that such intensity should not be devoted to a nobler end.

A MEMORY OF TURGENIEV

Once I found Princess Bülow deep in the reading of Turgenev's novel *Smoke*, the scene of which is set in

Baden-Baden. She complained that this great Russian novelist had fallen a long way behind Tolstoi in the esteem of his contemporaries. She urged me to follow up what traces of Turgeniev were to be found in Baden-Baden and to write them up for her.

Passing a chateau-like building in the French style, with a great park run wild, one learns that it was once the property of Ivan Turgeniev, the great Russian novelist who wrote, among other novels, *Smoke*. Conventicles such as he describes of nobles and students, drunk with words and vodka and determined to make Russia happy, are, of course, no longer held here. Yet there are still plenty of Russians, even though they do not maintain the closeness of the old ways when they chattered and dreamed of Russia's future under the "Russian Tree" in front of Russia's *Konversationshaus*.

Yet for all Turgeniev wrote, Russia still remains "That mountainous, sinister enigma, still and veiled like the Sphinx of Œdipus." The great Russian had come into too close contact with Paris and Parisian society to feel any further desire, after the German victories on the battle-fields of France, to revisit his beloved Baden-Baden at the very gates of what was now German Strassburg. He did not come again, and sold his magnificent house, which later came into the possession of the town of Bremen. As I passed I could imagine him with his leonine head radiating genius and energy living here in the Black Forest, dividing his time between his pen and his gun. Followed by his beautiful setter *Pégase* he used to stride along the *Lichtentaler Allee* where a cathedral of trees offers cool shade, or wander through the splendid woods in which beech and pine race to reach the air, and moss-grown ruins steeped in legend dominate the landscape. "Come to Baden-Baden," he wrote to his great friend Gustave Flaubert. "It has the finest trees I have ever seen and it's high up in the mountains. When you sit at the foot of one of these giants you can imagine you feel some of its sap within you. It gives vigour and health. Yes, come to Baden-Baden if only for a few days. You'll take home some lovely colours for your palette."

To what numbers of artists the *Weltgeist* has shown itself in the sacred shadows of the Baden-Baden woods. It is not only politics that have flourished here, but art also.

Lenau and Brahms came here and were not immune to the deep charm of the green-clad hills at whose foot the pretty Oos shyly babbles its age-old song. Here Brahms used to meet his old friend Klara Schumann. Here Anton Rubinstein was actually married under the roof of his friend Turgenev.

And how can one talk of Baden-Baden's hey-day without singing the praises of the Viardot-Garcias to whose friendship Turgenev remained loyal for so many years? Pauline Viardot-Garcia came of a line of Spanish singers. Her father was the tenor Manuel Garcia, her sister Malibran, the most famous singer of her time, who died at an early age, and her brother was Manuel Garcia who invented the laryngoscope. As a young girl Pauline had married Viardot, an authority on the history of art who was much older than she was, and when she retired from her triumphant career as prima-donna she found her way to Baden-Baden. Viardot was always with Turgenev; they were great friends and fellow-sportsmen. So they had built themselves villas only a few yards apart. Pauline Viardot maintained a *salon* of which Baden-Baden has not seen the equal since she left after the 1870 war. Her lively gatherings were composed of the most heterogeneous elements. All Paris was there as well as the most prominent people of Russia and many Germans, headed by the aged King of Prussia, who loved the theatrical performances which the Garcia gave in a small theatre she had had built on to the villa. Turgenev himself wrote some little operettas for which the Garcia composed the music. And occasionally he would take the stage in the rôle of a white-bearded old magician among a band of radiant girls. I felt a touch of depression as I stood one cold rainy day in front of this forsaken little theatre, listening to an account of the genius and beauty that had once passed up those steps to this miniature temple of the Muses.

In the French days this town must have been the rendezvous of all artists in life. Nor are they in any way extinct there to-day. There is still a rich and animated social life, not only in spring, summer and autumn, but even in winter. It is to be an artist in life to settle in a place so favoured by nature, a place with a mild winter climate where very efficacious hot springs flow ceaselessly throughout the year. And in addition there is this constant stream of cultured people who have seen

the world and felt the need for mutual social intercourse far from the capitals.

October was well advanced and autumn had set in early, and still it was difficult to wrench oneself away from this pearl of the Black Forest. But it had to be done in the end. The Bülow's had decided to prolong their stay until the second half of October. I left earlier after writing my impressions of the place on some sheets of paper which I handed to Princess Bülow.

CHAPTER XVII

BADEN-BADEN REFLECTIONS

THERE still lingers in Baden-Baden something of the spirit of Benazet, the man who turned Baden-Baden into a gambling resort, and yet contrived to make the place so great.

The town was once a dependency of Paris, and to-day elegant French and Russian women with flashing eyes and glittering diamonds, richly perfumed and sometimes noisy, sweep along beside the quieter English women who talk in low cultured tones. To the music of two bands, one municipal and the other military, "Venetian Nights" were given in the *Kurgarten*. Only the lagoons, the Grand Canal, the palaces and churches, and the Venetians themselves were needed to make one feel, under this almost southern sky and in those soft caressing breezes, merry laughter, music, gay fairy lights and crowds from every important country of the earth, that one had been transported to Venice.

There is a sybaritic softness in the Baden-Baden air. The whole atmosphere and vegetation is of Italian luxuriance. And then there is the severe style of the villas. One sees little of the flippancy of most modern architecture. The town of hot springs, once the meeting-place of the leading minds of Europe, and still visited by many interesting though perhaps more plutocratic guests, especially from America, is steeped in a distinguished, mellow, soothing culture.

Although this time there was a great deal of rain, everything was lovely. I often asked myself, "Is this Baden-Baden or Regen-Regen?" We were subjected to a veritable flood, and the sky was still heavy with lowering clouds.

The glorious green valley is full of densely leaved trees which the autumn has even yet scarcely tinged with yellow.

When evening falls one feels the approach of that death which all health resorts suffer in autumn. The storm rushes through the avenues and shakes the chestnuts from the trees. The number of strollers in the colonnades is continually dwindling. The few hardy devotees are wrapped in thick overcoats and slink about with a dejected air. What has become of all the high spirits of the early days I spent here? Then there was such a light-hearted crowd in front of the massive, pillared *Konversationshaus*, that one might have thought for a moment that it was still the cosmopolitan gambling temple which the enterprising Benazet built in the days of the Second Empire. What tales could be told by this "palace of all delights" as Eugène Guinot called it in the middle of the last century. These halls, still flaunting their gold and red damask, were the scene of dazzling assemblages of elegance, beauty and allurements, far more dazzling than that gathering of princes which as the *Fürstentag von Baden-Baden* sat in the old *Stephaniebad* to discuss the destinies of Germany.

To-day the stirring tones of music still flood the halls of the *Konversationshaus*, but as a rule the company is composed of sedate elders rather than youth drunk with gaiety. Here age and titles are to be found in plenty.

One moves through a crowd of German "Excellencies." Sometimes as I passed along the *Lichtentaler Allee* I felt as though I were turning over the yellowed pages of history.

The German Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bülow, who is at present staying here, represents the living present. But his wife's mother, who bears the name of Marco Minghetti, awakens memories of Italy's political renaissance.

Everywhere the past, and sometimes the past merging into the present.

In front of the fashionable *Hôtel Stephanie* in the *Lichtentaler Allee*, when the weather is momentarily warmer and the sky brighter, I occasionally meet an old man with dark spectacles and a flowing grey philosopher's beard. I used to think, "He must be from the Stoa and have wandered over from ancient Greece."

He holds himself erect with an effort, and on one side leans on the arm of a younger companion and on the other side on a stick. Can he have escaped from the Beyond and be as yet unaccustomed to the light of this world?

Or can this old man be Tolstoi, the primitive Christian, the vegetarian, the hater of war, the enemy of the great ones of this earth? How surprised I was to hear that this was no rejuvenated corpse, nor stoic philosopher, nor hermit plutocrat, but the doyen of the Russian Imperial family, the aged Grand-Duke Michael Nicholaïevitch, only surviving brother of Alexander II and great-uncle of the reigning Czar Nicholas I. This was no scorner of the machinery of war, but a general-field-marshal, and commander-in-chief of many guard regiments and grenadier brigades.

I went on a few paces and a somewhat shrunken little man with a long white poet's beard and half-closed eyes shuffled past. "Ah, an old friend!" I said to myself. "I've seen that head in some museum of antiquities, perhaps in Naples. It must be old Homer or Æschylus descended from Olympus to the lovely Oos valley."

And again I am disillusioned. It was one of the oldest diplomats in Europe, Baron Staal, now eighty-three, an inveterate optimist who, in spite of Mukden and Korea, Port Arthur and Yalu, in spite of the Russo-Japanese War and the peace conference which followed, gazes with half-blind eyes upon better days in which, in the words of the Bible, the lamb and panther grazed side by side. . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

BÜLOW'S ILLNESS (1906). HE GOES TO NAPLES (1908)

THE spring of 1906 with the prearranged acceptance of Baron Holstein's resignation, seems to have opened in very stirring fashion for the Imperial Chancellor. On April 5th, two days before the signing of the Algeciras Act, he made an explanatory statement in the Reichstag to show how at the Morocco Conference Germany had successfully intervened in favour of the open door and had maintained her self-respect in the eyes of the world. This was followed by a stormy attack on his foreign policy, during which he had a seizure which kept him away from public business for some time. Emil Ludwig describes this illness as giving the Chancellor a not unwelcome opportunity to avoid having to submit the acceptance of Holstein's resignation to the Kaiser in person. He had it put through by State Secretary von Tschirschky and so was able to pose before Holstein as innocent concerning this break with the man who up to then had been his confidential adviser. There were not a few people who alleged that Bülow's illness was a sham. This was of course calumny on the part of his enemies. On August 5th, 1910, I was discussing the point in Marienbad with the former Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (then ambassador at the Vatican), Dr. von Mühlberg. He said: "I was standing beside Bülow in the Reichstag at the time and saw how his face changed colour. A yellow froth appeared on his lips and he collapsed. Professor Renvers was summoned and ordered him a long rest, as is usual in cases of stroke. But this famous doctor, who was in charge of Bülow's health, has always maintained it was not a stroke.

"Presumably his collapse was due to strain and overwork. That day he had lunched in great haste, and had been subjected to all sorts of worries in connection with the resignation of Baron Holstein and other matters. . . . A lady well known in society spread the report that Bülow had had a stroke and that his days were numbered. . . ."

A few weeks later the Prince had completely recovered and resumed his duties.

At the end of March, 1908, the Chancellor came to Vienna for a conference with the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Heir Apparent, and Aehrenthal. I should greatly have liked to call upon him. A suggestion to this effect received the following reply from his *Adlatus* :

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY,
METTERNICHGASSE 3,
VIENNA,
29th March, 1905.

MY DEAR HERR MÜNZ,

Instructed by the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bülow, I have the honour to inform you that in view of the excessive shortness of his visit and the exceptionally heavy claims upon his time, he very deeply regrets that he will be unable to see you here on this occasion.

His Excellency hopes, however, that you will visit him sometime in Berlin or Venice.

Your obedient servant,
VON FLOTOW.

As I learned shortly afterwards this brief visit to Vienna was crammed full with important discussions.

The greatest difficulty was with the Heir to the Throne. He threw in the Chancellor's teeth his desire to re-establish the Triple Alliance, the significance of which had become very doubtful in view of Italy's attitude, in preference to the old Three Emperor Alliance, whereas Francis Joseph would have been content with the restoration of the *entente* with Russia on Balkan questions.

During this visit Bülow made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Hohenberg, whom he liked very much. At a

dinner given by Aehrenthal he met the Hungarian Minister, President Wekerle, a wily Swabian veneered with the mincing speech of a Magyar parliamentarian.

IN VENICE

Acting on the hint given to me in Bülow's name, I visited the Imperial Chancellor a little later in Italy, where he had just arrived accompanied by his wife, Ambassador von Flotow, and his doctor, Professor Renvers. The main object of his visit was to recuperate from his illness, but affairs of State also played their part. And in Venice, too, he remained in touch with the Foreign Office, whose chief was Herr von Schoen. He had meetings in Italy with Giolitti, then Minister-President, and Tittoni, once more Foreign Minister. The spectre of Morocco haunted him in his gondola on the Grand Canal, and on his walks over the bridges and on the Lido.

He was pleased to find that the Italian statesmen showed a disposition to side henceforward with Germany and Austria-Hungary in regard to Balkan questions. At the same time he was glad to obtain relief from cares of State in that friendly conversation for which the city of lagoons provided so splendid a setting.

CHAPTER XIX

EASTER IN VENICE

THE following are notes I made of a visit to the Bülow's :

Easter, 1908.

At noon the gondola drew alongside the *Hôtel Grande Bretagne* on the Grand Canal where the Chancellor, newly returned from Rome, was staying with his household. Out of it stepped the Chancellor, the Princess, and Donna Laura Minghetti. They had been calling upon Lady Layard, widow of the English diplomat, at *Ca' Capello*, a palace filled with wonderful art treasures.

I had not seen the Chancellor for a long time, and meanwhile he had been elevated to the rank of *Fürst*. His face indicated ruddy health. True, his hair had greyed a little, but the blond still predominated.

The Prince says he had once wanted to be slimmer, but is now content to keep his present weight.

At luncheon I sat between the Chancellor and Professor Blaserna.

The Princess's eyes, which Lenbach and Makart have painted, still maintain their radiance. Next to the Princess, whose hair shows scarcely a trace of silver, sat her mother, a grey-haired, dignified figure. Donna Laura told me three years ago in Baden-Baden that she is now living her third life; her first was her own, her second her husband's, and now her third is that of her daughter, Princess Bülow. . . .

The Chancellor's brother Rudolf, Ambassador in Berne, was also present. He has a noble, gentle face framed in a fair grey-flecked beard. He looks much less Teutonic than his brother or than Colonel von Bülow, formerly Military Attaché in Vienna. The other guests were: the Chancellor's

Adlatus, von Flotow (later Ambassador in Rome), a handsome fair man, and Reichsteiner, the German Consul, who had brought the ladies of his family.

Prince Bülow was in his usual good spirits during the meal, talking with all his old verve, good humour and sparkling wit.

"Excellency," I said, "I had almost forgotten to thank you for the handsome Easter gift with which you honoured me in Berlin. . . . I mean the second volume of your speeches. I hope there are many more volumes to come."

The Prince replied: "I don't think there'll be many."

Myself: "Is the Imperial Chancellor going to become more secretive?"

The Prince (smiling): "It's just as well not to prophesy."

He then went on to talk of the value, or rather the vanity of political prophecy: "When Frederick the Great died in 1786 he certainly had no idea that the French Revolution was going to break out three years later. He didn't foresee that, despite his close association with eminent French intellectuals who helped to pave the way for it. And again, Napoleon I can't have sensed how extensively his shattering policy would rouse the dormant spirit of the nations. Had Frederick the Great any forebodings of a Jena or Auerstadt, or Napoleon of Sedan?"

The conversation then turned to the Prince's recent visit to Rome and the property he had just purchased, Villa Malta.

The Prince remarked: "The place has a long history. It is even associated with Lucullus and Sallust.

"I was perhaps marked down by fate to become its owner," he went on. Then he drew out his watch and said: "I've been carrying this watch for forty-two years, and it has engraved on the case a quotation from Sallust's *Bellum Jugurthinum*: *animus humani generis rector agit atque habet cuncta neque ipse habetur*. (The mind is the director of the human race; it is lord over all things and no man is lord over himself.)"

"I take it, then, Your Excellency"—I ventured—"that now, when you go to the Villa Malta for a holiday, Sallust's influence will come over you and you'll find leisure from affairs in the shade of the noble old trees, and there write the history you have helped to make."

The Prince replied : " You mean I shall write my memoirs ? I'll think it over carefully."

And he turned with a smile to Ambassador von Flotow who was facing him : " You're the *Personalreferant* of the Foreign Office. How would it be if you made every new-comer to the diplomatic service sign an agreement that if he ever published his memoirs he'd have to pay an indemnity of half a million ? "

" In that case, Excellency," I put in, " the publishers would pay a million."

" I don't think such sums would be frequent," Bülow replied. " Even diplomats can be dull."

The Prince then told us that during his recent visit to Rome Visconti-Venosta had told him that Count Nigra (he died in 1907) had burned his memoirs. He regretted this and praised the objective style of this very interesting Italian diplomat.

The Chancellor also told us that when Count Nigra was Ambassador in Vienna he often met him on the Kahlenberg, which is not far from the Austrian capital, and there the Count had read aloud to him a chapter from his notes entitled *Villafranca*. He tried to recall it : One day Napoleon III went up to Victor Emmanuel II and coolly told him that after their joint victories of Magenta and Solferino he had had enough. He, the Emperor, could not continue to co-operate without damaging France's cause and the King would have to content himself with Lombardy and give up the idea of obtaining Venetia or the whole of Italy. When the King reported this to Cavour, the latter was in despair, and a heated dispute followed in the Royal tent between the King and his Minister-President. Cavour thumped the table furiously when the King informed him that, since the Emperor refused to go on with the war, he must, however great a tragedy it might be, make peace with Austria on the conditions the Emperor laid down. Cavour refused to continue as Minister-President on the ground that he could not accept the responsibility of concluding peace before Venetia had been evacuated. The King then summoned General Lamarmora and asked him to form a Government. When the King told him of Cavour's threatened resignation, the General declined to assume a responsibility which the much stronger Cavour had rejected.

The King lost his temper and cried furiously that he could find plenty of ministers when it was a question of putting popular undertakings through, but when it came to unpopular necessities they all left him in the lurch. . . . He then turned Lamarmora out of his tent. . . .

Immediately after this the King had told Nigra, who was at General Headquarters with Cavour, that as he could do nothing with the Right he would try the Left. And he sent for Rattazzi.

In connection with the destruction of Nigra's memoirs, Senator Blaserna told me that as President of the *Accademia dei Lincei*, he had invited Count Nigra, a member of this Society, to give a lecture to the Academy on some aspects of his very stirring life in Paris under Napoleon III. Nigra, however, had refused, giving as his reason the fact that what he had already published in the *Nuova Antologia* about events leading up to the 1870 war had aroused resentment in France. He had said that if Austria-Hungary and Italy should enter the war as allies against Germany, Russia had threatened to join Prussia. Russia had thus done Germany a great service in 1870. It can be readily understood that the publication of this statement on the policy of France's subsequent ally was not favourably received in Paris. . . .

Prince Bülow said he had often repeated that diplomats are very touchy about Press criticism of any kind. That was because they lived such placid and pleasant lives that criticism worried them as the rose-leaf worried the princess of the fairy story. On the hard pallet of domestic politics, however, a man soon got over that sort of sensitiveness and grew the thick skin which no politician could afford to be without.

I told them that a year before his death Count Nigra had told me in a letter that he had scruples about publishing his memoirs. He had quoted some words of Emile Girardin, who said that the study of history was useless, since neither individuals nor nations would learn from the experience of others ; each insisted on making his own as he went along.

Prince Bülow thought the French author had taken this idea from the German philosopher Hegel, who said that nations learned nothing from history.

In the course of the conversation I expressed my admiration of the Chancellor's memory and the ease with which he

quoted from the Classics. "Excellency," I added, "your activities as Minister must prevent you from using your splendid library as much as you once did. As Chancellor, weighed down with business, you must find it difficult to read a book. On the other hand, you must read the papers a great deal."

The Prince replied: "You're wrong. If possible, I take a book from my library every day and shut myself off for an hour from transient affairs in the eternity of the spirit. But it's true I read the newspapers a great deal. A statesman is bound to keep in touch with public opinion and take account of just criticism. I certainly regard the Press as a great power and I recommend it to be moderate in using its influence, as behoves every power that is in earnest."

The Chancellor bent over to me laughing and said: "You're the sixth Great Power."

"Excellency," I replied, "we've fallen from our high estate. Now we're only the ninth Great Power."

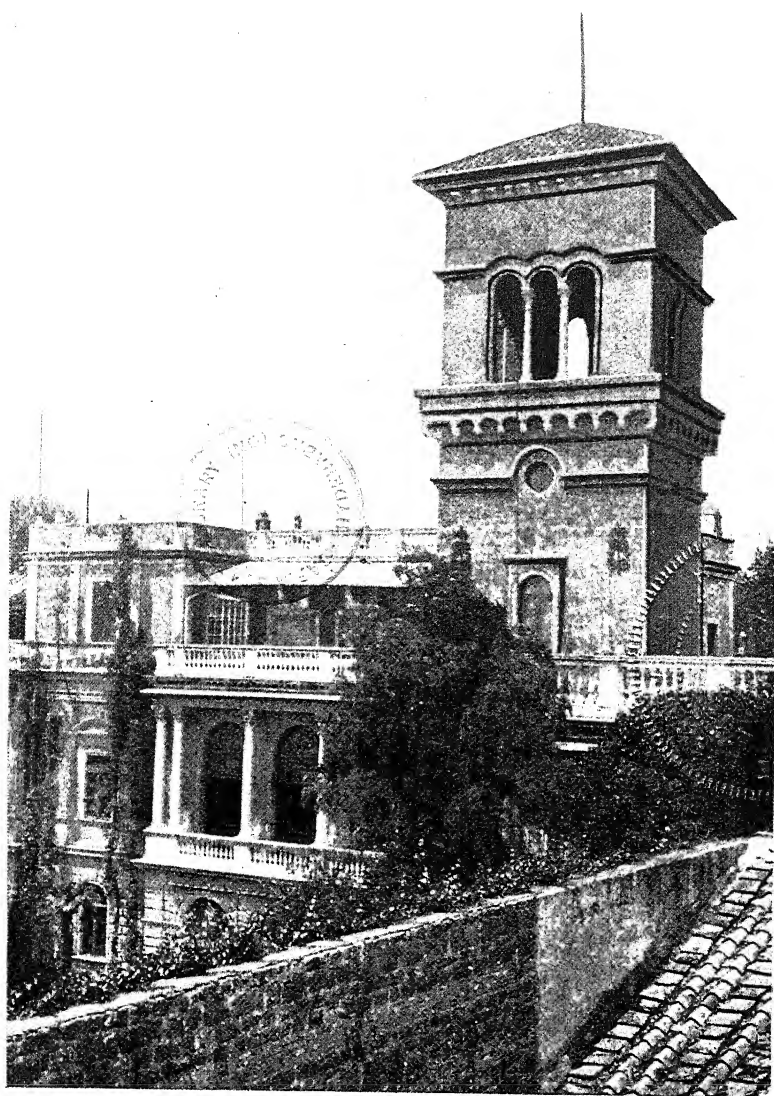
The Prince counted: "England, France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Germany, America, Japan—the Press. . . . Yes, yes," he admitted. "You're right—the ninth."

"And are we going to hold our position, Your Excellency, or would the appearance of a ninth Great Power reduce us to tenth place?"

The Prince did not reply. He refused to indulge in prophecy. But I, and probably the Chancellor, too, considered inwardly whether the Press might not become once more the eighth or seventh, or even the sixth Great Power. For powers do not only rise, they also fall. The power of the Press is perhaps more assured for the twentieth century than that of many a country that to-day ranks among the Great Powers.

From the hints thrown out by Prince Bülow I certainly gained the impression that he did not take a favourable view of the future prospects of world peace. Prudence demanded that Germany should be on her guard to preserve her security. . . .

Bülow referred to his last visit to Vienna and spoke admiringly of the developments that had come about in that city which he remembered so affectionately from his younger days. He then said: "The Emperor Francis Joseph is on the



THE VILLA MALTA, ROME

eve of a rare jubilee, when the Princes of the German Bund will do homage to the venerable monarch on the sixtieth anniversary of his reign. The Emperor's person has come to embody the ideal of unconditional loyalty. He is the rock upon whose endurance rulers and nations count."

"The Aged Emperor has become popular even in Italy," Senator Blaserna remarked. . . .

Asked if he would not venture to prophesy whether the future of the nations would evolve along lines of increasing national consciousness or in the direction of internationalism, the Chancellor observed :

"To-day all are national. A statesman must not oppose national feeling."

And he continued : "Nowadays it is everywhere Parliament and Press that are prone to outbursts of nationalism and it often falls to the statesmen to moderate them. The time has gone by when the whims of individuals could bring about war. Now wars are the outcome of public opinion and the statesmen have to apply the brake everywhere. Parliament and Press can now exercise a very baneful influence on international relations, but also a very beneficial one. . . ."

When I expressed to the Chancellor astonishment that in spite of his admiration of Schopenhauer he should give the impression of being an optimist, he said : "It is possible to combine a confident attitude towards one's own work with a theoretically pessimistic view of life. . . ."

Countess Annina Morosoni was mentioned—the beautiful Venetian the Kaiser is so fond of and visits whenever he comes to Venice. I had thought the Prince did not know her, but he remarked with a laugh : "You underestimate my education. That would have been tantamount to having stayed in Venice without seeing St. Mark's, or a *crimen lasæ Venetiæ* almost as serious as if a contemporary of Catarina Cornaros had come to Venice without seeing that famous woman."

The Prince added a few words in praise of the Countess's radiant eyes : "I think they're the kind of eyes Homer describes as γλαυκῶπις."

We then talked of ancient Venice. The Prince recalled how Rousseau had once worked there as secretary to the French Minister to the Republic of Venice. "At that time he was condemned to copy out his chief's reports. He sought

relaxation from what to such a genius must have been a tedious job by paying court to a young Venetian woman. He doesn't seem to have set about it very cleverly but bored the *donnina* to such an extent with his solemn, over-learned talk that she said at last: "You should give up women, sir, and study mathematics."

The Prince's comment was: "We oughtn't to be surprised. It frequently happens in far more exalted circles that the wife hasn't the slightest appreciation of the problems in which her husband is absorbed. Napoleon I wrote the most glowing love-letters to Josephine from the Italian battlefields between Arcole and Rivoli—letters which have only just appeared in collected form. Josephine left them lying about, and when one of her visitors read one and expressed his astonishment at their ardour, she said coolly: "*Oui, il est bien drôle, Bonaparte!*"

On a gondola trip I took with Senator Blaserna, he quoted again the little Venetian's words: "*Studiate le matematiche,*" and praised the *mot* of Vincenzo Gioberti, the philosopher and statesman who in both spheres had had to meet so many chatterers: "*Benedette le matematiche, perchè non hanno dilettanti*" (Blessed are mathematics, for they know no dilettanti).

He went on to tell me that he had recently presided at an international mathematical congress in Rome, in which eight hundred mathematicians from all over the world took part. Everything had passed off without the slightest hitch. He added: "I'd rather preside at a congress of eight hundred mathematicians than at a gathering of ten artists. With artists "*Quot capita, tot sensus*" (As many opinions as men).

Blaserna said he held several Viennese scholars in high esteem, especially his contemporaries Lang and Lieben. Blaserna was Austrian by birth, having been born in Aquileja, where his sister still lives, and he had once been assistant of the physicist Ettinghausen in Vienna.

While I was with the Chancellor I had remarked that Venice seemed now to be the refuge of famous men of all kinds seeking rest in the dream city. I asked the Chancellor whether he was aware that Gabriele d'Annunzio had stayed in his hotel, and Captain Dreyfus in the adjoining one.

The Chancellor replied: "Voltaire in *Candide* gathers all

the deposed kings at a banquet in Venice: King Theodor of Corsica, a Stuart, King Stanislaus of Poland and others. Nowadays it's not the deposed kings but the prima donnas of publicity that we see escaping from the hubbub of the capitals to glide along in gondolas."

I asked the Chancellor what had been his impressions of his recent visit to Rome. He said it had been six years since his previous visit, but he had found the city little changed. "But I saw Pope Pius X for the first time," he said. "He made an excellent impression on me. He struck me as not only a man of wide and deep sympathies, but also a shrewd man. Those who regard him as merely a good worthy priest are underrating him, though to be underrated has its advantages."

The conversation between the Pope and the Chancellor had been conducted in Italian.

Prince Bülow spoke with great respect of Victor Emmanuel's intelligence. "The King is all the time gaining a stronger hold on the country's confidence."

We talked repeatedly of Villa Malta, the Prince's newly acquired property in Rome. The Prince said: "I've read in the newspapers that the Villa needed a lot of furnishing. That is quite untrue. It would be like saying that this table we're sitting at now ought to be relaid. I found the villa perfectly furnished and fitted. Count Bobrinski, the last owner, had done this. There's nothing left for me to do."

I asked the Prince whether he had known the villa during his ambassadorship in Rome. He said he had only dined once or twice with Count Bobrinski, but the Princess had known it better.

The Prince is obviously very gratified to own a house which has associations with so many great Germans. He described the attractions of the place, particularly its rose gardens. Count Bobrinski, a Russian, had been a rose-grower of the first rank. There were also thick laurel bushes and towering palms.

Bülow told us that Goethe had visited the villa during his first visit to Italy in 1788, and a year later Herder spent the spring there with the Duchess Amalia of Weimar. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Friederike Brun, the authoress of *Roman Life*, and her daughter the Countess Bombelles, had lived in this villa which had once been the

summer residence of the Knights of Malta. A little later Wilhelm von Humboldt, Prussian Minister in Rome, had occupied it for five years and was there visited by his brother Alexander on the latter's return from his expedition to South America. Other welcome guests of his had been the sculptors Thorwaldsen and Canova, and the artist Angelica von Kauffmann who lived in the vicinity. In 1827 Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria acquired the villa and it became a resort of artists. Even after he became king he continued to use it, and even more frequently after his abdication.

In his *Italienische Reise*, Goethe says that before his first farewell to Rome in April, 1788, he had given a friend some date plants which were planted in a garden of the Via Sistina, "where they still survive, and have indeed grown to a man's height." The poet adds: "May they not become a nuisance to their owners, but flourish and grow to my memory."

That garden of the Via Sistina, as Gregorovius has shown, is the garden of the Villa Malta.

CHAPTER XX

PROPOSED BOOK ON BÜLOW

AT the beginning of June, 1908, I received a letter from the London publishing house of Fisher Unwin, asking me whether I would care to write a book about the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bülow. I wrote to the latter saying that I was only disposed to reply in the affirmative provided that he would be willing to place at my disposal certain valuable material. On June 9th, 1908, I had the following note :

On behalf of Prince von Bülow I have the honour to inform you that His Excellency would be very willing to help you with material for your book. The best arrangement would be for you to visit him during his summer stay at Norderney. This would provide opportunity to discuss points of detail with regard to the work. I am ready personally to give you the benefit of my own observation, and should be glad if, when times are less busy, you would take an opportunity for a conversation here in Berlin.

ESTERNAUX.

While sending to the London publishers a general acceptance of their invitation, I wanted to make it dependent upon certain facilities being provided by the Chancellor which would be all-important for the value of the work. So on June 23rd, 1908, I wrote the following letter :

I wish to convey to Your Excellency my thanks for your willingness to place at my disposal material for the proposed biography. A leading firm of German publishers have informed me that they would be glad to publish the German edition of the proposed book, more especially if I

can manage to give it the attraction of a certain degree of intimacy and include material which would have the flavour of a personal memoir.

After mature reflection I have come to the conclusion that I am not prepared to write an ordinary pot-boiler which would be swamped in the present flood of production. I should wish to create a maturely considered and, as far as my modest capabilities allow, an artistically constructed book. I want it to be built up on the broadest foundation of authoritative material. It is clear that if, as is to be hoped and desired, Your Excellency remains long at the helm of State, the volume of written material concerned with you will increase as the years go on. In so far as your political career and the judgment upon it may be concerned, I do not wish to grudge my successors their gleanings. But as regards the human side of your life and the story of your years of diplomacy, it would be my ambition not to leave posterity, at least consciously, too generous a harvest. In these respects I want to be as exhaustive as possible. I am not contemplating a thick ponderous tome, such as that which appeared some ten years ago on Prince Hohenlohe written by Rust. Such books never reach the general public and often not even the more cultured strata of society. Events of world importance and the boldness of decision they entail have not yet had time to work for Your Excellency's renown as they have done for Bismarck. And yet in spite of the advantages which his epic career afforded the biographer, most of the books about him moulder on the shelves of libraries, because this Achilles has not yet found his Homer. I hope you will not think me immodest enough to suggest that I should fill this position with regard to you.

Your Excellency has an unusually attractive, and to the observer, interesting life behind him, and the Princess will be a book within the book.

I regard the following material as desirable :

Some of your father's notes and letters. Some of your mother's letters. Letters from your father of the Frankfurt period touching on Bismarck. Bismarck's letters to him.

Gortchakov's letters. Your father's reports and letters from the time of the Berlin Congress.

Some of your youthful letters from Frankfurt, Neustrelitz and Halle—and from your student days in Leipzig, Berlin and Lausanne. Letters you wrote to your parents during the 1870 war. Letters also from Metz when you were at the *Regierungspräsidium*.

Letters and notes from the time when you were *attaché* in Rome and when you were secretary in Petersburg and Vienna. These will have been left you by your parents.

Reports to the Foreign Office from your period as *Chargé d'Affaires* in Athens. Letters from the time of the Berlin Congress—letters from your Paris days (1878–1884)—perhaps some notes on Gambetta. A large number of reports to the Foreign Office from the Petersburg period (1884 to 1888) during which time Your Excellency occasionally acted as *Chargé d'Affaires*. Any direct instructions to you from Prince Bismarck.

Your reports to the Foreign Office as Minister in Bucharest and as Ambassador at the Quirinal.

Extracts from your correspondence with your father-in-law, Marco Minghetti, and perhaps also with Robert von Keudell, and Prince Arenberg.

Extracts from the Princess's correspondence with her mother Donna Laura and her stepfather Minghetti.

The Princess's correspondence with Richard and Cosima Wagner, Malwida von Meysenbug, Countess Wolkenstein, Lenbach, Liszt, Joachim, Bonghi, etc.

The Princess's Petersburg experiences; correspondence with Rubinstein and certain Grand Duchesses.

If possible, correspondence with the Empress Friedrich and Carmen Sylva.

The Bayreuth days.

Interesting photographs and groups to illustrate the book.

Any musical dedications to the Princess by Liszt, Rubinstein and Joachim.

With Your Excellency's permission I should suggest approaching various persons who have been intimate with you. Those who were not professionally subordinate to you to be mentioned by name and description: for

instance, Countess Wolkenstein, von Below, Rudolf and Paul Lindau, Professor Renvers, Szögheny-Marich, Andrew White, Gerhard Hauptmann, von Podewils, Professor Harnack, Alfred von Berger, Wilbrandt, Blaserna, Schmoller, Prince Lichnovski, Goluchovski, Achrenthal, Tittoni, Visconti-Venosta, Luzzatti, Bollati, Witte, Carp, Sturza, etc.

I have pledged both the German publishers and Messrs. Fisher Unwin in London to strict secrecy concerning the proposed book.

I propose to keep the whole plan secret from everyone, especially the Press. It must be a responsible work based on a wealth of material. Until the book is at least drafted, no one should know that it is in preparation.

I want it to be written without any innuendo or *arrière-pensée*, and with complete mental independence—entirely dispassionate and objective. The last thing I want it to be is a panegyric or apologia.

It is the German edition in which I am most interested.

But at the same time I am anxious that the book—written in the first instance in German, conceived in German, felt in German—should have a strong international appeal.

The Italian appeal comes obviously through the Princess, the House of Minghetti, the Palazzo Caffarelli, the Villa Malta, Venice, etc. An Italian edition might therefore be contemplated.

The publication of a French edition might be advisable, having regard to the great interest Your Excellency and the Princess have always felt for France, Russia and Rumania (countries in which you have lived).

My experience of English people has left me with the impression that England is the country in which Your Excellency is judged with least friendliness—opinion there is more unfriendly than in France, where you are regarded with some pride as a product of French culture. Perhaps it may be possible for Your Excellency to provide me with some introductions to English society and enable me to establish contact with English intellectual circles, with which up to the present I have had little to do. This would greatly assist me in carrying through the proposals

from England. The Berlin Ambassador, Lascelles, and the Actons, who are closely connected with the Princess's family occur to me as sources from which such contacts might be effected.

I was anxious to submit these remarks to your Excellency before I have the honour, with your kind permission, to wait upon you in Norderney.

Some time afterwards I received the following letter :

BERLIN,

July 23rd, '08.

On the instructions of Herr Geheimrat Dr. Hammann I take the liberty to inform you that the Imperial Chancellor, having noted the contents of your recent letter (I had suggested arriving at Norderney in the second half of July) sends you his kindest regards and regrets that he will be unable to spare you the necessary time. He will have to be repeatedly absent from Norderney in the immediate future, so that July and August will not be possible for the suggested discussion. His Excellency would be glad therefore if you would kindly remind him of the matter again at the beginning of September.

I may perhaps assume that this will mean postponement of fixing a date for your meeting with Herr Geheimrat Dr. Hammann, who asks me to send his greetings.

Your obedient servant,

HEILBRON,

Legationsrat.

CHAPTER XXI

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

SO I was not to go to Norderney till the beginning of September. Meanwhile I was enjoying my summer, as every year during the first decade of the century, in Marienbad, where King Edward regularly spent three weeks drinking his *Krenzbrunnen*, and incidentally indulging in continental politics—in the German view “encircling Germany.” I was in constant touch with English political celebrities, and frequently saw the former Conservative minister, Henry Chaplin, one of the King’s intimates, the Portuguese Ambassador Marquis Soveral, who was the King’s constant companion, and, most frequently of all during the last three years, Colonel Sir Ivor Herbert, with whom I had been on friendly terms for a long time. As this British Member of Parliament had formerly been Military Attaché in Petersburg and I was living in the same house as the Russian Minister for War, General Rödiger—high up in what was deservedly named the *Waldidylle*—I once invited Sir Ivor to take tea with the Russian, who was much more the professor than the warrior. What we said in the summer-house about the Czar and the Russian domestic situation does not belong to this book. . . . King Edward had just had a meeting with the German Emperor at Friedrichshof and another with the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl, and both these meetings were being eagerly discussed. When General Rödiger had gone, Sir Ivor, who was of the same party as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lloyd George, told me that the latter was at Karlsbad with his friends Mr. and Mrs. Henry, and that I should do well to go over and discuss with the great man the world situation and particularly Anglo-German relations. I had long known Sir Ivor’s

upright character. Like most of my English friends in Marienbad, he was a living denial of the continental chatter about British perfidy, and he and his friends inspired in me a hundred times more confidence than any of those pan-German Thersites who besmirched the name of England with cheap abuse. From these surroundings I wrote the following letter to the Chancellor in Norderney :

MARIENBAD,

August 11th, 1908.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I am going to avail myself of your kind permission to write to you freely about anything I may think important. To-day I have something unusual in mind. Yesterday I saw Mr. David Lloyd George in Karlsbad and talked with him for an hour and a half. It was Sir Ivor Herbert, Liberal M.P., who introduced me to his colleagues the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his friend Mr. Charles S. Henry, M.P., who together with his wife is taking the cure at Karlsbad. In view of the continued feuds between German and English newspapers, I was to be given an opportunity to hear from the British statesman the view of the English Government and of English public opinion.

I started from Marienbad in the early morning. My interview with the popular English politician took place in a summer-house of the Villa Hohenburg in the English quarter, in the presence of his two friends, Mr. Henry and Mr. Harold Spender. As we sat in the open and the weather was cold and I was only wearing the thinnest of summer suits designed specially for Marienbad, where I had so frequently suffered from heat, I had some difficulty in controlling the chattering of my teeth. I was, however, to some extent warmed by my conversation with the temperamental minister, whose nature is jovial, extremely natural, and without a trace of stiffness. Of course our conversation was carried on in English, for what Briton, however eminent, can grasp that other people may not speak English, and even if they understand it, are not necessarily up in all its allusions and idioms? If I did not want to figure as an ignoramus in the eyes of these Englishmen, I had, furthermore, to feign familiarity with the accent

and idiom of Wales, in order to put Mr. David Lloyd George as much at his ease as possible. I strained my ears like a deaf man and behaved as though I had never been so much at home anywhere as in the native land of this son of a Welsh schoolmaster. Moreover I had to concentrate my faculties not only on concealing my shocking ignorance of the Welsh idiom, but also on controlling my reactions to the extreme cold, for I was too timid to ask for an overcoat.

It was no joke. What I had in mind was, having regard to the precarious relations between Germany and England, to ask Lloyd George for a statement which could be published in the *Neue Freie Presse*, one of whose helpless minions I am. So we chatted together, or rather I asked questions and Mr. Lloyd George talked. Occasionally one of the other two gentlemen threw in a word to help me out of the difficulties in which my occasionally apparent linguistic ignorance involved me. Some very trenchant remarks fell from the lips of the lean, spare, vivacious Minister, whose eyes twinkled shrewdly. He talked at length of the possibility of an *entente* between Germany and England, and I hung on every word.

I was greatly relieved when Mrs. Henry invited us into her drawing-room. I had arranged with Lloyd George that I would immediately set down on paper what he had said and submit it to him before publication. So I sat down at once and wrote it out with my own hand. When Mr. Lloyd George had left us for a moment, I was delighted to see hot coffee set before me, and was about to employ my writing-hand in the more urgent purpose of mixing the hot nectar from the two pots, when suddenly Lloyd George swooped tempestuously upon the coffee intended for me and poured it greedily down his throat. Only a Finance Minister, a tax-gatherer, could have done such a thing. I felt like some poor frozen bird suddenly snatched up by a vulture from the clouds. Our hostess noticed what had happened and with a smile solicitously and swiftly remedied the injury unconsciously committed by her guest. Lloyd George was very pleased with what I had written and, as you see, Prince, I am hastening to submit to you this painfully delivered report, which has

received the Chancellor of the Exchequer's approval in so far as it concerns Anglo-German relations. You would no doubt hear of it through the *Neue Freie Presse*, but I am particularly anxious to show you this statement immediately as I feel that it is important for Germany not to neglect such an important opportunity.

The gist of Lloyd George's remarks was his warm plea for the conclusion of an *entente* between Germany and England and his firm conviction that this is the only way to check the mutual fear lowering over Europe and especially over England and Germany. He said that the belief was spread over wide circles, especially English working-class circles, that Germany is making such great sacrifices for her fleet because she is preparing an invasion of England. He added further that he had no wish to blame Germany alone, or England either. But an end must be put to this mutual fear in the interests of world peace. Why should an *entente* between Germany and England be impossible when England has made *ententes* with France, Russia and America? There is no point of contention between England and Germany such as that with France over Fashoda, Siam and Newfoundland. There is not even any opposition in South Africa, for there a great wilderness lies between the British and German territory. The *entente* must limit the building of ships in the future. The two countries must stop trying to outdo each other in naval construction.

To my question whether England was obliged to have as many ships as the next two naval powers combined, the Minister replied that England must keep to that for defensive purposes. Her army with its 300,000 men is very small compared with the German. How easy it would be for Germany to invade and overpower her if she had not at least a large fleet! She would not launch it against Berlin or even Hamburg. Though it must be strong enough at all times to defend her, it should not be allowed to grow beyond a certain limit. She spends sixty million pounds a year on armaments. Recently he was only able to raise the ninth part of this huge sum for old-age pensions. Germany also spends a like amount annually on her war services. The so-called Christian nations together spend

a total of four hundred million pounds in this way. How splendid it would be if a large part of this could be diverted to social welfare. That would be more worthy of Christian nations. Friendly relations between the civilised states would enable him to spend larger sums on social reform.

When I mentioned that England is accused of having sworn the isolation and encirclement of Germany and that suspicions were rife that at the meeting of monarchs at Reval an attempt had been made to effect an understanding between Russia and England with regard to the Persian frontier questions, the Minister said I could not write too strongly in denial of these suspicions. The King had to go to Reval to pay his first visit to the Czar. This talk of working to encircle Germany was nonsense.

Lloyd George urged that it was King Edward's greatest ambition to be a peace-maker, and that he could only fulfil his mission, which had the approval of the whole of English public opinion, if the ground were cut from under the feet of those who were setting England and Germany at each other's throats. This baiting must be stopped!

I also discussed other questions with this English minister. Though an unswerving free-trader, he felt it incumbent upon him to defend the tariff reformers against the charge that their programme was directed specifically against Germany. Once more he assured me that there could be no world peace without friendly relations with Germany and that the situation must be clarified. He said that our mutual relations were the very foundations of world peace, without which there could be no progress.

Lloyd George is leaving here for Germany, and will in the immediate future be at the *Hôtel Stephanie* in Baden-Baden, where I had the opportunity of such frequent and pleasant talks with Your Excellency three years ago. Those were days of difficulty between France and Germany owing to the Morocco crisis, which was the result of strained relations between Germany and England.

Dark memories of those troubled times suggest to me that I might ask you to consider whether it would not be a good thing to give Lloyd George an opportunity of telling you (*in camera caritatis*), with greater precision and

in more detail, what he has communicated to me for the *Neue Freie Presse*.

He has not in any way commissioned me to suggest this, but I thought, when the conversation turned to Your Excellency and I spoke enthusiastically of your personality, that I detected a desire on his part to meet you. I have no doubt that he would feel diffident about calling upon you at Norderney during your summer visit; but with encouragement, I am convinced that he would come even if he had to renounce the satisfaction of having the meeting publicly announced. It would certainly make a much greater impression if the world could learn that the British Chancellor of the Exchequer had dined with the German Chancellor on the shores of that North Sea which is better designed to be a link between Germany and England than a division. It occurred to me that if it was worth while four years ago for Your Excellency to spend days discussing Russian affairs with Witte, it cannot be less important for Germany's future and the future of all Europe, that Your Excellency should have a conversation with such an influential English statesman, who holds concealed in the folds of his lawyer's robe all kinds of possibilities for and against Germany. For the very reason perhaps that he was once an inspired demagogue and has now matured into a statesman, and one of the most influential of the time, it may be wise for Your Excellency to approach him olive branch in hand. He might like to be greeted by you as the colleague of such a genuine, honourable and sincere friend of Germany as the War Minister, Mr. Haldane, whom you received in Berlin two years ago and welcomed as your colleague, the son of the *Alma Mater Gottingensis* and translator of Schopenhauer.

I do not venture to suggest to Your Excellency that you should submit these remarks of mine to His Majesty, for I know that when he listens to men of the pen it is rather to such charlatans as Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who has contrived to transform that most glorious of my fellow-Jews, Jesus Christ, from a Jew into a Greek, from a Semite into an Aryan. Such theories are welcomed in Potsdam and Bayreuth, the two corner pillars of present-day Germanism with which Your Excellency is closely familiar.

Nor when such political bubbles develop in my poor journalist's brain, flooded as it is with the futilities of everyday news, do I turn to our great minister Baron Aehrenthal, whom my friend Heinrich Friedjung has puffed up almost to an Austrian Bismarck. Some part of the energies of this bureaucrat, well-informed but devoid of all genius and brilliance, exhaust themselves in a snobbery which forces him to lay much more emphasis on his maternal descent from the Count Thun and some connection on his wife's side with the Counts Szecheny than on his descent from the patriarchs of Canaan—very different from his scarcely inferior colleague Lord Beaconsfield, of whom Your Excellency has such pleasant personal memories from the days of the Berlin Congress.

When, as I have mentioned, Lloyd George told me of his intention to go to Germany, I asked him whether, on the strength of my many years of friendly relationship with the Imperial Chancellor, I might inform Your Excellency of the fact, and also of the political statements he had made to me, at the same time as I was sending them to the paper. I told him that I should, of course, be able to say much more in confidence to the Prince than I could give to the newspaper for publication. I mentioned that I might indicate to you that the English minister would not be averse to a meeting with you.

In informing Your Excellency of what transpired in the summer-house of the Villa Hohenburg between myself and the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is my desire to be perhaps a humble agent in his interest—and perhaps also your own—of a high mission which might be undertaken by Your Excellency: that of paving the way towards a new era of world peace. I am sure that the British statesman is very much in earnest, for he sets much greater store by the expenditure of money for old-age pensions and sick and unemployment insurance than by the wasting of millions on naval construction. He spoke with the highest admiration of Germany's exemplary social institutions and is firmly resolved to study these measures at first hand during his visit and to introduce them into England if a truce in naval competition should enable the Treasury to provide the money.



M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE
Appointed French Ambassador in Rome in 1898.

Your Excellency appears to me to be marked down by destiny to build a bridge between England and Germany. Did not one of your family, Count Baudissin, find time during his long life to translate at least a dozen of Shakespeare's plays into German, and is not the Princess, your wife, the daughter of an Acton?

Your Excellency will forgive an outsider for venturing to knock upon the door of the diplomatic Holy of Holies. I am not presuming to plead for the kingdom of God upon earth, but for the kingdom of reason. If the one Chamberlain desired an arrangement, if not an alliance with Germany, while the other Chamberlain made an Aryan out of a Jew, I am prepared to back the common sense of Joseph Chamberlain against the vapourings of Houston Chamberlain in Bayreuth. A coalition of the three great Protestant Powers, the two Anglo-Saxon and the German, would appear to me to be an alliance against world superstition. The German mistrust seems to me political superstition. A triple alliance of the Protestant Powers would be an alliance in support of security and enlightenment throughout the globe.

I hope Your Excellency will not say of me, as Aristophanes said of Socrates—forgive my lack of modesty—*ἀεροβατεῖ* (Münz is wandering in the clouds). Forgive me if I suffer from the malady which affects all Continental Liberals, a weakness for England. I grant that it may be partly due to some atavistic subconscious awareness, some memory that in the days of Cromwell England offered the Jews an asylum and Cromwell himself embraced their spokesman, Menasse ben Israel.

In this I am of the same mind as Albert Ballin, the great builder of the German mercantile marine, whom you once addressed in my presence as Albertus Magnus.

This Welsh David knows his Bible well enough to view at times with a fear equal to my own the vision of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, who seem to him as little as they do to me disguised by the art of Dürer or even Cornelius. A Chancellor of the Exchequer has more cause to fear the spectre of war than an ordinary mortal.

It may well befit the Chancellor of a people in the veins of whose philosopher Immanuel Kant Scottish blood

flowed, and whose Emperor is himself half an Englishman, to embrace England in the person of her Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I am ready to deliver any message from Your Excellency to the Psalmist's namesake at Baden-Baden. I trust Your Excellency will grant the honour of acting as a *postillon d'amour* between the house of Mecklenburg and the house of Wales, between Prince Bülow and David Lloyd George, to

Your humble servant,
S. Münz.

As I fully expected, my letter to Bülow received no immediate reply. When he was Imperial Chancellor, Bülow rarely wrote letters to private persons, and such I was. When I visited him shortly afterwards at Norderney, he referred to my letter and told me the reasons for his hesitation, of which I had learned meanwhile. In the interval Lloyd George had seen Oeser, the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who had introduced him to his colleague August Stein, correspondent of that paper in Berlin. Then Stein, who was in close touch with Bülow and in even closer touch with the Foreign Office, called personally at the *Wilhelmstrasse* and arranged for the forwarding to the Imperial Chancellor in Norderney of a message from Lloyd George. The Chancellor declined the suggested meeting on the grounds that if news of such a meeting became known it might be wrongly interpreted in both England and Germany as implying, in England that Germany had given way over the question of fleet limitation, and in Germany as cowardice on the part of the Chancellor. When I heard this later from Bülow's own lips in Norderney, I said I certainly thought that the meeting could have been kept secret, and Bülow answered that that would hardly have been possible. I could not understand why the Chancellor, if he thought it impossible to meet the English statesman in the little island town without attracting attention, had not thought it worth while to arrange a completely secret meeting in some such place as Hamburg, Bremen, or even Berlin. If Paris was worth a Mass to Henry IV, surely Lloyd George would have been worth a small journey to Prince Bülow. The real reason was the Chancellor's inability to get away from the

track marked out by Tirpitz and the Emperor. This was the same Bülow who a few years earlier had refused to allow the French politician Jaurès to make a public speech in Germany—Jaurès, that independent and most noble leader of the people, who shunned all chauvinism like death and worked at home for a brotherly understanding with Germany and abroad for a brotherly understanding with France. These are two of the many wasted opportunities to be set to the score of this man who, great though he was, could not break the Imperial red tape.

On August 12th, 1908, I published Lloyd George's remarks and they attracted a great deal of attention. Their authenticity was, however, questioned in certain quarters. Only a few days later I received a letter from the English minister :

HÔTEL STEPHANIE,
BADEN-BADEN.
August 16th, 1908.

DEAR DR. MÜNZ,

I thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of the interview in the *Neue Freie Presse*. It is admirably done and I hope it may help a little towards removing the misunderstandings which are fermenting into mischief between two great nations.

Yours sincerely,
D. LLOYD GEORGE.

On August 19th, Counsellor of Legation Heilbron wrote to me from Göhren on Rügen :

I am informed from Berlin that the Imperial Chancellor is remaining at Norderney until September 15th. You are requested to write to His Excellency with regard to your proposed visit to him in September, and perhaps you will mention your correspondence with Herr Geheimrat Hammann or myself.

HEILBRON.

I travelled from Marienbad to Berlin at the end of August and put up in *Unter den Linden* at the *Hôtel de Rome* which

belongs to the family of my friend Karl Mühling. I stayed only two days before setting out for Norderney. I visited the Foreign Office, where in the absence of Harmann I had a conversation with Counsellor of Legation Esternaux, who encouraged me to go on to Norderney.

Arriving there, I took up my quarters in the Villa Oterendorp, where Rottenburg had stayed four years previously, and there I received a telegram from Norderney which had followed me from Marienbad via Berlin, and ran as follows :

I am unfortunately so occupied with business at the moment that I must ask you to cancel your visit for the present. I hope it may be managed in the course of the winter.

PRINCE BÜLOW.

Not a very pleasant surprise! I wrote the following letter to the Chancellor, who was, I imagined, unaware of my presence at Norderney :

VILLA OTERENDORP,
NORDERNEY.

1 September, 1908.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

On my arrival here yesterday evening, after leaving Marienbad on Saturday morning and Berlin yesterday morning, I received the telegram Your Excellency sent to me at Marienbad. I am sorry to arrive here at a moment when Your Excellency is so occupied. Of course I should have acted according to your telegram had it reached me in time.

A letter from Counsellor of Legation Heilbron and a personal conversation with Counsellor of Legation Esternaux strengthened my decision to embark upon the visit to Norderney proposed for September, and now I am here—*Ich armer Tor*. . . .

I had reached this point in the letter when Herr Felix von Müller was announced. He had come to welcome me in the name of the Chancellor. Surprised that my arrival, of which I was in the act of informing the Prince, should be

already known, I showed the minister the letter I had written to explain and excuse my presence. Herr von Müller, whom I had met ten years before on the Semmering, where I had lunched in his company at the house of Herr von Bülow, then Foreign Minister, said we must "make the best of it," and do what we could to make my visit as fruitful as possible. He began by asking me to lunch at the Chancellor's to meet the Rumanian Minister President Sturdza.

CHAPTER XXII

MORE SYMPOSIA AT NORDERNEY

NORDERNEY, *September*, 1908.

I HAVE not been here for four years. A few minor changes have taken place in the meantime. I miss the friendly and distinguished Herr von Below, the Chancellor's old assistant, who has now finally retired from the Imperial service. And meals are no longer taken in the *Restaurant Richter* but in the Chancellor's house.

Sturdza had come to call on the Chancellor and had been invited to dinner. The other guests were Herr von Müller, German Minister at the Hague, an old friend of the Bülow's, and Captain von Schwartzkoppen, the Prince's adjutant.

The Prince is this time living, not in the *Villa Fresena*, but in the *Villa Edda*, the other of the two Wedel villas on the front. . . . It is very stormy outside to-day. Eolus seems to have opened all his pipes. The bare, simple grey house is like an ark beset by the roaring surf.

The rather small reception-room in which the guests gather before dinner reflects in every corner the tastes of our hostess. At the far end there is a Bechstein grand piano. On a table covered with a purple cloth lie scores of the works of Beethoven, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Chopin, Grieg, Tchaikovsky. The Russian pianist Sapellnikov is spending the summer here as the guest of the Bülow's and practises a good deal with the Princess, especially arrangements for two pianos. Here she can indulge her tastes much more freely than in Berlin, where social duties claim so much of her time, and she divides her leisure hours between music and literature. The table is covered with books, old and new. We cast a hasty glance at the Norderney summer reading. Apart from Goethe and Schopenhauer, who are never absent, there is a

strong Austrian bias. The Princess's happy days long ago in Vienna renew their memories through the Tyrolean poet Hermann Gilm and the popular Viennese poetry of Nestroy and Raimund. Then there are the old Prussian recollections of Herr von Marwitz, a book by Oswald Baer on the charming Princess Elisa Radziwill, Jakob Wassermann's novel *Kaspar Hauser*. And among the books and music stand vases holding the lovely flowers of Norderney, dahlias and irises, roses, tulips and pinks.

The walls are covered with a large number of old and sometimes rather yellowed engravings. They may be heirlooms belonging to the owner of the villa, Count Wedel.

All the guests are assembled when the Princess appears. The North Sea obviously suits her. She looks radiant. With charming vivacity she first greets the aged Sturdza. The Rumanian Minister-President is an old friend of the house from the days of Bülow's ambassadorship in Bucharest. Herr Sturdza's massive head gives an impression of studiousness and will-power, and is set on a body which scarcely reaches middle height. His beard and hair are snow-white. His left eye looks somewhat wearily as though through a veil. Minister von Müller—diplomat by profession but musician by inclination and a particularly ardent admirer of Brahms as well as a great reader—is a man in what is known as the prime of manhood, widely travelled, and with plenty to say. Captain von Schwartzkoppen, a fresh young man with a very attractive manner, supports the Chancellor in his social duties and in Berlin is his constant companion on the regular rides through the Tiergarten, as here among the dunes.

The Prince was the last to enter.

He, too, looks in perfect health. True, the cares of statesmanship have left some deep lines during these last few years. He once seemed inclined towards obesity, but now he looks lean, though perhaps a thought fuller in figure than when I saw him last spring in Venice. A little later he gives me the explanation of this. He tells me with a smile that in order to keep his weight under control he weighs himself every day. When his Italian valet weighed him that morning as usual, he had found an increase of thirty grammes. The Prince had reproached him with offering him second helpings at table and so leading him into temptation. The valet had defended

himself with ready wit, saying that actually it made no difference whether he served the Prince once or twice, for if only once the Prince was far-sighted enough to take twice as much on his plate. The Prince had to admit that the Italian was right, for the day before he had actually, foreseeing that the dish would not be offered to him again, helped himself to two partridges at once.

We now went in to dinner. Herr Sturdza took in the Princess and I sat on her left. We discussed all manner of subjects, but there was little reference to politics. The Prince was unable to refrain from complimenting his old Rumanian friend on being the most industrious man in the world, an authoritative financier and a student of history.

The Prince asked Sturdza how much the tobacco monopoly in Rumania brought in, and was told "thirty millions."

The Chancellor thereupon remarked: "It's a great pity that Prince Bismarck was not in a position to establish a tobacco monopoly. He very much wanted one. It's certain that the State would have drawn from it an income of from four to five hundred millions. What a lot could have been done with that money for the good of Germany. And I don't think it's too high an estimate. In France the tobacco monopoly brings in quite three hundred millions. But France hasn't our population, and the Frenchman doesn't smoke as much as the German and, be it said to his credit, he is thriftier."

Sturdza told us that he had once had a long talk with Prince Bismarck about the tobacco monopoly. He regards himself as very fortunate in having met Bismarck so frequently. "The further we get from Bismarck in time, the greater we are bound to think him. It can only benefit his memory to recede from the purview of contemporaries into the realm of history. His greatness will continue to increase."

Then, unnoticed by Prince Bülow, Sturdza added: "And we can't deny our host, Bismarck's third successor, the credit for being a clever statesman and guiding his country's destiny according to the spirit of his great predecessor. We're old friends, and it gives me satisfaction to think that I realised twenty years ago in Bucharest what he had in him."

Later Prince Bülow remarked that if Bismarck had not failed over the tobacco monopoly, there would have been no

need now for racking of brains to find means of raising fresh taxes in Germany. "But," he added, "even Bismarck could not fight against imbecility. . . . Indeed, I think it's far less often the badness than the foolishness of men that kills good projects."

The conversation then turned to less important things. The Prince praised the staying powers of Hans, one of the three horses he rides. He asked the captain who was sitting beside him how many times in the course of the years the brown Wallachian had been round the island of Norderney. Herr von Schwartzkoppen put it at about three hundred. The Prince arranges his ride to coincide with the ebb, so that he may have a wider stretch of beach.

The Prince considered the possibility of Hans getting too old for work. "It's dreadful," the Princess remarked, "to think of Hans being sold and put in harness. I think he deserves a peaceful retirement, or we might even have him painlessly destroyed."

"That's a question," the Prince said, "that ought to be referred to Hans himself. Perhaps his love of life may make him prefer social degradation to death."

The Princess told us that in Berlin the Prince went out little except on horseback. They took their walks mostly in the Chancellor's gardens, which were beautifully stocked with old trees. She was herself an ardent gardener and had had a flower garden planted in the park. "My husband," she added with a smile, "now only makes three journeys in Berlin: to the *Schloss*, to the Reichstag, and to the Potsdamer Station."

I asked the Princess whether she intended in future to pay a regular annual visit to the Villa Malta, and she replied: "As long as my husband is Chancellor we can't consider that seriously. A visit to Rome would be no holiday. In these days we should be more overburdened with social obligations there than we were when we lived in the Palazzo Caffarelli. The Ambassador at the Quirinal could only mix with what was known as the 'White' society. The Imperial Chancellor must cultivate both 'White' and 'Black,' and this means endless invitations."

We talked of the Bülow's last spring in Rome. The Prince spoke of the Pope's engaging, dignified and shrewd personality. Sturdza, who also knew him, agreed.

The Princess had accompanied the Chancellor to the Vatican and gave her impressions. They had been led between two solemn and silent *monsignori* along endless corridors which echoed their footsteps. There had been a short wait in the beautiful papal ante-chamber, and finally the Pope appeared before them in a white soutane, and the *monsignori* withdrew, again in solemn silence. . . . Very kindly the Holy Father had told them how he envied the Prince and his wife their ability to pay an Easter visit to Venice. He had been Cardinal Patriarch there until he was elected Pope. . . . Wishing them a happy visit, he added with a smile: "And be careful you don't get run over by a motor-car." He had also given them a delightful description of the long walks he used to take on the Lido early on summer mornings.

"And all that," the Princess said, "was said in a voice as full and resonant as the pealing of an organ."

Sturdza recalled the Benedictine Abbey of Montecassino with its magnificent beech trees, upon which he had feasted his eyes for days. This turned the conversation to monasteries in general. The Chancellor praised the Benedictines as apostles of culture through the ages and noble and kindly priests down to our own day. He added that he could understand weary souls retiring to monasteries, whereupon the Princess remarked that she thought it would be more humane to allow certain criminals to end their lives in a monastery rather than be dragged before a court and locked up in prison.

From Montecassino the conversation passed to other parts of Italy. The Princess praised the beauty of some of the places on the coast, contrasting them with the completely different aspect of the shore and dunes at Norderney, which now appealed so strongly to her newly acquired German second nature. She was glad to see the gardeners were reclaiming more and more of the sand flats for the cultivation of flowers. . . .

The table was decorated with the Chancellor's favourite flower: heliotrope.

Coffee was served in the drawing-room. Then the Chancellor said: "I'll have to deprive my guests of Herr Sturdza." As soon as the Rumanian had swallowed his coffee, the Chancellor took him by the arm and led him into an adjoining

study, where the two statesmen remained *tête à tête* for nearly two hours. The remaining guests talked to the Princess, who said how delighted she was to have about another month before her on this storm-girt island.

As I had been unable, at this dinner on September 1st, to talk to the Prince as much as I should have liked, Herr von Müller suggested to him that he might see me again the following day; and on the morning of September 2nd, he wrote: "The Imperial Chancellor, to whom I conveyed your wish for further talk with him, would be glad if you would come to lunch at the Villa Wedel at one o'clock to-day."

NORDERNEY,
2nd September.

I accepted this new invitation. As I entered the house, I heard someone playing the piano. It was the Princess playing a Beethoven sonata. I was loath to disturb her and so did not enter the drawing-room until she had finished.

The flowers had disappeared from the tables. The Princess told me that the terrible storm which had raged during the night had upset all the vases and destroyed the flowers.

The company was almost the same as the day before, except that the Rumanian Prime Minister had left Norderney. But this time I met Sapellnikov, who speaks German almost like a native. He is a pupil of Liszt, Sophie Menter and Anton Rubenstein. He is addressed by the household as "*Meister*." The Prince introduced him to me as one of the best musicians of our time. He had recently made him a present of Kürschner's *Lexikon* and had written in it: "To the Master of the piano from the unmusical Imperial Chancellor."

The Prince assured us that he was in fact completely unmusical, and added with a laugh that his favourite instrument was the barrel-organ. At the same time he liked Prussian military marches.

To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. The Chancellor spoke of his predecessor, Prince Bismarck, saying: "Though no layman in any artistic sphere, and no æsthete, he was a great poet of reality. Not only did he know his Shakespeare as few others ever did, but he was a kindred nature, translating his visions not into verse but into action."

And the Chancellor went on: "We are all witnesses to the immortalisation of this man whom we saw but yesterday among the living. I met Bismarck as a boy at my parents' house at Frankfort. My father was his colleague in the German Bundestag. Even then a few might have sensed his genius, though certainly the Grand-Duchess of Hessen-Darmstadt did not. She used to say of him: 'I can't stand Herr von Bismarck; he looks as though he thought himself cleverer than the Grand-Duke.' Then we saw him as Minister, increasing in greatness—terrific battles, incomparable successes. Then his retirement, after which admiration and love for him continued to grow.

"Bismarck seemed to enter Walhalla before he died," the Chancellor continued. "Now he is established there for ever; and I don't mean merely the Regensburg Walhalla. In him we see fulfilled before our eyes what the Greeks meant when they spoke of Zeus raising a Heracles to Olympus."

The Prince asked me whether I knew the Bismarck memorial at Hamburg. When I said I did not, he remarked: "It's a pity you haven't been to Hamburg since they erected this monument; it's the work of Lederer, the Austrian. I'm personally very attached to this monument. It represents that apotheosis of Bismarck of which we are all witnesses. It towers titan-like into the skies. It can be seen in the distance from the harbour and the river. It beckons from afar to all who approach Hamburg by sea. It is as though Bismarck had taken Germany under his wing. The artist has immortalised him as the nation's protective spirit. Perhaps the idea before his mind was the same as that once realised in the Parthenon. There, sailors heading from the cliffs of Sunium towards Athens saw from afar the Acropolis dominating Attica, the pillars of Pallas Athene Promachos, protective spirit of the town of Athens."

We talked of the Reichstag. The Prince said: "Members of the Reichstag do not as a rule live to a great age. Parliamentary life is a strain. It is obviously harder work to be a member than to be a minister or ambassador. Committee work alone claims a man's full powers. Lieber, Reventlow, Sapplier, Klinkowstrom, Eugen Richter, Schönlanck—all died comparatively young, not to mention that dear friend Prince

Arenberg who sat for the *Referendar* examination with me and was my contemporary in the regiment at Bonn, and after at Metz. I felt his death very keenly."

The Princess remarked: "And the bad air and heat in the Chamber may well have played their part in wrecking the health of these gentlemen."

The Prince: "Not that so much, perhaps, as the irregular life parliamentary work involves. . . . It is a difficult task to reconcile parliamentary activity with the requirements of health. Irregular hours and the hasty swallowing of meals in order not to miss anything in the Chamber can do a man no good. A member has to keep himself strung up and ready to intervene at any moment in the debates. Then there is the often selfless spending of energy and passion on trifles as well as matters of importance—all that wears a man down. Like years of war, years spent in the Reichstag might often be reckoned as of double weight. Not long after I exchanged the comparatively quiet life of Ambassador in Rome for a ministerial post in Berlin I happened to come out of the Committee Room with Eugen Richter. He warned me at the time very kindly—he was already somewhat weary and jaded from his long life of struggle—that I must not wear myself out in Committee work. And this unusually gifted man, whose titanic labours were to bring him to an early grave, was speaking from long experience."

"So you think diplomats have a better time of it. Then they're likely to live much longer than parliamentary representatives?" I said.

The Prince: "If they don't eat themselves into a premature grave by accepting too much hospitality."

I mentioned an Italian diplomat who was nearly ninety, still erect as a poker, smart and well groomed, with a flower in his button-hole and who hardly ever went to bed without visiting some social gathering or the opera. "I saw him," I said, "only two years ago in Cadenabbia on Lake Como, paying court to beautiful women under the stars, and I chatted with him until late into the night."

"You mean Count Greppi?"¹ the Princess put in.

The Prince said: "You know he's a Lombard by birth

¹ Count Greppi died in 1921 at the age of 102.

and worked under the elder Metternich at the Foreign Ministry. That's between sixty and seventy years ago. . . ."

The conversation now turned to diplomacy in general. The Chancellor went on: "There are diplomats who think they're doing me a great service by sending me more or less well-written critical studies of men and things that come within their sphere of work. Such chatter is of little service. I'd rather read the serials in the newspapers. Diplomats have duties of a quite different nature. They should handle definite cases arising between the country they represent and the one to which they are accredited; they should improve relations between the two states, keep in touch with authoritative circles and take a broad view of what these circles are. Their duties are no longer limited, as used to be the case, to the Court and drawing-rooms; they must mix also in commercial, industrial and financial circles, among parliamentary representatives, and last but not least, journalists. Yes, they should make every effort to give the country they serve a 'good press' in the country in which they work. They must try to establish a current of trust and sympathy between Court and Court, Government and Government, Parliament and Parliament, Press and Press . . . but this success cannot be attained by dinners, however elaborate, or gossip, however well written."

The friendliest references were made to Sturdza, who had left Norderney the previous evening. The aged man had made the journey to Norderney without a secretary or even a servant. This Spartan is brother-in-law of Peter Carp; but the two statesmen were always opponents—Carp the leader of the Junimists (an offshoot of the Conservatives), Sturdza leader of the Liberals. The Princess referred to them as the Capulets and Montagues, and said: "But in this case the end was much happier than in Shakespeare. The story did not end in tragedy as with Romeo and Juliet. On the contrary they married—Sturdza's son and Carp's daughter—and the fathers have long been reconciled."

Over the coffee the Princess invited me to try a "Bülow cigar." I had to refuse with an apology, as I am not a smoker, and I told them how badly I had once fared with a cigar bearing an equally honoured name. It was after the death of her stepfather, Marco Minghetti, when I had been in Rome

writing a series of articles about him for the *Kölnische Zeitung*. To produce the right mood, I had tried lighting a "Minghetti" in spite of not being a smoker, but I suffered almost the same fate as Nelson, who was sea-sick before Trafalgar. True, I was not in charge of any frigates, but at the same time I was faced with a task for a great paper. I had to do the best I could. I earned no memorial column in a square, but managed to produce a series of three articles. They were read in winter seclusion far away before a blazing stove, with the December wind outside blowing, snowflakes dancing in the air, by two people in Bucharest who were then unknown to me—Bülow the German Ambassador and his wife.

The Princess talked of Vienna, which she had not visited since the autumn of 1900, when her husband was appointed Imperial Chancellor. "To tell the truth," she said, "a visit to Vienna I should find rather depressing now, for whole households in which I was once at home are now no more—houses like Wertheimstein, once such a lively place."

The Princess shares the view expressed in Eduard Hanslick's book, *Vom musikalisch Schönen*, that there can be no universal law for beauty, but that beauty appears differently to differently organised creatures, and that noble natures desire a nobler form of beauty than people of commoner clay.

The point was then discussed that outstanding personalities find difficulty in recognising the worth of others of similar type. For instance, did that eminent musical critic Hanslick grasp the true significance of Richard Wagner's *Walküre*, for which he predicted an early end? And to-day in Holland they spend a million on a theatre worthy of *Parsifal*.

Sapellnikov interposed: "Ibsen meant nothing to Tolstoi."

There is something forceful and expressive about this Russian pianist . . . he talked enthusiastically of Berlin life, which he thought showed more vitality, movement and force than that of Paris. He praised contemporary German art, saying that though it was still undergoing a process of gestation, it was yet full of significance, earnestness and idealism.

The Chancellor interrupted our conversation by inviting me to join him for a short time in his study. . . .

Something of the dour mood of the North Sea can be felt

in this room. On the walls hang a few coloured engravings, old Prussian pictures of horsemen—and a portrait of Emperor Francis Joseph as a young man. . . . A room adapted for reflection, in which could be heard the roaring of the sea. . . .

Here, with the stress of the day and politics behind him, the Chancellor could listen to the surge of the ocean and follow the flight of the clouds. But this statesman, the servant of reality, cannot allow himself to wander through space freely on the wings of fantasy. He has to be reminded every day and every hour that there are real things to be dealt with. The Prince is not suffocated under piles of documents. There are no dusty files to be detected in this inspiring room. The table is clear—there are no papers awaiting his attention.

A few books have accompanied the Chancellor into his present solitude. There lies Anton Menger's *Neue Staatslehre*. This must strengthen the Prince's already avowed intention to develop the State along the line of justice for the poor and weak. Then there is the *philosophia militans* of Paulsen, and a pro-rectorial address by the Freiburg scholar Schultze-Gavernitz, entitled *Marx oder Kant?* and a book on the future of Poland, by Georg Cleinow. And there are in addition some other books which I suspect of being the Chancellor's favourite reading—Goethe and Schopenhauer; also Noack's *Deutsches Leben in Rom*. This has a special appeal for the present owner of the Villa Malta, which has so long been a sanctuary of Germans in Rome.

And I see an old manuscript bound in fragrant morocco. "That," he says, "was a present to my wife from our Minister in Morocco, Dr. Rosen, who was here a few days ago. It is the *Rubā'iyāt* of Omar Khayyām. He was one of the greatest astronomers of the Middle Ages. He lived in the eleventh century in Tus, East Persia, and our Dr. Rosen, an eminent Eastern scholar, has translated the poems from the Persian."

I turned over the pages of the manuscript. The verses speak of the past, the riddle of the cosmos, learning, wine and love.

Dr. Rosen's work has much in common with the poets Rückert and Bodensiedt. There is something fascinating about this Eastern poetry, expressing as it does the most subtle art of life and the most profound scepticism.

In such an atmosphere a statesman will learn to free himself from outside influences and strive for the good of his fatherland to the exclusion of every other ideal which the world might hold for him.

The question of the book was postponed for the time being. The Chancellor was weighed down by important political business.

Back in Vienna, I received the following letter from Herr von Müller, with whom I had had very pleasant relations during my short stay :

NORDERNEY,

21st September, 1908.

Your kindness overwhelms me. Hardly had I finished your *Ferdinand Gregorovius* than you put me in a position to begin your *Roman Reminiscences*. This I did yesterday immediately after the book arrived, and as soon as I had read the introductory chapter I turned to your notes on Johannes Brahms. For the pleasure that this has given me as well as for your handsome gift, I want to express my heartiest thanks.

We are still experiencing the after-effects of your short stay in Norderney and your account of your impressions here is just coming to hand. We are calculating that your second article on the luncheon conversations will have appeared yesterday and will reach us to-morrow. Everybody is securing a copy of the *Neue Freie Presse* to add to his private papers as a memento of this summer, and is grateful to the faithful artist for his brilliant snapshots. The present visitors to the place have been able to read your first article in to-day's local paper.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH INTERVIEW, 1908

WHILE I was at Norderney I had had no idea what serious political matters were occupying the Chancellor's attention: not only the inexhaustible problems of Morocco and the Anglo-German differences, but also the transformation of Turkey into a constitutional state, and the fresh difficulties that would ensue between Austria and Turkey and between Austria and Russia in connection with the projected annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Hapsburg state. Immediately after my departure from Norderney, the young Turk leader Achmed Riza had arrived. And from Vienna, Achrenthal, whose ambition it was to carry through a tremendous stroke of policy independently of the *Wilhelmstrasse*, was bombarding the Imperial Chancellor with all kinds of proposals for attracting Spain to the Triple Alliance, and urging that the Powers together should regulate the question of the Narrows. But what above all was occupying the mind of Bülow at that time was Germany's relations with England. As was so often the case, he saw clearly but acted hesitantly, perhaps from fear of offending the Kaiser. His mind was working on the possibility of war and he assured the Kaiser that while he was in His Majesty's service, he would, whatever the odds, do his utmost to see that "we threw many corpses at our enemies' feet"—an ugly phrase, coined solely to please the Kaiser.

But in what a serious light did he envisage the situation should war supervene! "If we have to deal with England alone, she may do us more hurt than we her. If France is drawn into the war, it means probably for us fighting on three sides, for in that case Russia will hardly remain neutral."

My visit to Norderney came just as he was writing in this strain to his Emperor, and at that same moment he received from the Kaiser for signature the notorious "*Daily Telegraph* Interview." One might almost believe that, as he declared later in the Reichstag, he did not read this himself but forwarded it immediately to the Foreign Office. On the other hand he was—in contrast to the Bismarck and post-Bismarck period—more preoccupied with the thought of the imminent probability of a war with England than with the remoter possibility of a clash with France and Russia. Or England was at least for the moment his chief anxiety, troubling his conscience, busy as he was day and night with the increase of the fleet. In 1905, when Delcassé was at the helm, France had been the chief thorn in his side, whereas it was the British problem which weighed upon the last year of his Chancellorship, and this ambitious man was faced with the tragic prospect of having to renounce his power before the great German fleet was anchored in a safe harbour. He had been set on going down to history as the creator of German sea-power as Bismarck had been the creator of German land power. Thus, in order to gain time for the maturing of naval power ready for a trial of strength with England, he may well have accepted the risk of recommending the dispatch of the Kaiser interview to England in a gambler's hope that it might win favour there for Germany.

Two years after Bülow's downfall in 1911, Count Monts talked to me at length about the *Daily Telegraph* interview, the first step towards Bülow's overthrow, which followed a few months later. Monts was convinced that it had been read by Bülow as well as by other officials of the Foreign Office: Schön, Stemrich and Klehmet. He thought that Bülow had expected that its publication would have a great success in England and when, far from this expectation being realised, there was an outburst of indignation both there and in Germany, he deceived the Reichstag by saying that he had not read it, so throwing all the blame upon the Kaiser. Monts had retired from his ambassadorship when he next saw the Kaiser, and the latter told him that Bülow could not continue as Chancellor; he said that Bülow's conduct in November, 1908, when he deceived his Kaiser, had been unprecedented and treacherous. Monts had been told by Moriz Benedikt,

the publisher of the *Neue I'reie Presse*, that according to Bülow the existence of the Triple Alliance depended upon his continuing as Imperial Chancellor, and that therefore they would have to keep him. "How can you possibly believe," Monts insisted to me, "that Bülow had not read the interview? Surely you don't think Minister Felix von Müller, who spent that summer and autumn of 1908 with Bülow in Norderney, was the only one to see it? It is much more likely that he had threatened Bülow to publish the whole story, if the latter tried to make him the scapegoat. Bülow must have read it, and also Klehmet, who had to pay the penalty."

"This interview," Count Monts went on, "reflects so precisely Bülow's policy towards England. He certainly had no idea how to handle England, and his fall was followed immediately by an improvement in our relations with that country, at any rate for the time being. All his fear was concentrated on Russia, where he had worked as a Counsellor of Embassy. He had seen that vast empire, and the glamour of its Court and nobility still dazzled his eyes so that he had only one thought, to keep on terms with Russia. He was equally deeply involved with regard to France. When I called to see him at Sorrento, he conjured up the bogey of a clerical restoration in France. He believed firmly in this and allowed it to determine his line of action. He had a tremendous respect for the power of the Roman Church. He was nearer to the Latin type of statesman than to the German. Giolitti in Italy reminds one of him, except that he is a real statesman, which Bülow could hardly be said to be. Of course Giolitti has not Bülow's great culture."

Harsh as it is to Bülow, and heavily as it bears upon his memory, such was the considered opinion of this competent man who had himself once been seriously considered for the Imperial Chancellorship. But the Kaiser had been frightened by what were then the Liberal tendencies and stubborn bearing of a candidate who was opposed by the Court party. On the other hand, the hatred which was concentrated upon Bülow from another quarter was perhaps less justified by the facts. Herr von Mühlberg told me in the summer following the Chancellor's dismissal: "Intrigues against him had been going on for years. At the Court especially he had his



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detractors and enemies, for whom he had grown too powerful. It had been suggested to the Empress that he was not sufficiently devout, and the Princess too was attacked."

Posthumous hatred is still levelled against him. There is, for instance, the anonymous work *Kaiser und Kanzler* (Hesse und Becker, Leipzig) in which Bülow is vilified as the Father of Lies. The style in which it is couched can never be pleasant. Even in ordinary conversation it is unbearable to have someone continually catching up another's words. And in this pamphlet the anonymous writer catches up and picks to pieces every word of Bülow.

The one thing certain is that Bülow cannot be acquitted, whether he read the article, as the Kaiser had intended him to do and as so many witnesses maintain that he did, or whether he did not read it, as he himself stated. Bülow personally—at any rate in my presence—avoided any discussion of this theme. Here all the riddles of his life, closely intermingled with those of the Emperor's and also of Eulenburg's and Holstein's, become interwrapped to form an all-engulfing riddle of titanic dimensions. Let us say then that he had, contrary to his own statements, read the article. How could he have been so short-sighted as not to foresee the storm which the Emperor's statements therein contained were bound to raise? How could he have failed to foresee that the self-respect of every Englishman would flare up in fury at the claim that the Kaiser's plan of campaign against the Boers would have set England on the way to victory? The suggestion that Lord Roberts had followed the Kaiser's plan, even if he had arrived at it on his own initiative, would be read as a suspicion that the British general had plagiarised the Kaiser. And how indignant France and Russia were bound to be at the idea that they were alleged to be trying to set the German Emperor against England, whereas Bülow was well aware how persistently his Emperor, under the affectionate name of "Willy," was egging on the Russian Emperor, "Nicky," against Uncle Edward and England. And how could Bülow fail to foresee that the soul of the German nation must cry out at the thought that the Kaiser had betrayed their kinsmen, the Boers, to their tormentors, and that he was urging upon England a policy different from that which the German nation desired, and which he himself had

been sponsoring immediately before? It amounted to pillorying the Kaiser as a traitor not only to the nation but to himself.

Bülow then would have been a fool had he failed to foresee the effect of such a publication, the disastrous effect not only in England and Germany but also in Russia and France.

Or could he have been a super-Macchiavelli or super-Mephisto scheming to expose the Kaiser to the mockery of Germany and leave him exposed for all time, forever condemned to silence?

I am as completely ignorant regarding the authorship of the book *Kaiser und Kämmler* as I am in the case of the two-volume work published by Carl Reissner in Dresden, "*Deutschland und die Mächte vor dem Krieg, in amtlichen Schriften, des Fürsten Bernhard von Bülow ohne seinen Mitwirkung herausgegeben von einem Unbekannten*." The first-named, which deals almost exclusively with the *Daily Telegraph* interview, is the more violent. In it Bülow is stamped as a liar who betrayed his Kaiser, his Government, and himself.

It is otherwise with the introduction, running to some hundreds of pages, to the collection of reports, notes and letters of Bülow contained in the monumental work *Die grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette*. Here the language is at least restrained and dispassionate, if very critical.

The publication of the Kaiser interview roused strong agitation against the Chancellor. On January 20th, 1909, Fisher Unwin wrote from London :

DEAR SIR,

Now that we have passed the New Year it occurred to me to inquire how you are getting along with your life of Prince Bülow.

I rather gathered you were expecting to have matters advanced by this time.

The Prince had thought that as he was himself overwhelmed with work, his two brothers might help me in the matter of the proposed book. To a letter addressed to Adolf von Bülow, Minister in Bern, whom I had met in Baden-Baden and

Venice, I received the following reply dated February 4th, 1909 :

My brother, the Imperial Chancellor, has not so far mentioned to me the matter you raise, and I have had no communication on the subject from him either by word of mouth or letter. I last saw and spoke with him in October. I was then spending some time at Berlin with my relatives. I hope soon to have the pleasure and privilege of meeting you again.

And the other brother, the Military Attaché in Vienna, also wrote to me on February 16th, 1909, that he was unfortunately not in a position to give me the assistance I asked for.

In May, 1909, the Chancellor celebrated his sixtieth birthday. In July I again reminded him, at the instigation of the English publisher, of the suggestion which had come from London, and on July 12th, 1909, he replied :

In reply to your kind letter, I am afraid I must say that I am at present not yet in a position to decide whether and how far it will be possible for me to support the undertaking you propose. I should be glad if you would bring the matter to my mind again later.

In the meantime the Chancellor had received his dismissal, and I made enquiries in London as to whether the publishers were still in favour of the publication. I received the following reply :

10th August, 1909.

In reply to your postcard of the 2nd inst. . . . I think there is little doubt we should still be interested in the biography of Prince Bülow, though it would depend largely upon the way in which the subject was treated. I note that during the course of the winter you hope to meet him in Rome, and that you will then give us further information.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE IMPERIAL QUADRIGA

THIS book, the writing of which in the form I had sketched out to the Prince would have given me great pleasure, has remained unwritten down to the present day. Bülow, embittered, had withdrawn from public affairs after twelve years, though he had equipped an attractive place of refuge for himself in the Villa Malta. Indeed he did not rebel and brood over his fallen greatness as did his first great predecessor. But the wound to his ambition still remained open, and what rankled above all was the rejection of his financial programme by the Reichstag, the immediate excuse, but in no way the primary reason for his dismissal. This lay deeper. It was concerned with the *Daily Telegraph* interview, the Chancellor's denial of the Kaiser and frustration of further escapades, the mutual breaking of a friendship which had become too ecstatic to last. Bülow summed up his mistakes and transgressions, his too ardent loyalty and too abrupt break, and came to the conclusion that for the time being he would withdraw into exile in Rome and sepulchral silence. He had no wish to be buried in a literary sarcophagus, however artistically contrived. And what art of exposition, to which the humble author of this modest work can lay no claim, could compete with the scale, the style, and the traditions of the Villa Malta, sybaritic in its setting of rose-hung bowers!

And so this book which I am now publishing takes the form of a posthumous substitute, written for my own satisfaction, for that homage planned during the Prince's lifetime to a character oversteeped in Macchiavellianism and courtliness, over-refined in personality and dialectic, one who sprang too impetuously into the race, thought himself on the verge

of attainment, and finally in his over-haste and over-excitement refused the last jumps.

Yes, the danger of those last fences had been obvious from the very start.

He was not a figure standing alone, but one of a team of four: his Emperor, Eulenburg, Holstein and Bülow. Each of the four was an involved nature, none was straightforward, simple, penetrating. Each was a consciously strident protest against the "*reiner Tor*." The Emperor, plunging, trampling, uncontrolled in speech—his friend Eulenburg, casuistic, sensuous and sensitive—Holstein intriguing, pressing his political improvisations upon the Kaiser and his chancellors as emanations of the world spirit—and Imperial Chancellor Bülow, groping his way among the obstacles strewn in his path, and negotiating them, at least to outward appearance, by dint of a certain artistry in writing and in speech.

Bülow had to be taken out of the team. It was difficult to work in this company, two of whom operated with awkward powers of hypnotism, and a third silently through the power he exercised over the Kaiser.

One might almost regard it as a team of five, or, to change the metaphor, as a quintette with Princess Bülow playing a by no means negligible part. Actually she controlled the combination while herself remaining almost unseen and unheard, in such a way that few outsiders were aware of the difficulties that had to be overcome. While Prince Bülow displayed to the world his Latinism grafted on the German stock, the Princess, the Italian, paraded her Germanism with the typical zeal of the convert. She had lived herself into the German soul through German music. There have not been many German women who have put themselves into such close touch as did this Italian woman with the whole development of German music during that half-century, through both study and personal relationships. It will be remembered that she had known intimately a number of important contemporary German musicians, as well as foreign masters whose spiritual home was Germany. At a very early age she had been a friend of the pianists Thausing and Sophie Menter, later with the violinist Joseph Joachim, the 'cellists David Popper and Robert Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, with the Polish pianist

Leschetitzky in Vienna, with the great singer Alice Barbi, and above all with Franz Liszt. Then her path had led her to Petersburg where she found herself more in sympathy with the great art of Anton Rubinstein than with the petty art of Prince Gortchakov. Under the Russian snow visions lingered of the green German landscape filled with noble, lovely music. And to this was added up to the time of his death her devotion to the wizard of Wahnfried. German music was to her the antechamber to German literature. The muse of Bayreuth was to affect the statecraft of the period of William II much more than the Bismarck period of the first William. The latter stood firm, whereas the former readily and whole-heartedly subjected itself to the brilliant "Pied Piper" of Bayreuth.

And this continues to the present day. Count Dumoulin-Eckart has written a book about Cosimo Wagner. When someone asked me, a layman in things musical, for my impression of this book, I said: "It is written as though it were the life of Jesus and Mary Magdalene." From the human standpoint adultery may be understood and forgiven, but why deny the eighth of the ten commandments to the point of canonising the adulterer? I remember that some time before Italy's entry into the World War, an Italian diplomat of influence, to-day Ambassador to an important state, said to me: "The world has had enough of German megalomania and of being overshadowed and suffocated by Wagner's music."

Dark riddles lowered over Germany in those days. The Tarpeian rock could be seen near the Capitol. One might ask: How could Germany, heir to Luther's force, Dürer's noble simplicity, the pure line of Holbein the younger, Lessing's ruthless pursuit of truth, Schiller's idealism, Herder's humanity, Kant's categorical imperative, Goethe's lofty open-mindedness, Mozart's paradise of beauty, Beethoven's thunder and lightning, Bismarck's iron sureness, produce this new atmosphere of rancour, mistrust and fog? What riddles did the members of this quadriga propose! All were gifted men, the empurpled Emperor in his palace, the king of intriguers in his lair, and the brilliant Bülow and Eulenburg. The riddles are not easily solved. A kind of invisible bridge is spun from them to where Richard Wagner

in the shadows of the romantic kingdom of Ludwig II erects a towering magic mountain of music far removed from Mozart's sweet tones and Beethoven's thunder.

To obtain a correct judgment of Bülow's fate one must also attempt a characterisation of those persons who affected his life, first driving him forward and then pulling him back when he seemed to have reached his zenith. His gift of letting his sun break through the storm clouds and rain and mists, often prevented outsiders from divining anything of all the confusion which his ordering hand had to smooth out. He was always forced to fight on several fronts at once, whereas outsiders saw only the Reichstag and the difficulties with foreign powers.

Eulenburg was cut out to succeed Bismarck as a trainer of Emperors, or as a watch-dog before the threshold of the Empire and the Kaiser. He caressed—perhaps in excess of diplomacy—with velvet paw the Emperor, who was accustomed to flattery.

Who to-day could unearth the true facts from the heap of mud, accusations and condemnations under which Bülow and Eulenburg have sometimes been buried? The Tübinger professor, Johannes Haller, and the latest biographer of the master of Liebenberg, Muschler, have entered the lists as Eulenburg's champions. Haller's work is certainly not only the more original but also the more convincing. But the manner of both is less one of quiet, persuasive study than the rhetorical, flaring style of counsel for the defence addressing the Court and concerned rather with his appeal to the ear than with the facts of the case. How is one to follow Muschler when he goes so far as to belaud his hero not only as the most immaculate of men and the Kaiser's wisest counsellor, but also as the holder and propagator of the noblest convictions regarding life and art?

A man who reached the ambassadorship at the Imperial Court of Vienna would have been a personality even had he no other claim to importance. Every line he has written betrays the man of intellect. He utters startling judgments both orally and through the written word. He was for years closer to the Kaiser than Count Waldersee. Almost simultaneously Waldersee and Eulenburg spoke from the grave,

and their diaries throw a fierce and penetrating light upon the Kaiser's character and the events of the time. But whereas Waldersee is inclined to judge everything from the pietistic standpoint of Prussian Conservatism, Eulenburg, much more universal and enlightened, has his roots in Prussianism, but aspires to a share in the common culture of Western Europe and is also full of understanding for the English sympathies of the Emperor Frederick and his wife. Eulenburg realised that the untimely death of Frederick was bound to produce a tragic revolution in the life of Germany, for now "the helm in the hand of William II was swung from east to west, from west to east." Very striking is his confession: "I saw in the Emperor Frederick and his consort the expression of a culture which was buried at the funeral of the Emperor Frederick. This culture also affected politics. I felt that with it the destiny of Germany was completed: the *Kongression an die Zeit* was buried with Frederick."

Anyone who had the opportunity to meet Prince Eulenburg when he stood at the height of his political and social position as Ambassador in Vienna must certainly admit with regret that in those years such sentiments did not pass the lips of the Emperor's most intimate friend and adviser, and may perhaps not even have been born in his soul. Only when, fallen into disfavour, he contemplated in the perplexity of an independent student of history the events of the last few decades, did he become the panegyrist of the Emperor's immediate forbears and adverse critic of the third generation of that house. No, in conversation with myself, for instance, he always talked of the Kaiser in terms of unctuous admiration.

Further, one did not realise in conversation with him that touching the immediate past he had stood mentally more on the side of the anglophile father and English princess in the opposition which existed between Bismarck, Bismarck's son Herbert and Prince William, afterwards William II on the one side, and the Emperor Frederick and his wife on the other. There was no sign when, for instance, the conversation turned to the Emperor's policy of increased naval armaments and the challenge to England that it entailed, that Eulenburg might have used his influence to cause wiser counsels to prevail, having regard to those antagonisms and cross-currents which were personified in William II and his paladins Bülow,



BARON VON HOLSTEIN
(1837-1909)
The only portrait known to exist.

Bethmann-Hollweg and Tirpitz, and which grew until they swept Germany into a conflict which brought about her ruin.

The reading of his brilliant memoranda tempts one to call up in memory the picture of the man during his years as Ambassador in Vienna. It was difficult to detect the efficient diplomat in the dreamy expression of that blond giant with his somewhat effeminate ways. The whirring loom of time was by no means his sole occupation. Rather was he prone to dream of old legends, conjure at times some graceful fantasy, compose and sing *Rosenlieder*, be to his Imperial master and friend William II not only a trusted adviser in the political sphere but also to that romantic ruler who had composed the *Lied von Ägir* "a companion sharing those dreams of ancient days." Had he been judged only by what he said, one would have been tempted to regard him not so much as the critic of his Imperial friend as his ecstatic eulogist. Amid the turmoil of social activity which in view of the intimacy existing between the two allied courts made greater claims on the house of the German Ambassador, who was a sort of Viceroy in Vienna, the poetic brooding nature of this highly cultured diplomat was never allowed to rest, but over and over again, in spite of politics, he would seek refreshment in the things of the mind, literature, the theatre and art. He was a close friend of Alfred von Berger, the Hamburg theatre director, husband of Stella Hohenfels, an actress from the *Burgtheater* in Vienna. Von Berger was himself Viennese and was constantly seeking the traditional flesh-pots on the Danube. These two æsthetes showed off their wit to one another. Berger, ready of tongue, making of his monologues a series of pyrotechnic displays, talking with a cold, glittering brilliance and with never-tiring energy in an uninterrupted flow, making eyes at anything and everything, save at his *vis-à-vis*, whom he never looked in the face. Eulenburg, on the other hand, overflowing with sentimentality as he basked in the radiant presence of this noble popinjay whose massive build and Mephistophelian head have been portrayed by Liebermann's brush with such life-like accuracy.

He had introduced Baron Berger to Prince Bülow and also to the Emperor himself.

The Kaiser was confused and confusing, given to

play-acting. Asquith speaks in his memoirs of the flippant credulity which was and is one of his most besetting sins. His exaggerated respect for wealth he shared with "Uncle Edward." Both set far greater store by capital and capitalists than by virtue and the virtuous. Edward VII was by nature less given to prejudice than his Imperial nephew. But with the latter, too, money could tear down the highest barriers. Not only Krupp, armourer and goldsmith at once, but other money-makers farther removed from the springs of war had appealed to his love of display. Perhaps it meant more to the Kaiser than to his Royal uncle that the gifted capitalist should be something of a general raising armies from the ground, if only armies of workers.

William II wanted to be Cæsar Augustus, and at the same time the restless Hadrian and the eternally moralising Marcus Aurelius; unhappily, also, there was in him something of Nero publicly playing on the lute and setting fire to Rome, though it was not by deeds so much as by loose speech that William II was fated to contribute involuntarily towards setting ablaze the allied madhouses of Central Europe bristling with arms, and those of the west equally armed to the teeth. But he also wanted to be Diocletian, not, of course, a persecutor of Christians—being one who came and went between Sinai and his barracks—but a slayer of Socialists. Rome had not been built in a day, but Emperor William, egged on by an ambitious and clever Admiral, wanted to create the German fleet in a decade, forgetting that the Prussian army was the work of a whole line of Brandenburg princes. And the instrument for this feat of unexampled ambition, which British ambition steadfastly opposed, was to be Bülow. These two then were to contribute towards the greatest tragedy in the conflagration that was preparing, the moment when the German fleet, the fruit of tremendous technical power, unique industrial effort and long contention between Reichstag and Government, was to be scuttled. No tragedy of the Great War equalled this.

What magnificent castles in the air, what *fata morgana* rose up in the soul of the Kaiser during the long years of his rule! How much pseudo-realistic policy mingled with romanticism and mysticism bubbled in the excited brain of the German Emperor. What an ardent ambition, too, he cherished to

stand at the head of a golden age of art, science and literature, as a sort of Jehovah, who should decide what science, art and literature were to be. But this too was denied him, and was given rather to his grandfather, for names like Helmholtz, Virchow, Mommsen, Treitschke, Lenbach and Menzel have their roots in the age of William I, and only their last shoots reach to the days of William II. Nevertheless there were skilled scholars and poets, perhaps not quite of the first rank, to whom it seemed an honour to sit at the Kaiser's table. In general the life of the scholar and writer is a dry, barren field, and it flatters such men to be summoned to the more opulent tables of monarchs.

Shortly after King Edward's death I was sitting in the open at Marienbad with several British Members of Parliament, Colonel Lockwood, Mr. Henniker Heaton, the former Lord Mayor of London, Sir Alfred Newton, the great actor Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, an ardent admirer of the Kaiser, and Mr. Charles Boyd, an intimate friend of Cecil Rhodes.

One of these gentlemen said to me: "We're telling you a lot about English affairs. Won't you give us some information about things on the continent; or preferably about people? You're known as a man who has met many people, especially leading political personages. Perhaps you know the Kaiser, Prince Bülow, the Emperor Francis Joseph, Aehrenthal?"

"Have you ever met the Kaiser personally?" another asked.

I answered: "Never personally; but once I saw and heard him at very close quarters. It was at the house of von Schloezer, the Prussian Minister in Munich, at the opening of the new Schack gallery. The Kaiser and members of the Bavarian Royal house had lunched with the Minister. After luncheon other invited guests arrived for the opening ceremony. I had been invited by the Hungarian Abbot, Bishop Monsignore Count Vay de Vaya, to accompany him. The guests were awaiting the "All Highest" circle. Then there entered the room the whole Bavarian Royal house, led by the German Emperor and the Prince Regent of Bavaria. Had not someone said that they were the members of the Royal Family, I should have been inclined to take many of them,

with their beards and spectacles, for professors. Actually several among them held academical degrees; there was more than one doctor and one was a composer. The aged Prince Regent was simple and distinguished, like a figure out of a Shakespeare play, some great feudal noble, for instance, a Talbot, Essex, or Cecil . . .

"In the background was the new Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg—enormously tall, like an exclamation mark, his face scored with the lines of care . . . The Prince Regent cut a more distinguished figure than the Kaiser, who read him an address. It was apparent that he was not accustomed to reading and preferred to speak freely. The reading of the manuscript seemed to cause him difficulty. But how could the Emperor have expected the eighty-eight-year-old Regent to reply without notes? The Regent responded in a quavering voice and rather crouching posture—a more agreeable figure to watch than the Emperor, who was too accustomed to trumpeting in tones of command to be clear.

"That was the only time I saw the Kaiser at close quarters. I occasionally caught a glimpse of his passing silhouette, for instance when I met him in the early morning in Unter den Linden or in the Tiergarten in Berlin. Or at Bismarck's obsequies in the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche or in Vienna during one of his frequent visits to the Austrian Imperial Court."

"But," one of the circle said, "you must have formed some judgment of him from reading his speeches and following his actions—and perhaps it's different from that of us islanders, for whom comparison with his uncle, the late King, is to his disadvantage."

I replied: "Let me tell you first of all how it seems to me that you judge the Kaiser:

"You imagine him possessed by patriotic feeling and obsessed by the illusion that the alleged British perfidy is directed wholly and entirely against Germany. Perhaps you also ask yourselves: Is it possible that Germany can build her great fleet without the Emperor's, one day, giving rein to his ambition to become a super-lord of the seas, 'Admiral of the Atlantic' not merely in title, an infinitely exaggerated Tegetthoff fighting an infinitely magnified Lissa, or better still, a super-Nelson winning a battle in comparison with

which Lepanto and Trafalgar would shrink into insignificance; that he should dream for himself a column towering to heaven and dwarfing the Nelson monument to a mere pocket edition? You may even imagine the Kaiser, lord of all the arts as a mere sideline, himself designing the William II-Tirpitz column. Does he already see himself, the Grandest Admiral triumphant at the side of his Grand Admiral, that great bearded representative of Neptune? Do not the English imagine him as one whose head has been touched by Neptune's trident?"

My British hearers greeted this with a storm of applause. So I had read their thoughts about the Kaiser aright. The famous English actor was the only one who did not join in. To him the Kaiser was the greatest of living men.

I waved aside the applause and continued:

"But I tell you there are also points of similarity between your noble-minded King Edward and Kaiser William. Both have felt the attraction of capital and capitalists.

"William II, an alloy of the most modern modernity and the arrogance of a Roman Emperor, of medievalism and the twentieth century, if not even the twenty-first or thirtieth, of the dimmest past and the greenest present, or even future, still unlicked and immature at fifty, but full of soaring plans, sails the seas of the world in leviathans, sweeps through the ether in monster airships, at the head of mighty invincible legions, fights his way to the shores of Biblical rivers that once watered paradise (Bagdad).

"He is the most modern of the moderns, yet he is like your late King because, though strongly aristocratic, he also likes to mingle with the patricians of the middle class, the princes of the mercantile shipping industry, and finance."

Baron Holstein, one of the darkest enigmas of the age of William II which knew so many, turned out to be the member of the Quadriga who contributed most towards the undoing both of the German Empire and of its leading figures. A professional diplomat, he provided in appearance a direct contrast not only to the general run of diplomats, but especially to the German type. If there is a profession on earth which is not favourable to eccentricity, it is that of diplomacy. The diplomat must adapt himself humanly and

socially to the world around him, if he is to have influence and bring out the best in men and things. Until he was called to take over the helm of State, Prince Bülow played the diplomat better than any of his colleagues. No one has given him a more brilliant testimonial in this respect than King Carol of Rumania, in whose country he worked for four years; and when he first gave up his ambassadorship at the Quirinal he took with him the regrets and good wishes of all eminent Italians. It was otherwise with his senior colleague, Baron Holstein, an unpleasant heirloom from the Bismarck period, during which he conducted himself in Paris in a way which, as I was able personally to observe in Vienna, was matched only by the diplomatic myrmidons of the Byzantine tyrant, Abdul Hamid. In Vienna it was the task of the Turkish Ambassador to keep an eye on his counsellor of legation and report upon him in the Yildiz Kiosk, and that of the latter to watch and report upon the Ambassador. A similar system of spying seems to have been practised by Holstein against his Ambassador Arnim, without the dubious advantage of mutual treachery. There is of course no reason to assume that Holstein acted thus from any other motives than a patriotism based on ambition. There is no ground for numbering this man among the black sheep. He appears to have been possessed of admirable qualities, many of which were known to Maximilian Harden, and many of which I have learned only recently in personal intercourse with the former Imperial Foreign Minister, Doctor Rosen, who worked at his side in the Foreign Office. For instance, he was infinitely considerate to his immediate subordinates and servants, who had no easy time of it. But, as is often the case with hysterical women, who while appearing normal to those who do not know them intimately, are much more dangerous than acknowledged lunatics, so there are also hysterical men who become a danger to their intimates or to wider circles. Baron Holstein was one of these, and the terrible fact is that this man's hysteria changed the whole history of the German Empire. As chief assistant his work was to have fateful consequences for Prince Bülow, who not infrequently allowed himself to be fooled by the perverted statesmanship of this mysterious spirit of the Foreign Office. Because Holstein distrusted everybody and everything, he had

come to believe himself a man of great ideas ; and others believed it too. Recent revelations have shown that he was involved in the oscillations of the Bourse and shared the fevers that attacked it. And while he was pretending to be communing in his office with the cosmic spirit, he was really praying to Ahriman, to prosper his speculations. He was more inaccessible than Kant or Goethe in their scholars' studies, or than Schopenhauer, who, though an admitted sybarite, was less self-indulgent at the *Frankfurter Hof* than Holstein at Borchardt's wine rooms over his caviar, oysters and lobster swimming in champagne. And the Bourse had to follow his political vapourings.

It was a misfortune that Bülow only reserved for his own control one half of foreign affairs and left the other half to the "grey Eminence." The latter occupied himself with the practical business, while Bülow took over the side concerned with outward show and playing to the European gallery. Save for superficialities, he confined himself to justifying German policy in the formal sense by speech-making and writing before the Reichstag and the Chancelleries.

Thus his voice was at times the voice of Jacob and his hands the hands of Esau. Holstein, himself the caricature of a statesman, saw everything distorted. He had to give the appearance of a colossal worker but not a pusher, not a snob, not a hunter after orders, titles, and positions for himself. No intercourse with the Kaiser, no Court or ambassadorial dinners. He confined himself to the role of hypnotist, magician, snake-charmer. He wanted to be the providence of Germany while working in a subsidiary office. He who was one day to spurt the deadliest poison over Eulenburg and dig the grave of the man he had for years possessed, was for the romantic trinity of William II and his troubadour, Eulenburg, and for the clearer-sighted Bülow, the real denizen of the Blocksberg of statecraft, with witch altar and devil's kitchen where he kneaded potions from snake venom, nails, hangman's ropes, nets, spiders' webs and crocodile-fat spiced and sauced with all kinds of condiments. And he insinuated so much into the mind of Chancellor von Bülow that often the latter staked his diplomatic and political decisions on the hysterical calculations of this most secret confidential

agent. He believed, for instance, that Russia and England would never contract an entente, and that all rumours to the contrary were humbug and all rapprochement to Germany on the part of England hypocrisy. Not even the most eminent could penetrate into Holstein's secret den. The English Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, complained in his reports to the Foreign Office, as other ambassadors also did, that he hardly ever saw this great man, this hidden well of universal wisdom. According to Eckartstein's memoirs, Edward VII spoke of him in the author's presence to Lord Knollys as "This infernal mischief-maker, Baron Holstein—we know from Lascelles what he's been up to again." Yes, he was a somnambulist with a weakness for climbing steep walls. Von Mercy, later Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, told me that Szögheny Marich, the Austrian Ambassador in Berlin, had boasted to him, as though of some extraordinary success, that he had been received by Holstein.

Holstein was an ascetic who did not possess a suit of evening clothes. Why did not the Kaiser drag this anchorite from his cell and compel him to take Bismarck's place, as some six hundred years earlier the penitent Petrus of Murrhone was dragged from his miserable hut in Abruzzi to ascend the throne of Peter as Celestin V? Or the Foreign Secretaryship might at least have been given to this, the most enlightened political brain in the German Empire, if not in the entire globe? He might have remained in open power for as many days as the Pope who had been dragged out of his solitude. But Holstein was more obstinate than the saint. He refused to be driven. Perhaps he knew or suspected that his power was dwindling, that all contact with the outer world had been lost; and that the elixir he had to offer would one day be revealed as nothing but a quack remedy. For the noble anchorite sitting over Borchardt's lobsters, oysters, and champagne, power was itself a delight and he wanted to show how on his hard cell pallet he was mightier than the Kaiser or the Chancellor on their sumptuous couches in the palace. He confirmed what Macaulay says in his famous essay on the popes, that the idea needs no outward worldly parade to make it effective, and that one may well imagine a pope dictating laws to the world from a garret in Paris, as no other ruler of a church state could do, however outwardly

impressive. In the case of Holstein it was not an idea but the caricature of one. Bismarck had called him the man with the hyena eyes.

That the world will throw mud at brilliance is a truth which has been established for thousands of years since the days of the Attic Ostrakismos, long before Schiller expressed it in such beautiful language.

Bülow was in his turn a victim of this habit when in 1909 he became a fallen idol. Then all the pygmies fell upon him, though not all of them found such noble words as those imputed to William II, who is alleged to have said to his namesake, King William of Württemberg: "*Das ist der Platz, von wo ich das Luder weggejagt habe.*" "That's the place I drove the skunk out of."

I remember how in the summer after Bülow's dismissal Prince von Pless, a confidant of the German Emperor, talked to me in the Metternich Castle of Königswart in the presence of its owner and the Viennese pianist, Alfred Grünfeld, rather as though Bülow's fall was a question of the dismissal of an untrustworthy and incapable chamberlain, and not of a highly talented diplomat.

The reputation of the fallen prince was to fall like an avalanche. All sorts of things were invented about him. A man like August Stein and other newspaper men, who knew Bülow well and had served his reputation formerly by what they had written of him, now did him equal harm by the exaggerations or misrepresentations which they verbally spread. But he was to find upright and honourable admirers and devotees even among publicists. Evidence of this may be found in the reference of Heinrich Friedjung, and the pen pictures of him written after his death by Felix von Eckardt in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* and by Philipp Hildebrandt in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. And neither of these was any naïve gullible scribbler; both were skilful recorders of fact. Hildebrandt combined his article with a memorandum giving an appreciation of Bülow's unusual mental qualities. And Emil Ludwig, in his famous and much criticised book, *William II*, while comparing Bülow's statesmanship unfavourably with Bismarck's, is yet able to discover many high qualities in this man of intellect, and even when Ludwig

belittles Bülow, the reader is the more easily consoled because the author, as ever, performs his task cleverly.

Here a word may be interpolated. Prince Bülow had too ready an appreciation of literary gifts not to have suffered under the lash of this eminent publicist. He also knew that Ludwig's shafts not infrequently hit the mark, and he was silent when people tried to allege that Emil Ludwig was not an authoritative historical writer. That he has never professed to be. But the writer who thinks that truth is to be found only in archives is making a great mistake. Documents can lie as human tongues can, and they speak a dead language unless they are interpreted with sympathy by those who use them. In the portrayal of spiritual qualities Ludwig is a master, and he has also the help of a picturesque and fluent style which, however, may often lack the artistically more effective element of simplicity. Now Bülow presents many problems to the student of character which are difficult of solution, and it is just these that we have tried to solve. But it would be absurd to refuse the pen the right that has been granted at all times to the brush and chisel. Why may not the writer draw, paint and carve as the painter and the sculptor do? Let the grubber among documents not condemn a Lenbach for painting Bismarck's portrait before ploughing through the archives of the Frankfurter Bundestag and the German Reichstag, or venturing on a painting of Moltke before at least reading through the records of the German General Staff, if not the French. Lenbach and Laszlo cannot be reproached for venturing to paint Louis XVIII without reading the pastoral letters of Bishop Pecci of Perugia and the encyclicals of the Pope. . . . No, no. A gifted writer searching the soul and the motives of actions has as much right to existence as the student of archives. And while I pay my respects to the brain which divines the depths, I take off my hat also to the sedulous industry of those who rub the dust from buried records and unearth secrets which appeared lost for ever.

CHAPTER XXV

REUNION IN ROME

IN May, 1910, I passed through Rome on my return from the East and visited the Prince at the Villa Malta in which he had now permanently settled. I should like to reproduce the following note on this meeting :

ROME,

May, 1910.

Soon after my arrival I left my cards on the Prince and Princess, and the following day received an invitation to lunch on Saturday. I already had a dim memory of the Villa Malta, though I knew it better from books than from personal experience. In literature it is associated with many memories of Goethe, Ludwig I and other famous Germans. It is so remote, so hidden that passers-by are hardly made aware of its existence.

The porter received me at the entrance, and we quickly went up to the villa, past luxuriant rose bushes. At the impressive entrance Donna Laura Minghetti came to meet me. She was over eighty and now looked her age. A matron two years earlier in Venice, she had now become a bent old woman.

In spite of all the splendour a certain melancholy lay upon her and upon the whole house. It was impossible to avoid the impression that this was a palace of fallen greatness. I went with Donna Laura up the steps and found myself in the presence of the Prince, who greeted me effusively, obviously riding down his inmost feelings. I felt that the more he expressed his satisfaction at being able to live in this lovely spot, the wider he felt the gulf growing

between present circumstances and his bygone powers as Chancellor.

He took me round the house and showed me the towering chimney-piece and the wonderful Paolo Veronese frieze round the ceiling of the drawing-room. He expressed loudly his appreciation of his good fortune in being master of such a house. Then I greeted the Princess, who told me that she had in the old Roman years dreamed of owning this villa and ending her days here as of something unattainable, something like owning the dome of St. Peter's. And, incredibly, this dream had been realised. She said she was now living in the place whither her heart and tastes had attracted her.

The Prince showed me the view. We looked into the garden of a neighbouring Irish monastery and saw a monk walking about in meditation. The Prince said: "In that house peace and contentment live. That monk is really happy." The Prince seemed almost on the point of saying, as *Nathan der Weise* said of his friend the dervish: "The true beggar is the only true king." Was his resignation really so genuine?

There were a few other guests present: Dr. Noack, the representative of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and a Berlin *Geheimrat*. After a brief tour of the splendid apartments, we went to table. The Prince took in his mother-in-law; I sat on his right. We were seven in all and there were five waiting on us. So the Bülows were keeping up a large establishment. I also heard that the Villa Malta was now the chief *rendez-vous*, especially political, in all Rome. The Princess told us that in accordance with the custom in Rome she always gave a small dinner-party on Saturday evening, followed by a considerable reception. Among the guests at dinner was Sapellnikov, whom I had met two years before in Norderney. He was still living as a guest in the house.

The Prince continued to exercise great moderation in food and drink and was served with special dishes. The *Geheimrat* kept harping on the extent to which the Bülows were missed in Berlin, and rather tactlessly hinted that the former Chancellor might one day be brought back.

We discussed the tremendous development of the German capital and our host was at pains to praise Berlin and represent

it as superior to all other towns. I believe he was showing a Chauvinism which was actually unnatural to him. Then he praised the levelling and soothing influence of Rome. He pointed out in jest that even his two dogs, a poodle and a pug, got on splendidly together as a result of the softening influence of their surroundings.

We had retired to the library for coffee when the German *Geheimrat* again emphasised his opinion that Bülow would be recalled to Berlin at no distant date, as there was no one to take his place. The Prince waved this aside and said there were plenty of excellent men in Germany who could fill the position of Chancellor. This he said very self-consciously. I was not sure that he really meant it.

I told him I had never envied him his office, but I envied him his ownership of this incomparably beautiful villa. He talked of his daily routine: how he rode every morning, devoted himself to his books and inspected the sights of the town. When I suggested that he was writing his memoirs he denied it, but I think I could assume that I was right. It was hardly possible to imagine that a man who had so long stood at the helm could now suddenly adopt a life of looking-on relieved by no active occupation. I felt fairly certain that he was now going over in his mind what he had experienced and was, as it were, distilling the philosophy of his Chancellorship and the increased knowledge of men it had brought him.

After coffee we inspected the whole villa, including the roof and the kitchen in the basement, under the guidance of our host and hostess. The Prince showed us their bedroom. Everything was most artistically appointed. I heard from the Prince himself what a lot of trouble the furnishing of the house had cost, and how months had passed before everything was completed to their satisfaction. He said that Prince Bobrinski had been most obliging, but that there had been a great deal to do because the Princess had been anxious to fill the place as appropriately as possible.

The Prince took us into the room on the ground floor where the less used books were housed and also mementoes and presents received during his Chancellorship from all classes of people including the most distinguished.

There were various exotic gifts from the German colonies ;

portraits of the monarchs of Germany's allies, the Emperor Francis Joseph and Kings Humbert and Victor Emmanuel III. There was also a portrait of the ex-Chancellor himself by Ferrari. This reminded me of something this Viennese artist, who was a business man as well as an artist, had told me. He had asked the Chancellor, who was sitting for a portrait in Germany, what he thought of the possibility of a war between Japan and Russia. He had asked with an eye on the Bourse. Bülow had answered that he could comfortably exclude such a war from his calculations. This was two days before the war broke out. And a similar statement that war was unthinkable had been made at the same time to me by the Chancellor's brother Ulrich, Military Attaché in Vienna. Proof that even in the last few hours the men who considered themselves the best informed did not expect that the Imperial originator of the Hague Peace Conference would rush into such a hopeless adventure.

We saw many other mementoes, including New Year's gifts from the Kaiser consisting of sketches signed by himself.

The whole house was admirably appointed. . . . Sapellnikov was installed high up near the roof, and in one of the rooms, commanding a magnificent view, stood his piano. From this point the Prince showed us the monuments of Rome, pointing out this and that. He seemed to know where everything was, and as he named in tones of admiration the sights surrounding us, I said in tones of regret: "And all that will one day vanish, perhaps swept away by an earthquake." And the Prince was silent.

Then we went down again and the Princess took me into the kitchen, splendid in its way and of huge dimensions. The roses which grew in masses round the whole villa had found their way in on every side. I envied the cook, a Frenchman, his sphere of influence more than I envied many a minister his office. When the Prince introduced him to me as her cook, I said to the man in the white overall with white cap and apron: "I'm glad to meet the famous Monsieur Misère." He replied in all seriousness that was not his name, and soon I realised my mistake. How had I come to think his name was Misère? Bülow had formerly as Ambassador occupied the Palazzo Caffarelli and one day the Princess had

informed the cook : " We're leaving to-day as we're being transferred to Berlin." He had replied : " A faithful servant does not leave his master, but *quelle misère*, I'll go too," and ever since he had been known in the Bülow household as Monsieur Misère.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME OPINIONS OF BÜLOW

NOT long afterwards I had the opportunity of meeting during my customary summer holiday in the watering-places of Bohemia, a distinguished friend of the Bülow family whose attachment had not blinded him to the faults of the former Chancellor.

In a prolonged conversation I had at Marienbad on August 5th, 1910, one who had formerly been an intimate colleague of Bülow and saw a good deal of him at Rome, spoke as follows: "Bülow is a cynic in the sense of the old philosophers. . . . In spite of appearances, he has fallen completely into disfavour with the Emperor. I am convinced that he will never be restored to office. But should the unexpected ever happen, I have no doubt that he would at once accept. And the Princess would not oppose him. I am entirely of your opinion that Bülow was not being frank when he talked of his idyllic happiness at the Villa Malta. When he talks like that one can hear the undertone of disillusion and thwarted ambition."

I remarked: "Bülow must be more than a little bored. He never had any special interest for art, and now he's living in that monumental Villa Malta with all its artistic fittings trying to hypnotise himself into an interest in art which does not appear to me real. He has always lived only for politics and literature."

M. said: "And now he is doing what is quite unlike him. He talked enthusiastically about the splendours of the villa, the magnificent fireplace and the wonderful Paolo Veronese frieze, trying to drug himself with all these things."

Myself: "He is writing his memoirs all right, even if he does deny it."

The conversation turned to Bülow's religious convictions.

In reply to my comment that Prince and Princess Bülow were inclined to be free-thinkers, M. said: "Well, of course, in cultured circles one never discusses the religious convictions of one's friends and acquaintances; one lets them choose their own way to salvation. I have myself seen the Princess when, together with the Prince, she was received by Pope Pius X, fall on her knees and go through all the ceremonial customary on these occasions. So she had not then by any means renounced the Catholic cult."

M. declared that the Bülows had now undoubtedly the most notable political *salon* in Rome.

We mentioned one of the Prince's most eminent colleagues and co-operators. M. said: "Bülow influenced the Kaiser against Posadovski and brought about his dismissal in 1907, despite the fact that he was beyond any doubt an efficient and extremely experienced man. Bülow can't be exonerated from the reproach of having not infrequently surrounded himself with second-rate men, or made careers for them."

The talk then turned to Regierungsrat Martin's last book, in which Bülow was discussed. M. stated that he had himself gone through it with the Prince in Rome and convinced himself that there was no truth in its statements.

And now let me give the word to the sharpest tongue in all the old German imperial diplomacy. Count Monts, with whose permission I publish the following, here expresses himself on the subject of his former chief with ruthless severity. Those who take up a milder and more kindly attitude towards the memory of the late Prince cannot turn a completely deaf ear to such an opinion.

VIENNA,

21st May, 1911.

I have just come from a long conversation with Count Monts, whom I had not seen for many years. He has been meanwhile for several years Ambassador at the Quirinal. But before the downfall of Bülow he had—some time after his marriage with Frau von Haniel—left his post in Rome and retired to her estate of Haimhausen near Munich. I visited him in the *Hôtel Impérial* and he received me with all

his old kindness. I found him still a commanding, expressive figure: tall, spare, with white hair and a healthy rubicund complexion. His speech is animated and witty, and his sharp steely eyes dart to and fro as he talks. I remembered having met him for the first time on the Semmering at a lunch given by Bernhard von Bülow, then German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who introduced us in jest as Monts and Münz. That time Frau von Bülow and her mother were also of the party and the conversation was animated, thanks to no small extent to the vivacity of Count Monts. Of course I had long known him by name, for before being Minister in Munich, a post he held at the time I speak of, he had worked as Counsellor of Embassy in Vienna under Prince Reuss, and later as Consul-General in Budapest. He was widely known for his sharp wit and mordant tongue, as well as for his outward appearance, which brought him great favour with the ladies. During his diplomatic career in Vienna and Budapest, when Count Kalnody was Foreign Minister, he had made a deeper impression upon the latter than had the majority of his colleagues, even those who had already risen to ambassadorships. It was said that apart from the Italian Ambassador, Count Nigra, none of the diplomats in Vienna stood so high in Count Kalnody's esteem as the dashing Count Monts, who, of course, when he appeared at the Ballplatz as *Chargé d'Affaires*, had behind him the then tremendous power of Germany and the superhuman figure of Bismarck. Count Kalnody was reputed to be unusually haughty, in fact the most stiff-necked of the "High Tories." On one occasion the German *Chargé d'Affaires* appeared in shooting costume before His Excellency, who was not a little ruffled at such lack of respect. But the whole bearing of his visitor put the Chief of the Ballplatz in his place, reminding him that in Bismarck's day he had been merely the minion of the great man who bore on his shoulders the whole continent of Europe.

And so when I met Count Monts again years later, the conversation soon turned to Bülow. I was dumbfounded to hear his devastating judgment of a man with whom I had believed him to be on friendly terms. "I gave up the

ambassadorship in Rome," he said, "for two reasons: first because I suffered badly from malaria, and, second, because I would not work with Bülow. Of course his gifts are as great as his character is equivocal. There is nothing German in his methods. He's more like a Renaissance Italian. He is crafty, and intent solely on the attainment of his own ambitions—an intriguer to the core. He would tolerate only mediocre men around him; men of mark he thrust aside. He treated Prince Eulenburg, once his friend, very badly. At the time of the Morocco crisis, Eulenburg had already been relieved by the Emperor of his ambassadorship in Vienna, but was still meeting his master, whom he advised to make terms with France and get rid of the Chancellor. Bülow heard of this and determined to avenge himself. It was Bülow who had all the damning evidence regarding Eulenburg placed in Harden's hands. Of course it was done skilfully, through the agency of his instrument Geheimrat Hammann at the Foreign Office. He selected the moment most favourable to himself for the destruction of Eulenburg, about whose perversities he had maintained silence as long as it suited him to do so. Yet he had long known that the Vienna police were keeping an eye on him.

Bülow deliberately put men in positions to which they were not suited in order to ruin them. He sent Tschirschky as Ambassador to Vienna in the hope that he would prove impossible there on account of his wife, who was a Viennese unacceptable to the aristocratic circles because she came of an industrialist family. His treatment of Prince Radolin was monstrous: he encouraged the editor of a great French newspaper to attack him. The latter had, however, not only refused to do this himself but had pointed out to other papers how unchivalrous it would be to overthrow an ambassador so popular in Paris on the strength of insinuations emanating from the *Wilhelmstrasse*. Bülow also kept Kiderlen-Wächter away from Berlin, regarding him as too competent and independent, and did not call upon him until neither he nor anyone else at the Foreign Office knew what to do next."

Bülow had no idea of economics or finance. Years before Count Monts had said to him: "The most important thing

is to get the financial position straight." But he waved this suggestion airily aside. He could not use Count Posadovski as Prussian State Minister and State Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior. Count Posadovski had declared that Bülow was the most pathetic windbag he had ever come across, and that it would have been a good thing if after his stroke in the Reichstag the doctor attending him, Professor Renvers, had not succeeded in bringing him round. In that case he would at least have had an impressive curtain.

Monts told how, when he was Ambassador in Rome, he had been opposed, in connection with the trade treaty with Italy, to dropping the orange duty which he regarded as a substantial and safe source of revenue for Germany. But Bülow had telegraphed that Monts must abolish the duty completely as he was anxious to submit the treaty to the Reichstag as a *fait accompli*. Monts, however, held out on the ground that Germany was not dependent upon Italy for oranges, which she could obtain from Malaga, Florida and other places.

Bülow's judgment of the Powers was mistaken, as in fact was his judgment of everything. He did not play chess, played whist badly and had no grasp of figures. He had a high respect for Italy, though in Monts' opinion the Italian Army of that time was inferior to the Turkish. Russia he over-estimated, while he grossly under-estimated England. This led him to reject sarcastically an offer from Chamberlain for an *arrangement*, whereby the English felt themselves seriously affronted.

It was Bülow personally who had persuaded the Kaiser to land at Tangier in face of opposition from his whole entourage, particularly from that clever old Hofmarschall, Graf Eulenburg. And it was none other than Bülow who determined the policy concerning Delcassé. Delcassé was in himself no great obstacle, but Bülow wanted the triumph of having brought him down. And he made further mistakes at the Algeciras Conference, assuming that Italy would stick to Germany to the death, which the Italians were unable to do in view of their agreement with France. The Italians had, however, been wrong in handing over the hinterland of Tripoli to England instead of claiming it for themselves.



DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG
(1856-1921)

It was apparent even then that France would at once set herself to acquire a firm grip on Morocco. Count Monts was of the opinion that there was great wealth in that country, and as Germany would not attack France, France was left with every opportunity during the coming years of peace to strengthen her hold and draw richly upon Morocco not only for produce but also man-power. At one time Germany might by a wise policy have arranged things in such a way as to have the co-operation of all Europe. As France was less interested on the Atlantic coast Germany might have worked for a coaling-station at Casablanca and co-operated in opening the country up.

Bülow's attitude to the Kaiser was remarkable. He amused the Kaiser and kept his mind in a state of perpetual turmoil. Having thoroughly excited him, Bülow strove to keep the Emperor entirely dependent upon himself and to keep away from him all people of importance. In fact he would not tolerate near him anyone who had any claim to distinction.

Monts went on to speak of Bülow as an orator in the Reichstag: "He has a marvellous memory. He used to memorise in a very short time long speeches for delivery in the Reichstag. He always had in readiness two speeches drafted by Hammann, to be used according to the tone the debate might take. No man ever deceived the House more than he. And he lied to them also in the matter of the English interview. . . . But Bülow was an excellent debater."

So much for the opinion of Count Monts.

I rejoined that Bülow had once told me in Berlin that he never worked out the details of his public speeches beforehand, but only the broad outline.

Concerning Bülow's womenfolk Monts said: "Donna Laura knows her son-in-law well. She has summed him up correctly, for she is shrewder than her daughter. Bülow is said to have remarked, speaking of himself and the princess: 'We're a co-operative society.' . . . The relations between the pair are not perhaps as tender as many people assume. . . . There have been scenes concerning L. . . . It sometimes suited Bülow to have a 'Cicisbeo' at hand.

"I intend to write a monograph on Bülow," Count Monts concluded, "for I'm in a better position to paint his portrait than anyone else. And recently I've heard all sorts of things which bear out my own observations to a remarkable extent."

Times were difficult and big with fateful issues. Anyone who had eyes to see could not fail to discern the four horsemen of the Apocalypse storming repeatedly up the sky—pestilence, war, famine and death. On a propaganda tour to further the cause of a Greater Europe I travelled to the Near East in 1910 in company with the English pacifist, Sir Max Wacchter. We visited almost all the Balkan countries and were received by the rulers, sovereigns and ministers of Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, Turkey and Montenegro. In 1912 I published an account of this eventful tour and my propaganda for this idea in a book called *Balkan-Herrscher und Staatsmänner*. I was now engaged in collecting in one volume the views of distinguished contemporaries on the subject of bringing the nations together and obtaining their opinions with regard to the immediate future. I intended this to represent a manifesto in favour of co-operation for the advancement of civilisation and world peace. When I turned to Bülow, he, always unresponsive to pacifist endeavours, declined my invitation in the following letter:

VILLA MALTA,

ROME,

9th December, 1913.

DEAR HERR MÜNZ,

I was delighted to hear from you again after such a long time. The fact that you are engaged on such a comprehensive task is, I hope, proof of your good health and continued zest for work. For myself, I must decline to contribute to your suggested *Monumentalbau der Zeit*. It is difficult to make an accurate picture of the past, and not easy to form a correct judgment of the present. To prophesy the future with its prospects and possibilities is

a task with the solution of which I cannot associate myself.

If you happen to be in Rome, where we first met twenty years ago, we shall be delighted to see you again.

Meanwhile,

I remain with kindest regards,

Yours most sincerely,

PRINCE VON BÜLOW.

CHAPTER XXVII

BÜLOW AND MONTS

BUT instead of the world peace so much desired by the pacifists whose camp I had joined long before, came the World War, the work of the so-called statesmen. And to the perceptive it was no surprise.

During the winter of 1914-1915 there had been a great deal of discussion concerning Italy's attitude. Many thought that her powerful armaments were mere bluff. Could Italy, always more successful on the diplomatic chess-board than on the battlefield, have failed to learn from past experience that she would be more likely to win with the weapons of Macchiavelli than with cannons and rifles? There seemed no place for the heroism of a Garibaldi, for the red shirts and the "thousand of Marsala" in this war, in which the technical side, chemistry, trench construction, submarines, aircraft, gases, explosives and countless products of the laboratories promised to play a more decisive part than romance, heroism and war-rhetoric. Conscious as they were of their own material inferiority in respect of Germany, the Italians reckoned on the combined strength which alliance with the western powers would afford them. But it would have needed a greater *naïveté* than Germany could permit herself, to understand the Italian *volte-face*. And so the word "treachery" came to the lips of many.

True, Germany had committed the serious mistake of pursuing a policy which led to a break with England, who for two generations had been the friend of Italy.

There now seemed hardly any middle course between alliance and war. Count Nigra had told Bülow and had repeatedly told me: "Italy and Austria-Hungary must be allies if they are not to be enemies."

It is the business of dispassionate observers to avoid biased readings of persons and nations and to try to identify themselves with the foreign point of view.

Cavour had stood at the cradle of Italian unity. His first great contribution to international politics was the alliance with the Western Powers, at whose side the kingdom of Sardinia entered the Crimean War against Russia.

The Italian mentality can easily have derived from the political legacy of Cavour. . . . Macchiavelli had taught the Italians that there is nothing more dangerous for a State than to maintain neutrality in face of a major event.

Sixty years earlier such a major event had been war with Russia. Cavour placed at the disposal of the Western Powers an auxiliary corps which suffered Sardinia's baptism of fire on the Chernaya. . . . Thus little Sardinia became the welcome ally of great countries and plunged into the tide of world politics. . . . Italy had since then grown strong, but she was not a world power. The temptation to become one, after establishing herself on the Red Sea on the coast of Libya, was now very great. . . . It was perhaps Italy's intention from the very beginning of the World War not to remain neutral. . . . But Italy was to act as bold spirits sometimes act at the gambling tables: they walk round the table and first allow themselves to absorb the spirit of the game . . . they watch the ball rolling and await, as it were, inspiration from above. . . . If inspiration fails to come they hesitate and continue to wait, till finally the frenzy of the game sweeps them away.

I had seen a great deal of Count Monts since the outbreak of the World War. He used to come to Vienna year after year. We usually met in the early morning at the *Café Impérial*. He had remained faithful to Vienna since the time when he had been a Counsellor of Embassy there. He felt at home in that city where he had made many friendships. He also knew Rome from having been First Secretary to the Prussian Legation at the Vatican, under that famous diplomat of the Bismarck period, Kurd von Schlözer. He was later Ambassador in Rome, from 1903 to 1909, and had not left the impression of being a friend of Italy. Nor, indeed, was he. He himself told me that he had advised the Imperial

Government, in view of the vacillating attitude of the Consulta, not to renew the alliance with Italy. Count Monts had never believed that Italy would remain loyal to her alliance in case of war.

As early as the Algeciras Conference he had foreseen, from what he regarded as her disloyal attitude, what was to be expected from this ally in the hour of danger.

Monts appears even in his Roman days to have regarded Turkey as a possible ally of Germany in place of Italy. He reported to Berlin the advisability of reforming, strengthening and reorganising that country with a view to an alliance.

But Bülow, who was Imperial Chancellor at the time, though not deaf to the Ambassador's reports, nevertheless persisted against the latter's advice in remaining loyal to Italy.

When I heard Count Monts facing the disagreeable reality at a time when other Germans were talking of Italy in terms of sentimental friendship, I was reminded of another German diplomat, Herr von Mühlberg, who was Prussian Minister at the Curia from 1908 until the end of the war. I used to take long walks with him at Marienbad during the summers preceding the war, and he would recount to me in very apt and striking terms the impressions he had formed in Rome. I had heard him then describe Italy as a thoroughly unreliable partner, and even in certain circumstances a potential enemy. Yet few men have loved Rome more than did this German diplomat.

Count Monts was of different stamp. He was a Prussian from Silesia, without a trace of sentimentality. Sharp of tongue and sometimes extremely brusque with people he did not take to, however important they might be, he had a thoroughly practical mind and his keen glance appears to have discerned deep-lying intentions in Rome. He too saw through that cold and calculating statesman Tittoni and the men of his stamp.

But in the months immediately preceding Italy's entry into the war, he was as little able as I to read the riddle of the Italian sphinx. His deep-rooted antipathy to Bülow, whom he always judged very severely, led him to the view that the mission in Italy, which had been entrusted to the latter some time after the outbreak of the World War, was bound to fail.

For myself, I frankly admit I had not abandoned all hope. If anyone could do anything in Rome, I thought it would be Bülow. In my opinion, apart from practical considerations, his personal relations should give him a special interest in his task.

His wife was an Italian and stepdaughter of Marco Minghetti, who had paved the way for Italy's alliance with the Central Powers. After Minghetti had been for a short time Italy's diplomatic representative in Vienna, he had as Minister-President accompanied King Victor Emmanuel II to Vienna and Berlin, had been a friend of the late Emperor Frederick, had been in close personal touch with eminent Germans, had known intimately Ambassador von Keudell, had been an admirer of Prince Bismarck, and had associated himself with his political opponent Crispi in favouring good relations with Germany.

Through his wife and mother-in-law Bülow had made a large number of personal friends in Italy. During the years as Ambassador which had immediately preceded his appointment as State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he had cultivated and increased these connections.

Then when he had retired from the Imperial Chancellorship, he had settled in Rome with greatly increased prestige and there maintained a magnificent establishment. As Prince, ex-Chancellor and *grand-seigneur*, he had made the Villa Malta the most distinguished *rendez-vous* of Roman society.

The outbreak of the war had surprised him in Germany, where, following his old custom, he was spending the summer in Norderney. The ex-Chancellor could not hold aloof from events. He was obliged to place himself at the disposal of the Kaiser and his Government. When at the outbreak of the war Italy stood aside, he felt immediately that the Villa Malta would have to get on without him during the coming winter, even if Italy remained merely neutral and not hostile to her ally. The neutrality of a friend must naturally be regarded as passive hostility. He could only return to the Villa Malta if a special mission sent him to Italy.

Even if the Ambassador then in office showed himself fully equal to his task, the Imperial Government were bound seriously to consider recalling him in favour of Prince Bülow.

And Bülow's greatest enemies—they were many since his fall, just as he had had many friends while he filled the highest office in the Empire—had to admit that he was no ordinary man. I draw a distinction between the statesman and the diplomat. I do not venture to assert that Bülow justified himself as a statesman. His was not the forceful temperament which controls and directs, driving men forward or compelling them to follow their leader.

But he did possess a certain unusual gift of objectivity. He possessed also in a high degree the gift of expressing himself in speech and on paper, and giving expressive form both to his own thoughts and those of others. There were in him the elements of a diplomat in the grand style.

Cautious, skilled in worldly affairs, well informed, versatile, quick-witted, scintillating, well-bred, widely read, gifted with a powerful memory—few diplomats of his time were his equals. And he had a delicate touch, in contrast to so many minor German diplomats whose clumsy methods have brought down scorn upon the German outlook.

At the beginning of the war, the Portuguese *Chargé d'Affaires* in Vienna asked me: "Why has Germany, so strong in great soldiers, scholars and business men, produced no equally able diplomats?" I am not quoting the Portuguese gentleman's words in their original form; actually they were much more severe towards Germany.

Bülow was peculiarly well equipped for his work in Rome. He had never regarded the diplomatic calling as confined merely to carrying out the technical duties assigned him by his Government. . . . Even as Ambassador in Crispi's day, he was more than an elegant postman. His accomplishments were not confined to perfect table manners; he was no mere social figure. . . . He had maintained active connection with Italian public opinion as it was expressed in Parliament and the Press. He had been particularly skilful in his dealings with the latter.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BÜLOW AND BARRÈRE

BEING a keen observer, with an eye for human weakness in general, Bülow had obtained a clear insight into the position and weaknesses of publicity. He had never exploited self-interest as did Barrère, his colleague in Rome during a period of the war. While he was Chancellor other agencies may have done for him this work, which is perhaps an essential part of diplomatic activity, but has been less practised in Germany than may have been necessary. He may have learnt something in this way in preparation for his Roman period during the World War, but even then he worked indirectly. That Barrère had scattered gold over Italy with a lavish hand was more than an open secret. Deputy Benedetto Cirmeni had expressed himself clearly enough on this point some years before the war in a "Roman letter" to the *Neue Freie Presse*. The crafty Camille Barrère had, since coming to the Palazzo Farnese as French Ambassador in February, 1898, played the part of Zeus to Italy's Danae. From the first day he descended upon one of the less reputable sections of the Italian Press like a shower of golden rain, and one result was to be the breaking of the alliance with the Central Powers.

The birth of Italy's new alliance with France had been heralded by many portents, such as the visit of the President of the French Republic, Émil Loubet, to Rome and the return visit of Victor Emmanuel III to Paris.

It was an easy matter for Austria's enemies in Italy to draw comparisons between the attitude of the head of the French State, the non-ally who without consideration for the Pope showed first honour to the King of Italy, and the Emperor

of Austria who from traditional delicacy and respect for the Pope was not in a position to return the visit of the King of Italy, and so continued to owe a visit to the son as he had to the father. For years Barrère had been the most bustling and effective of the Ambassadors in Rome. If one wanted to boast of having been in Rome it was necessary to have seen the Pope and the French Ambassador at the Quirinal.

I had this privilege four years before the outbreak of the war.

In that same spring of 1910 when I halted in Rome on my return from the Near East, I happened to be dining with Sir Max Wächter at the house of the Swedish Ambassador, Baron Bildt, whom I had met during my regular visits to Marienbad. Our kind hostess, a typical North German, had told us that she was going to take us out after dinner to a party she had promised to attend given by the most beautiful woman in Rome. This was Princess Teano, afterwards Duchess of Sermoneta, *née* Princess Colonna. At her house I met all Rome, and "all Rome" included Camille Barrère, the representative of the French Republic—firmly resolved even then to bring the Capitol under the sway of France. I was introduced to him and he addressed me as "Colleague."

I almost replied: "Colleague, *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*? But I can't really boast the honour of having been a *communard* like you and set fire to the Tuileries." But we were colleagues in so far as he had been once on the staff of the *Temps* and I was a newspaper man.

That was the only time I met Barrère. He would have made an impression of being a respectable bourgeois had one not been conscious that he might be holding a torch behind his back. When the World War broke out in the seventeenth year of his uninterrupted activities in Rome, Barrère was sure of his clientèle, and they on their side were sure of the provender with which he had fed them for years. And he went on feeding them even more lavishly, for at his side now stood Sir Rennell Rodd, England's Ambassador, formerly the enthusiastic admirer of Germany and friend and biographer of the Emperor Frederick.

The case with Prince Bülow was different. It was his task to make good the omissions of a rather aloof ambassador who had during the last years of Bülow's Chancellorship

been his assistant, a post he had continued to hold under von Bethmann-Hollweg. And this last ambassador had been living not too comfortably in wedlock with a Russian woman whom German rumour accused of spying against her new fatherland in favour of the old. There can have been no foundation for this rumour as the pair were already separated when war broke out.

Before the war Barrère and Bülow had often met on their morning rides outside the city gates. Both were seductive characters in the sense that one was reputed to be astonishingly open-handed towards a certain venal section of the press in the country whose hospitality he was enjoying, while the other was lavish of seductive words. Bülow was to remain a poor hand at this game. The seductiveness of the golden currency of France backed by that of England was to vanquish that of Germany. This at a time when Rome was swarming with seductive influences, and even more with people only too willing to subject themselves to such influences. Thus were Jugurtha's words justified: *O urbem venalem et mature perituram quia emptorem inveneris!*

There was of course no lack of patriots and idealists who did not intend to neglect an opportunity to complete the unity of Italy. But there was also no lack of pens hired from abroad, and the man who spent most in hiring them was Barrère. Bülow was not good with money. He was unsophisticated where money was concerned; something of a poet—I do not mean a poet like Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose writings were royally rewarded with bars of gold, but rather let us say like Friedrich Schiller.

Several Italian newspapers were quickly won over for Germany, or refounded. But the connoisseur could see at once that the outlook of these papers was too modern and their style too clumsy.

Barrère on the other hand, familiar from his Paris experience with the methods of courtesans of any kind, was as much in his element on the Corso as on the boulevards.

In the early years of his ambassadorship he had witnessed the passing of the crown from Humbert I to Victor Emmanuel III. That the son would show himself less indifferent to French seduction than the father, Barrère must have quickly realised. Crispi's influence had long been dead. . . . He

was an old man living his last days in retirement far from Rome. The ministers of the new century were those of a new age unhampered by memories of Italy's recent development. Barrère had no easy task. He was not infrequently even irksome to the Consulta, for his over-enthusiasm hampered the new king's freedom of decision. Bülow had always been considered reticent and tactful in Rome but this did not help him at the decisive moment. He strained every nerve to save a cause already half lost, and he earned no "thanks from the House of Austria" for trying to induce Austria and Hungary to make territorial concessions to Italy in a last effort to save the situation. In Vienna the new German Ambassador at the Quirinal was branded as a traitor to Austria, he who as Imperial Chancellor had written from Norderney on September 30th, 1908, during the days of the annexation crisis :

"It would not be in accordance with the dignity of the Hapsburg monarchy to allow the decisions the situation has demanded to be subjected to the criticisms and arbitration of a conference. . . . The aged Emperor, Francis Joseph, and official Austria with him regard the gaining of these two provinces (Bosnia and Herzegovina) as compensation for the loss of Italy and Germany." Bülow therefore had never cherished unfriendly feelings towards Austria-Hungary.

With regard to Austria he was always "correct"—excessively correct. And he maintained this punctilious attitude, even though Bismarck's example should have taught him that the service of a king does not exclude occasional negotiations with revolutionaries should a higher necessity demand it. Bismarck's relations with the Hungarians, Kossuth, Klapka, Türr, were a case in point. Bülow, who knew how to translate the actual and obvious into the most graceful formulas and language, was ponderous where the unusual and undetermined was concerned. The single exception was the fleet—the *fata morgana* of the future. To his desire to maintain correctness in this connection too must be attributed his refusal to receive and hear the Czech Professor Masaryk in the interval between the outbreak of hostilities and Italy's entry into the war, although from earlier conversations with me he might have formed an impression of this eminent Slav quite different from that conveyed to him

by his Austro-Hungarian colleague, Baron Macchio. But this refusal is in keeping with a number of other similar mistakes ; for instance, his refusal when Imperial Chancellor, to allow Jaurès, the mortal enemy of French Chauvinism and of Delcassé, to deliver a speech in Germany, and his refusal to receive Lloyd George, at that time opposed to war, at Norderney in the summer of 1908. These were all so many opportunities lost by a man who was incapable of doing justice to his outstanding qualities on issues which diverged from the high-road of his duties.

Masaryk might have counselled at the last moment, in full understanding of the interest not only of Austria-Hungary but also of Germany, concessions to Italy and to the national aspirations of the other peoples belonging to the Hapsburg empire, and might have employed the authority of Bülow to bring the stiff-necked Ballplatz to reason. But when Vienna was ready to give way, it was too late. Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary—not yet outwardly against Germany. And the Villa Malta remained untenanted for years.

CHAPTER XXIX

A MEETING DURING THE WAR

YEARS were to pass before I saw Prince Bülow again. This time he was no longer either Imperial Chancellor or Ambassador, but a private gentleman.

While I was staying in Wiesbaden in the spring of 1916 I heard that Prince Bülow was expected in Frankfurt. I did not want to miss the chance of visiting him while he was so near. After the dreadful events of recent years I felt I must have a frank talk with the ex-Chancellor. I looked forward to the meeting with an excitement which is reflected in the following note :

WIESBADEN,

4th May, 1916.

Took the express to Frankfurt yesterday morning. Prince Bülow was to celebrate his birthday (3rd May) at the *Frankfurter Hof* on his way through from Switzerland to Berlin, and I wrote to ask him whether I might visit him. Reaching Frankfurt at 10 a.m., I found his answer already awaiting me in the *Hessischer* (formerly *Englischer*) *Hof*, where I was putting up. He invited me for half-past six. In my letter I had emphasised that he was to have no fears that I should regard the visit as an "interview" or commit any indiscretion. I was already informed that he shunned publicity of that kind. During the day I drove a good deal round Frankfurt . . . I was much impressed with the wide-reaching development of this town, with its many luxuriant gardens, public parks, tasteful houses and noble public buildings. Everywhere, despite the war, there was spotless cleanliness. It was a melancholy thought that this dreadful war would greatly

retard or hold up altogether all general economic, educational and artistic progress such as was so apparent in Frankfurt.

At the appointed hour I arrived at the *Frankfurter Hof*, to which I had been kindly driven by Frau Fuld in her car. . . .

Scarcely had I announced myself in the ante-room when I heard the Prince's ringing voice welcoming me. He greeted me with enthusiastic heartiness, and then added that as I myself had suggested, our conversation should be entirely confidential. . . . He asked me about public feeling in Austria-Hungary and also my impressions of Germany.

I told him frankly that everywhere people were longing for peace; everywhere they were weary of the war, and in Germany perhaps even more than in Austria, for in the case of Austria all military ambition had been adequately—perhaps beyond expectation—satisfied. Again the food situation appeared even worse in Germany than in Austria. In Vienna we had as yet no fatless days. Eggs were much cheaper than in Germany. We had, however, adopted sugar cards some weeks before. . . .

Now that she was in possession of a part of Poland, Serbia, Montenegro and North Albania, there was not much left for Austria to do from a military point of view. Moreover she did not cherish any plans of conquest in Italy.

I told the Prince quite candidly that he was not popular in Austria. He had been reproached with having on his own initiative offered the Consulta stretches of Austrian territory in order to keep Italy in good humour and neutral. I told him I was in a position to report this openly because I was convinced that he had not overstepped his instructions in any way, that he had never had the least intention of violating the alliance with Austria-Hungary, and that if any one had been able to keep Italy from hostility against Austria-Hungary, he, in view of his popularity in Rome, would have been that man. The fact that he had not succeeded proved abundantly that nothing more could have been done.

The Prince replied that he was well aware he had been suspected in Austria of striving for peace with Italy at the expense of the Hapsburg monarchy. But he had a clear conscience. How could he be seriously accused of having acted against the interests of Austria? He who was the originator of the saying that their loyalty was pledged to Austria

by *Nibelungstreue*.¹ He had held the view that war between Austria and Italy would be pointless for the former, as, even were she victorious, she had no intention, contrary to widespread belief, of setting up a Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom.

I replied that no one in Austria-Hungary had ever had any thought of striving for a Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom or even autonomy—as far as my modest knowledge of feeling in Vienna went, there had never been any hankering for expansion in the direction of Italy. Not a soul had ever thought of trying to win back Milan or Venice. The hate which existed in Austria against Italy was inherent in the war situation, and a reflex of the trouble Austria had had in recent years with *Italia Irredenta*. This hatred was now bitter, but I continued to believe that Austria-Hungary harboured no idea of destroying Italy's unity in case of Italy's defeat. Austria-Hungary ought to be more than satisfied were she able to establish her strategic frontiers against Italy favourably to herself and force Italy away from the Albanian coast. Bülow knew that Austria was fighting for her existence, even more so than Germany, and could not derive any benefit from victory.

The Prince told me he had news that enthusiasm for the war had in no way abated in Italy, that the people were still war-minded, confident of victory, and ready to fight to the death. The Prince warned me against believing the report current in the German newspapers about the exhaustion of Germany's enemies and their anxiety to conclude separate peace. "Just compare," he said, "the French, English or Italian with German and Austrian papers and you'll see they are all filled with reports on public feeling in enemy countries which are based rather on wishes than facts. Anyone who has spent as long as I have in Switzerland and there read the papers of the various enemy countries, knows that passion runs high everywhere and that no country has lost the will to victory. . . ."

When I mentioned the possibility of an Italian defeat being followed by the abdication of the King, the Prince replied:

"Oh, there too it is easy to make a mistake. I don't believe

¹ Proverbially the most sacred and binding of all oaths.



(Left) KIDERLEN-WÄCHTER WITH SIGMUND MÜNZ ON THE PROMENADE
AT MARIENBAD

the king would be forced to renounce the crown, or would ever think of doing so. . . . We have had so many illusions about what would happen in enemy countries. . . . Our enemies thought that in case of war, Germany would swing over to a social democracy, and on our side many believed there would be an immediate revolution in Russia. The same thing was expected in France. . . . And none of these prophecies has been fulfilled. . . . Of course there was a rising in Ireland, but only a comic opera revolution."

"But," I said, "does Your Highness see no end to this slaughter?"

The Prince replied evasively: "There are a lot of people who can prophesy the day and hour when it will end. . . ."

I interposed: "An early peace without over-brilliant results would be more welcome both in Germany and Austria than a peace, however brilliant, following seven years of war. . . ."

The Prince replied: "The war won't last seven years, but who can guarantee that it won't last three or four?"

I remarked: "I had imagined you might have met influential men of other nations, in Switzerland, and discussed the possibilities of an honourable peace. . . . It was said in Vienna that Italians had approached you, and I had seriously thought that Italy has not hitherto declared war on Germany because she wanted to leave open a back door through which a reasonable peace with Austria might be reached when the moment came, through the agency of Germany. . . ."

The Prince: "There's no truth in these rumours."

To this I said: "In Vienna the Ambassador of a still neutral country of Catholic, or shall we say Papist, conviction, approached Germany, and perhaps Your Highness . . ."

The Prince said: "My wife is, as you know, Catholic. We visited the Einsiedeln Benedictine monastery. The Abbot, who received us hospitably, told us that the Benedictines in their different countries were enthusiastic supporters of those states. Many priests had fallen in France, where they are performing war service. In Germany they are not, and of this I approve. The Catholic priesthood has not prescribed any universal policy covering the various countries in which their members are domiciled—in some places they are

pro-German or pro-Austrian, in others pro-French or pro-Italian."

I remarked: "Immediately after the outbreak of war Italian bishops blessed the arms of Italy. The Pope may be absolved from blame for secretly working to keep Italy neutral. The Archbishops of Milan and Pisa, Cardinals Ferrari and Malli, were able to bless the Italian arms without first consulting the Pope. But I don't understand how Cardinal Bisleti could hold a service in the Gesu Church in Rome at which he blessed the arms of Italy, without first obtaining the consent of the Pope, who is Bishop of Rome."

The Prince replied: "The Pope, who is an excellent man, takes the view that he is the universal Father. His children are fighting among themselves, and that pains him. He has striven to prevent war, has done everything to stop the conflagration from spreading further, has exerted himself to keep Italy out. But once she was in the war, he had to consent that the Italians, including the priesthood, should fight for their cause, just as their enemies were fighting for theirs. The Italian Government, moreover, fell in with the wishes and needs of the Church in every way. Italian priests joined the colours in great numbers, and not only as chaplains. General Cadorna is himself a devout man and his two daughters are in a convent. So as far as the World War is concerned all differences between Church and State in Italy have been suppressed. . . ."

The Prince then went on: "When the Austrian airmen had bombed Milan the effect was further to harden and embitter Italy. From that moment Cardinal-Archbishop Ferrari joined hands with the Socialist *Sindaco* of Milan. . . ."

Our talk turned to the Zeppelins. I said: "I'm surprised that Germany does not try to turn them loose on those quarters of the towns where the great newspapers are printed."

The Prince: "The Zeppelins and other aircraft have up to now heightened hostile passion on all sides. . . ." Apart from this remark he was reticent regarding the Zeppelins.

The then Chancellor he referred to very deliberately as "The excellent Bethmann!" Of the latter's last speech in the Reichstag he said that it had two applications—uncompromising towards the East, conciliatory towards the West

—but that its forbearance had met with no response. . . . The attacks on the Chancellor from the West had been more violent than ever.

I complained in jest that the circumstance that hitherto Italy had not declared war on Germany had deprived us of the privilege of seeing a German white book containing the Prince's reports from Rome. I said I had read red, green, grey and yellow books, but the one which would have fascinated me most personally would have been a white book giving His Excellency's Roman reports; especially as I was contemplating an investigation of Italy's defection. . . . "But if," I continued, "Italy were to declare war on Germany, should we then be able to enjoy a white book with Your Excellency's reports?"

The Prince replied: "No. Even then my reports would not be made public. Furthermore I should like to warn you, and others, against writing anything about Italy's entry into the war. It's much too early. Wait until several years after the war is over."

I remarked: "I'm not thinking of a premature article. I know better than most people that in time of war-censorship writing is more than ever synonymous with lying. But I hope Your Excellency has made drafts of your reports and will one day be in a position to fill the gaps in my knowledge. . . ."

The Prince answered: "Even if I possess no copies, my memory is unimpaired, and I know exactly what I reported to Berlin."

I said: "Your second term as Ambassador in Rome must have been a time of dreadful trial for you. I can't imagine Your Excellency going any more to the Villa Malta, where I spent such a delightful time in May six years ago."

The Prince: "I live entirely in the present. I don't know what the future has in store or what will happen to the Villa Malta."

I said: "I've collected all that has been written about Italy's break with her former allies."

The Prince asked me whether I had seen the brochure by the Frenchman Welschinger entitled *La Mission de Prince Bülow à Rome*. I had to admit that I had not. He added that personally he came out of this book very well, and added

that he had also been treated in Italy with all the politeness and *gentilezza* characteristic of the Italians, even during the fateful days of May, 1915. He recalled what the *Milan Secolo* had written on his departure, and the fact that he had been able to walk in the Villa Borghese and on the Pincio without any fear.

I said: "Your Excellency has enjoyed a certain popularity not only in Italy but even, in spite of your Morocco policy, in France. On the other hand I have, to be candid, heard derogatory and hostile remarks about you from English politicians even many years before the war."

The Prince rejoined: "But there was no war between Germany and England in my time. And even if they hated me in England, that was Bismarck's fate too."

CHAPTER XXX

AFTER THE WAR

DURING the next ten years I saw little of Prince Bülow, despite the fact that he invited me on several occasions to meet him in Hamburg or Rome. From time to time I exchanged letters with him which showed me how confirmed an opportunist he had become, concentrating all his attention, now that war was over and peace with Italy restored, upon remaining in undisturbed possession of his Villa Malta. It did not surprise me at all that Italy had not confiscated his property, as it was said she had the right to do. The Italian Government was not ruthless enough to deprive him of a house of which his wife, an Italian of noble birth, was joint proprietor. What did surprise me was that he should be so anxious to return to this splendid palace. It must have awakened painful memories of the rupture of the Italian-German friendships which he had enjoyed there.

But it appeared to me that he was opportunist enough to accept the situation, and that as a German he did not suffer excessively from the fate of the Germans in the South Tyrol. When I was considering one day publishing certain conversations I had had with him in the later years of our acquaintance, I felt I ought first to submit my notes to him, and in reply he wrote me a letter which completely confirmed my impressions. It ran as follows :

ROME, VILLA MALTA,
24th November, 1926.

DEAR HERR MÜNZ,

It gave my wife and myself great pleasure to receive

a letter from you after so many years. Your letter makes it clear to us that despite all these cataclysmic events you have retained your old vigour, activity and enterprise. I am grateful to you for refraining from publishing your notes on conversations between us many years ago without first referring them to me and obtaining my consent.

I definitely remember that with regard to my Roman mission of the winter 1914-1915, all I told you or anyone else was that during that winter my efforts to prevent a further spreading of the World War were wrecked upon Austrian opposition to the concessions by which alone war between Italy and Austria could be prevented. The minimum of these concessions was to cede the Italian part of the Tyrol, Gorizia and Gradisca, and to grant autonomy to Trieste.

I should like to suggest that you consider the question whether at the present time, when the skill of that excellent prelate Scipel and the insight of that important man Mussolini, now at the head of the Italian Government, have achieved peaceful and normal relations between Austria and Italy, it is advisable for an Austrian to express himself as you do. On a point of detail, I should like to remark that when I had the pleasure of welcoming you at the Villa Malta in May, 1910, I was hardly as excited about my retirement of nearly a year before as you suggest. During my long life I have always endeavoured to stand *above* events, and was at that time entirely calm and collected, confident that I had performed my duty to my country.

En passant, I should like to state that in Italy, even immediately before the outbreak of war with Austria, I was treated with great courtesy, with that typical Italian *gentilezza*, and was able to take my usual walks in the Villa Borghese and on the Pincio undisturbed.

I am writing to you with complete frankness, in the first place because, after our many years of cordial relations, you cannot doubt my friendly feeling towards you, but also because I am convinced that you are at one with all intelligent people in the desire that the nations may gradually come to work together for the peace of the world. This presupposes refraining in the absence of pressing

necessity from seeking in the past material which might cause fresh cleavage and reawaken enmity.

I should be grateful if you would acknowledge the safe receipt of this letter. May I emphasise that it is, of course, exclusively for your perusal and not in any way intended for publication during my lifetime. I return herewith the notes you have so kindly sent me.

If you come back to Rome, whither all roads lead, or to the lower Elbe, where we usually spend the summer months at Flottbek, we should be delighted to see you.

Meanwhile I remain, with cordial greetings from us both,

Yours most sincerely,

BÜLOW.

Some months later I put together some further recollections of Bülow and of my conversations with him. Distrusting my memory, I submitted them for his revision, which confirmed my hope that my memory was unimpaired.

ROME, VILLA MALTA,

14th January, 1927.

DEAR HERR DOCTOR MÜNZ,

Many thanks for sending me your notes, which I am returning under separate cover. There are no objections on my side to the publication of these. You will, I assume, make it clear that the publication of these conversations with me is done on your own initiative and has not been prompted by me.

I take this opportunity to wish you a prosperous and happy New Year. If your way brings you again to Rome or to my native Lower Elbe, we should be delighted if you would pay us a call.

With best wishes from us both,

Yours as ever,

BÜLOW.

Bülow's fate was bound up with the Villa Malta. There

he had seen the collapse of that German-Italian friendship of which he had been a pillar. There he closed the eyes of the wife beside whom he had passed one and a half generations. There shortly afterwards he too died at the age of eighty.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SUMMING UP

IT must not be assumed that because I have painted Bülow the man as a highly attractive, gifted and versatile personality, I have nothing but approval for him as a statesman. The value of these recollections lies perhaps in their being a dispassionate and unprejudiced recognition of his high mental qualities. This book is not intended to deal with the period of the World War, but reaches back to a time when, although there was grave anxiety among the nations concerning the future, fears of the imminent crash were felt by few.

I have followed the political literature of the post-war period too closely not to be aware how harshly the late Imperial Chancellor has been judged in many quarters. I remember Professor Johannes Haller's *Die Ära Bülow*. This temperamental scholar has, however, also shown in his absorbing work *Aus dem Leben des Fürsten Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld* that he does not write *sine ira et studio* and keeps in his colour-box not only black but also rose. I am aware too of the scorn which Kiderlen-Wächter has poured upon Bülow in his interesting notes, as though the "eel" had never been anything but a honeyed courtier. But my experience shows that even if honey dropped readily from his lips, his speeches and book, *Deutsche Politik*, show beyond all doubt that he also had a store of Attic salt to draw upon. I have also, both during and after the war, met many personal opponents of this man who was so powerful at the turn of the century. I have shown, for example, how the late Ambassador in Rome, Count Monts, judged him; and I know how Herr von Flotow, another Ambassador in Rome, thinks about him, and also what the late Felix von Müller thought, who was at

one time the Prince's chief assistant, and was finally Minister at the Hague. But all this fails to shake my opinion that, just as the Emperor William II had himself not deliberately aimed at war, so too it had been far from the thoughts of his Imperial Chancellor to desire to plunge Germany into such peril.

Yes, I am convinced that if the Emperor had had Prince Bülow at his side as Chancellor in the summer of 1914 there would have been no war. I do not think that I have in any way over-estimated Bülow, upon whom such great hopes had been placed as a statesman; but that is not to say that his policy, which has been so widely condemned, was responsible for the World War.

Bülow was certainly one of the primary causes of Germany's having to enter the terrible reckoning almost isolated. But had he been in office in the fateful summer of 1914, it would have been different. That same light hand, which had temporarily conjured away so many difficulties which later bore down upon the German nation with all the greater weight and suffocating pressure, would have spared Germany some of the mistakes made under his clumsy successor in the dog-days of 1914. Bülow's delicate nerves would have sensed more surely and more quickly the imminent danger that overhung the land than did Bethmann-Hollweg, whose conscience was burdened with so many scruples. The one was brilliant, the other ponderous and vacillating. Bülow's spirit could, as I have indicated, slip through a keyhole. In the hour of need his amazing tact would have made good his own former mistakes. He would have found a formula to save Germany's dignity and that of her Austrian ally, though both countries were ruled by statesmen as headstrong as they were clumsy.

Standing as he did, where naval policy and relations with England were concerned, under the spell of the monomaniac Tirpitz and his Imperial protector, and faithless as he was in this respect to Bismarck's memory, Bülow was nevertheless the most talented of all those who shared this inheritance. But, on the other hand, he was in no way progressively minded, and even when the dogma was out of place, he confined himself to carrying out, in the strictest orthodoxy, the Master's will. This principle guided him even in the

new age, and governed his Polish policy. This policy won Prussia no friends anywhere in the world, but it was not until the Great War that it brought its full bitter penalties. When we came to free them, the Poles refused our aid. They had no desire to be freed by the Germans, for, thanks to the Bismarck policy pursued by Bülow and Miquel, Germany to the Poles was synonymous with oppressor.

In foreign policy the Wilhelm II-Bülow era was not far-sighted.

When Joseph Chamberlain half-offered Germany an alliance which he thought the United States of America would also join, the *Wilhelmstrasse* received the offer with some disdain. When Germania had rejected the English suitor no one with any perspicacity could help asking: Why do not the three Protestant Germanic Powers, economically the most advanced states of the globe, unite and impose their will upon the world? Who would have dared to defy such an alliance which Austria-Hungary and Italy would have been forced to join, and in face of which France and Russia would remain powerless?

And then there was perhaps the lost opportunity when Russia was involved in war with Japan. Germany exaggerated her loyalty to tsarism, as though the German Empire reaching out beyond the sea was still merely inland Prussia, bound to legitimism and the Holy Alliance. Moreover there was Germany's unhappy Morocco policy which tore open the half-healed wounds of France.

It was a further error on the part of Bismarck's successors, from Hohenlohe onwards, that in questions of the highest importance they regarded themselves exclusively as Bismarck's Vicars on Earth, bound only to carry out his will, as though fate would allow them to be merely the executors of the great man's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*. Why, for instance, could not Bülow, who had *Erinnerungen* of his own, muster sufficient self-confidence to have his own *Gedanken*? It was the weakness of German policy that it believed it necessary—and in greater degree after Bismarck's death than in the years immediately following his downfall—to regard him as theologians regard the Bible. Scarcely ever venturing to attempt any further evolution of his ideas, they rejected new courses even in changed times, and contented themselves with

being mere commentators. The usually mercurial and brilliant Bülow had hypnotised himself with study of the *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* of his great predecessor. And he went on turning over the leaves, incapable of taking up any fresh volume more in keeping with the times. Hence under Bülow's chancellorship Freiherr von Marschall represented Germany at the second Hague Conference in the same spirit of distrust of any form of disarmament as Prince Münster had brought to the first. German policy had set itself to oppose any suggestion of general disarmament and compulsory arbitration in international disputes.

Writing in bloodstained, trebly bloodstained letters, Bismarck had completed his trilogy: German Unity based on the Military State—1864, 1866, 1870. Those who followed him felt called upon only to formulate the letter of this law of Blood and Iron. They did not watch the maturing of the new wine of the age of alliances. Yet it was the filling of this wine into new wine skins which they should have felt to be their own appropriate task. Germany returned from the Hague Conferences of which arbitration had been the key-note without the slightest intention of loosing the buckles of her armour. Germania still stood fast with her hand gripping the hilt of her sword.

Bülow's book *Deutsche Politik*, which was published during the war, is the *oratio pro domo*, and Iliad of Prussandom. The author, conscious of his Gallic temperament and cosmopolitan outlook, does not force his Prussianism without a purpose. He tries to give his country a puritanical coat of black and white, and himself to don the field-grey. But he cannot manage it. The initiated can see under the black and white of the palimpsest the coloured picture . . . a picture moreover of a world culture which Bülow felt called upon to conceal because not all his countrymen could bear to look upon it, especially at a time when the cannon were thundering in emphatically Prussian tones.

In a man like Bülow that contrast to the German national temperament which is associated with the Gallic outlook was more conspicuous than in many of his fellow diplomats, none of whom could write or speak as did this practised author and no less brilliant orator.

Because he had been frequently exposed to the criticism

of being temperamentally more French than German, he seeks in his book, *Deutsche Politik*, to emphasise his Prussianism on every page and in every line, and in this his deep knowledge of German literature and German, particularly Prussian, history, which is always ready to his hand, stands him in good stead.

And Bülow, rather smooth than strong, rather diplomat than statesman—always solicitous for the good name of the nation—contented himself with writing his own apologia and avoided any open or forceful criticism of his successor, who was weak enough to confine himself to carrying out the policy of his egoistical Emperor. Bülow could never bring himself to act as accuser or opponent of his rivals in Germany.

When the war, which he had not been in a position to prevent, had broken out, he tried, much too late, at least to co-operate in averting Italy's entry into the general struggle which was to bring the downfall of Germany. He went to the Villa Malta doubtful of success, but filled with the noblest patriotic resolve. His attempt was fated to fail. Too many others had queered his pitch. In Austria he was accused of having broken faith by making an offer to Italy at Austria's expense. The truth was quite otherwise. He had always clung much too closely to the doomed Hapsburgs.

Germany's loyalty (*Nibelungentreue*)? It was a loyalty based rather on sentimentality than sound policy. Germany entered the World War allied with two of the least reliable Powers in the world.

That was one side of the medal.

Bülow's firm adherence in many respects to the great inheritance Bismarck had bequeathed him went, however, side by side with neglect of that prudence and shrewdness which distinguished the first Chancellor. The third German Emperor was moreover the exact converse of his grandfather who, modest in good fortune and never disregarding prudence and shrewdness, always accepted the counsel of his great minister when he saw him to be right. He did not embark on war against France until he was sure of Russia's benevolent neutrality, and therewith the forced neutrality of Austria-Hungary and Italy. Forty years later Germany was to venture into war against the whole world without having

first made those elementary calculations which every sound business man makes before he acts. This lack of statesmanlike preparation may also to some extent be set down to the account of Bülow. But it should be emphasised that he had been out of power for years. In this capacity he had learned to know his own failings and had *he* been called upon in the summer of 1914—that darkest hour—he might have saved Germany from the worst.

As I have described, I met the late German Imperial Chancellor in various places during a score of years: first in the Palazzo Caffarelli in Rome, when he resided there as Ambassador; then on the Semmering in Austria, where he paid several summer visits while State Secretary for Foreign Affairs; in Berlin; in the German watering-place of Norderny; and at Baden-Baden when he was Imperial Chancellor; in Venice and Vienna; and finally in the Villa Malta and at Frankfurt-am-Main in the years of his retirement. Conversation with this brilliant man was always stimulating. Gentle and cool, not to say cold, clear in his appreciation of others, and liking to give the impression that condemnation of his policy was a matter of indifference to him; priding himself on being *above* affairs. But it angered him when people thought to belittle him by comparing him with Prince Bismarck, the first Chancellor, whom he himself regarded as *hors concours*.

No one who had dealings with Prince Bülow could fail to become at once aware of his unusual familiarity, for instance, with French literature, and of his almost Gallic mentality. He was in touch with all trends of European thought, but his too exclusively continental outlook suffered from one serious lacuna; he was inadequately informed with regard to the English mentality. This failure to understand England was to be Germany's undoing. At the side of his ambitious Kaiser and the no less ambitious Grand Admiral Tirpitz, the Imperial Chancellor had tried to develop Germany into a mighty naval power. In his book Bülow boasts that under him Germany succeeded in developing her fleet. But the fact remains that in view of its effect on British sensibilities the naval dream ought to have been abandoned. Given Bismarck's great legacy, did not the words of

Demosthenes still hold good, that it is more difficult to hold possessions won than to acquire new ones? Or Goethe's: "What you have inherited from your fathers, earn, that you may possess it"?

In his *Deutsche Politik*, Bülow shows himself a master of diagnosis but not of therapeutics. Would that the statesman had been as brilliant as the publicist, whose style was fed on Bismarck and Treitschke. He says *à propos* Pierre de la Gorce's work on Napoleon III, that one may learn better from the foreign policy of this unhappy monarch than from any manual on diplomacy, how it should not be conducted. But he might more aptly have recommended a study of the history of William II. Pierre Gorce's statement: "*il y a quelque chose de pire que l'isolement, ce sont des alliances au fond desquelles réside le soupçon*," is undoubtedly true of the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy which Bülow did so much to foster.

What Bülow lacked was the straightforward simplicity of, for instance, his British contemporaries, men like Campbell-Bannerman who was honest to the core—a state of mind for which the post-Bismarck age of Wilhelm, Bülow and company had little understanding. In the time of Wilhelm II's pomp and splendour it was customary to regard uprightness and straightforwardness as a mask for perfidy. Accordingly England's favourable attitude towards disarmament and compulsory arbitration at the Hague Conference was interpreted as mere cunning.

Bülow's Morocco policy, an unhappy sop to the expansive industrial policy of the German metal piping manufacturers *Brüder Mannesmann*, was bound to rouse resentment not only in France, behind whose policy stood an even more expansive national industry, but also in England, who, in return for France's having withdrawn from Egypt, was bound to her for weal or woe. And so the Morocco policy was a milestone on the road which led to the World War. Bülow defends it of course in his *Deutsche Politik*, and also defends the German fiasco of the Algeiras Conference for which he was responsible.

No one was more masterly than he, both in speech and writing, in laughing off friction and obstacles. His book is

a cleverly drafted speech for the defence rather than an objective account of events. The author of this book, which was published during the first years of the war, was charged with having been, through his Morocco policy, one of the instigators of the war. He assumes the attitude of a prisoner facing the jury. It is outrageous that he should have been accused of causing the war. It was under the man whom he had himself recommended to the Kaiser as Chancellor that it broke out. It is true that he did recommend Bethmann-Hollweg, a vacillating, donnish character, and not Marschall or another whom he would perhaps have done better to choose. But in this book Bülow, with consummate skill, defends himself as the accused against the charge of having been an indirect cause of the war, and the jury, dazzled by such eloquence, withdraws to deliberate the case. Among the jury are Emil Ludwig and Professor Johannes Haller, impressive critics of the Prince's policy. Both have taken notes during the accused's pyrotechnic defence and in the jury's retiring-room try to open the eyes of their dazed colleagues. The trial by jury was not held until the war was already lost. Had it been won, the Kaiser, Tirpitz and Bethmann-Hollweg, and above all Bülow, might have retained their former greatness. As it is they are much reduced in the world's esteem, for on this planet lost causes carry little weight.

It will remain for future research to establish more precisely how much of the responsibility for Germany's misguided policy during Bülow's chancellorship is to be placed to the Prince's account and how much to the Kaiser's. No doubt Bülow had not infrequently to play the part of *advocatus diaboli*, or *advocatus imperatoris*.

Bülow had no light task. He was compelled to conduct his policy at the side of such a man as William II, and was always liable to some impromptu interruption from the Imperial *enfant terrible*. And on a par with those oral comments of the Emperor were his written marginal notes. The Chancellor was constantly playing the part of whipping-boy on whose back the Reichstag belaboured the Kaiser. In the introduction to his memoirs Bethmann-Hollweg tells that when first he succeeded Bülow, the heaviest burden, the most disastrous legacy the latter handed over to him, the one which inspired

in him the deepest anxiety was, not the situation with regard to France, but that with regard to England. Yes, the locomotive of the German Reich was ploughing its way laboriously forward, hurtling stones on all sides, while the well-oiled British ship of State glided easily on her course. And in control of the German engine stood the impetuous Kaiser.

The Chancellor's chief task was to cover the rash actions of his lord and master and bridge gulfs by means of tactful phrases. Though no statesman, the Prince was beyond doubt a diplomat of the first rank. Kiderlen-Wächter, who did not mince his words, likened him, in letters to a lady friend, to an eel, brainless and slippery. The simile is not a good one. Bülow was more the fox, but not fox and lion at once like Bismarck. The crude Kiderlen-Wächter is merely expressing the aversion of a pothouse toper for a cultured gentleman, who was more a diplomatic Antonio than a sentimental Tasso. In these two, the Mecklenburger Bülow and the Swabian Kiderlen, the diverse characteristics of race and temperament become apparent, whenever Germany is in ferment. Not so in England, where the propertied classes conduct themselves with greater understanding. But men like Balfour and Rosebery already realised that England might be overhauled by German workers and thrusting commercial travellers crying up their wares, by those who are not yet able to enjoy life but are impelled forward as workers and earners.

It was perhaps also the Kaiser's fault that his Chancellor was not able to work with the full force of untrammelled responsibility. Had William II allowed the Chancellor complete independence when the latter refused any longer to take responsibility for the Emperor's spoken and written extravagances, Bülow, freed from that incubus Holstein, would have developed into a statesman. But the Kaiser was constantly queering his pitch.

The monarch had never shown himself more autocratic than at the meeting with the Czar at Björkö, where he gave a challenging continental, anti-English turn to the whole policy. Without the knowledge of the Chancellor and in face of the scruples of State Secretary von Tschirschky, who had accompanied him, he insinuated into the treaty with the Czar the words "en Europe," so facing Bülow with a *fait accompli*.

Bülow offered his resignation. The Kaiser then threatened suicide unless his "beloved Bernhard" withdrew his resignation. Thenceforward the Kaiser could mean no more to his Chancellor than did King Ludwig II of Bavaria to his Minister-President Lutz. Of course it is doubtful whether the Kaiser would have carried through in the Wannsee, what the King of Bavaria enacted in the Starnberger See. It would have been a longer way from the threat to the deed than in the case of the mad King of Bavaria, who chose to drag his doctor with him below the waves rather than allow himself to be rescued by him.

After the threat of suicide, of which the public were to know nothing, the estrangement between Emperor and Chancellor which had damaged both their reputations, was ended.

The "beloved Bernhard" had joined his shrill descant to the court concert in which the "troubadour" Prince Hohenburg led the chorus. These operative associations at the Court of William II, like those which surrounded Ludwig II, had in them more of spiritual homosexuality than of masculine friendship. A cloying perfume overhung the Berlin world of those days.

If the Kaiser in his memoirs had not kept silence with regard to Bülow, whom he only mentions with a note of friendliness, the latter could during his lifetime have found an equal amount to tell and at least where words were concerned the Kaiser would have been outmatched. But there seemed to exist a silent mutual understanding between the two to hush up for the time being what they knew of each other. It is noticeable that in his book the Emperor avoids attacking Bülow, for whom he was no match in dialectics.

In Bülow's work it was the language rather than the conscience that protested. He was a great master of words, and they sometimes drown his honesty. If we are to take at its face value what he says, for instance, in his brilliant book about the *Ostmarken* in defence of his Polish policy, that Fascismo was justified in doing violence to the Germans in the South Tyrol and in forcing upon them the new Fatherland, then the Poles are justified to-day in tormenting their Germans as Germany did her Poles. In that

case German minorities throughout the world are to-day justly surrendered to their tormentors. If Bülow's comments on Polish policy in the Eastern marches are correct, then Switzerland and America, where no force is employed, are misgoverned.

BÜLOW was the most brilliant of the Chancellors who followed Bismarck. But the world was to be drenched in blood before it was decided to renounce the autocratic maxims of Emperors and Chancellors alike.

It is only by a happy chance that a monarch of such outstanding ability as Edward VII appears at the head of a State. That harum-scarum, the Kaiser, was destined to be the most effective propaganda for a republic. In the long run, mankind will not be willing to entrust its destiny to those freaks of chance which have brought such wise rulers as Edward VII, or Wilhelm II's grandfather—the first Wilhelm—to their thrones. Never again will Germany allow herself to incur the danger that, in the twentieth century after Christ, the throne should be occupied by a sovereign who could prove himself worthy of the decadent days of Imperial Rome.

That Imperial Majesty which shone from the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, over Hellespont and Euxine, Adriatic and Danube, the waters of the Baltic and the German Ocean, has crumbled into dust.

The yellow jacket and the peacock feathers have gone. The Sultan no longer progresses to the Selamlık with escort of Beduins or in his magnificent State barge. The Blessing of the Waters in the Basilicon of Isaac can no longer be graced by the presence of a Czar. There is no King-Emperor to play his part in the sacred washing of feet in the Hofkapelle;—no King-Emperor to pace the White Gallery beneath the gleam of the torches.

No longer does the Imperial Cæsar muse amid the ruins of the Saalburg, and compare the Augustan Age of Rome with the new Empire of his dreams. There is no Kaiser in shining armour to stride, flanked by a score of vassal Princes, at the

head of mightier legions than Rome ever knew. No King comes now to make his State entry into Dresden's Royal Court of Honour, no King to lead his troops through Munich's triumphal Arch.

The Imperial megalomania has faded into the past, the throne is no longer occupied by that august operatic star, that neurasthenic amateur journalist who, unlike the self-controlled Edward VII, was devoid of all self-discipline, yet preached the doctrine of Discipline to his subjects.

And it was ordained that the use of Bülow's rare talents was to be entrusted to these clumsy, untrained hands. . . .

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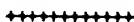
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